THE

LOUNGER.

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THE

THE

LOUNGER.

No 52.——Saturday, Jan. 28, 1786.

On peut ebaucher un portrait en peu des mots; mais le detailler exactement, c'eſt un ouvrage ſans fin.

Marivaux.

"MOST Women have no characters at all." So ſays a poet of great good ſenſe, and of much obſervation on human character. I own, however, that I am not very willing to acknowledge the truth of the propoſition. I admit that there is a certain ſameneſs in the ſituation of our women, which is apt to give a ſimiliarity to their manner and turn of mind; but I am perſuaded there is a foundation of diverſity in the characters of women as ſtrong as in thoſe of men. The features of the firſt, indeed, are more delicate, leſs ſtrongly marked, and on that account more difficult to be diſtinguiſhed; but ſtill the difference equally exiſts. In their faces, the features of men are ſtronger than thoſe of women; but the difference of one woman's face from another is not therefore the leſs real. So it is, in my opinion, with their minds.

I have been lately more than ever diſpoſed to deny the truth of Mr. *Pope's* obſervation, from an acquaintance with two Ladies, who, in ſituations nearly

alike, without that difference which viciſſitudes of fortune, or uncommon incidents in life, might produce, are in character perfectly diſſimilar. I never, indeed, knew two characters more pointedly different, than thoſe of Mrs. *Williams* and Mrs. *Hambden*. Mrs. *Williams* is a woman of plain good ſenſe, and of great juſtneſs of conduct. She was early married to a man of good underſtanding, and in a reſpectable ſituation of life. He married her, becauſe he wiſhed for a wife who could be a uſeful as well as an agreeable companion to him, and would make a good mother to his children. She married him, becauſe ſhe thought him a worthy man, with whom ſhe could be happy. Neither the huſband nor the wife are remarkable for taſte or refinement; but they have both ſuch a ſtock of ſenſe, as prevents their ever falling into any impropriety. Mrs. Williams conducts the affairs of her family with the greateſt regularity and exactneſs; and ſhe never feels herſelf above giving attention to any particular of domeſtic œconomy. The education of her ſons ſhe leaves almoſt entirely to her huſband; that of the daughters ſhe conſiders as peculiarly belonging to her. Believing the great truths, and attentive to the great doctrines of religion, ſhe never troubles herſelf with its intricacies; and following, in morality, the plain path of right, ſhe never ſpeculated on points of delicate embarraſſment. To her daughters, in like manner, ſhe never taught myſtery in religion, nor caſuiſtry in morals; but ſhe inſtills into them the moſt obvious and uſeful principles in both. She allows them to mix in the world to a certain degree, and to aſſociate with companions of their own age and rank; but ſhe guards againſt every thing which might give them a romantic turn. Having little imagination herſelf, ſhe removes from her daughters every thing by which theirs might be warmed: Novels that melt, and Dramas that agitate the mind, ſhe is at pains to prevent their getting a taſte for. Even a reliſh for muſic ſhe ſeems to wiſh to diſcourage.

Mrs.

Mrs. Williams is in every thing candour itſelf. Indeed, ſhe never feels any thing which ſhe would wiſh to conceal. Her good ſenſe makes her always fix on her plan of conduct with firmneſs; and as ſhe is not perplexed with any difficulties, or encumbered with any doubts about its being right, ſhe always takes the direct road to accompliſh the end ſhe has in view. Upon the whole, Mrs. Williams is more reſpectable than many who ſeem formed to command more reſpect, and happier than many who ſeem to have more avenues for happineſs.

Mrs. *Hambden* poſſeſſes a mind of a much ſuperior order to that of Mrs. Williams. She is, indeed, one of the moſt accompliſhed women I ever knew. With an uncommon portion of acuteneſs and diſcernment, ſhe poſſeſſes the higheſt degree of taſte and refinement. Her converſation is ever animated, and ever improving; and a delicate ſenſe of virtue, as well as a warmth of ſenſibility, which runs through every thing ſhe ſays, creates an attachment to her, and gives to her diſcourſe (to uſe an expreſſion of *Sir William Temple's*) that *race*, without which diſcourſe as well as wine is inſipid. Intimately acquainted with human nature, ſhe poſſeſſes the quickeſt diſcernment and the trueſt knowledge of every character that comes within her obſervation; and yet, from a native generoſity of mind, ſhe is ever willing to make allowance for the weakneſſes or follies of others. With ſuch accompliſhments, and ſo much worth, it is natural to ſuppoſe, that Mrs. Hambden will exhibit, in every part of her conduct, a pattern of perfection; and yet, from the very poſſeſſion of thoſe endowments, ſhe ſeems to fail in thoſe parts of conduct in which Mrs. Williams, with much inferior talents and accompliſhments, appears to ſucceed. Mrs. Hambden's ſuperior acuteneſs and penetration, far from enabling her to fix upon a certain ſteady uniform line of conduct, frequently produce only doubt, uncertainty, and heſitation. To which ever ſide ſhe turns, ſhe ſees difficulties; difficulties which her diſ-

cernment enables her to perceive, and her imagination tends to magnify. When reſolved, ſhe is but half-reſolved; ſhe begins to doubt that ſhe has determined wrong; thinks of varying her plan, and becomes more and more uncertain how to proceed. Even after ſhe is completely fixed as to the object, ſhe wavers as to the means of obtaining it, and obſtacles are conſtantly ſtarting up in her idea which ſhe knows not how to ſurmount. This not only produces a vacillancy in her conduct, but at times gives her the appearance of a want of fairneſs; ſhe wiſhes to diſguiſe her own perplexity to herſelf, and this leads her to aſſume ſomewhat of diſguiſe to others. Uncertain of the juſtneſs or expediency of her own conduct, afraid of the light in which it may appear, ſhe but half communicates reſolutions of which ſhe doubts the propriety, and half conceals intentions which ſhe is afraid to fulfil.

Mrs. Hambden was left, not long after her marriage, a widow, with one ſon and one daughter, and, ſince her huſband's death, her whole care has centered in theſe children. From her anxiety with regard to her ſon, ſhe has taken the management of his education upon herſelf. From her eager wiſh to conduct him in the paths of virtue, and to ſecure him from the ſnares of vice, ſhe has kept him almoſt conſtantly under her own eye; ſhe has prevented him from going to a public ſchool, and has hardly allowed him any companions. The boy is now about fifteen, with wonderful learning and knowledge for his years, and poſſeſſed of the fineſt and moſt amiable diſpoſitions; but, from his mode of education, he is awkward, timid, and perfectly ignorant of the world. With the world, however, he muſt ſoon mix; and what change this may produce in his character is uncertain. It is much to be feared that that very purity and refinement of mind, of which he is poſſeſſed, and which certainly has been preſerved by his ſeclusion from the world, may produce very fatal conſequences to him on his entrance into life. If he retains

tains this extreme purity and refinement untainted, there is danger leſt he become diſguſted with and unfit for a world, many of the maxims and practices of which he will find very different from the leſſons he has received from too fond a mother. But the danger is ſtill greater that his purity and refinement may leave him; being introduced into the world, not gradually, but all at once, not being taught by degrees to ſtruggle with and reſiſt the corruptions around him, he may fall into the very oppoſite extreme from that in which he has been led, and deſert, from the refinement and ſeverity of virtue, to the groſſneſs and licentiouſneſs of vice. He will meet with vice in colours that often dazzle rather than ſhock inexperience like his; and his weakneſs may ſometimes yield where his inclination may not be ſeduced. The boldneſs of confident folly may overthrow his wiſeſt reſolutions; and the laugh of ſhallow ridicule triumph over his beſt-founded principles.

Mrs. Hambden's daughter is at this moment the moſt amiable girl I ever knew. Here I am at a loſs whether to find fault with the education her mother has given her or not? Mrs. Hambden's object has been to beſtow upon her every accompliſhment which can adorn the female character: Muſic and drawing, the French and Italian languages, ſhe is miſtreſs of; her reading is extenſive; her taſte exquiſite; her judgment delicate: And yet, I confeſs, I am not leſs afraid than I am intereſted about this girl's fate. Her ſoul is too refined for the common, but uſeful and neceſſary departments of life; and that imagination which ſhe has enlivened and cultivated, may be to her the ſource of infinite diſtreſs. —While her mother lives, even her ſupport may not always protect her daughter, nor enſure that peace of mind which feeling may betray, or fancy miſlead. But what a change in her ſituation muſt that parent's death produce! If ſhe remains unmarried, I fear ſhe will be little able to ſtruggle with the harſh difficulties of a ſingle ſtate; for reading and refinement,

far from enabling the female mind to grapple with its ſituation, have rather a tendency to ſoften and enfeeble it. Should ſhe marry, and I am perſuaded ſhe never will, unleſs ſhe finds a man whom ſhe thinks worthy of her moſt ardent affection, in that ſtate alſo ſhe is not leſs expoſed to unhappineſs. Even ſuppoſing ſhe ſhould meet with a huſband (and there are few ſuch) every way worthy of her, it is to be feared that her extreme delicacy may give her many uneaſineſſes, and create an anxiety which it will not be eaſy to cure. If from that ignorance of the characters of the men, to which every woman is expoſed, ſhe ſhould be unlucky in her choice, her danger is dreadful.

But I have wandered ſomewhat from my purpoſe, which was to illuſtrate the difference between the two Ladies in queſtion; and to ſhew, againſt the too deciſive apothegm of the Poet, the poſſible diſcrimination of the female character. Yet, in tracing thoſe different perſons through the different plans of education for their children, I am not ſure if I have not ſtumbled upon ſomething intimately as well as uſefully connected with my ſubject. If there are very diſtinguiſhing features in female as well as in male characters, it is for mothers to mark their features, to watch betimes their different propenſities. Education can do much to confirm goodneſs, to correct depravity of temper and of diſpoſition: And in characters more common than either of thoſe extremes, education can give exertion to indolence, refinement to inſenſibility, ſtrength to the weak, and ſupport to the too ſuſceptible mind, can call forth talents into uſefulneſs, and beſtow happineſs upon virtue.

N° 53.——SATURDAY, FEB. 4. 1786.

Minima contentos nocte Britannos. JUV.

IN a late Paper, I laid before my Readers a letter from a correſpondent, ſubſcribing himſelf *Senex*, on the little attention which is now-a-days paid to the rights and juriſdiction of Time. Since the publication of that Paper, I received the following application from a perſonage who claims my attention and regard, by deſiring me to obſerve, that ſhe is ſtill older than Senex, and has had more opportunities of witneſſing that corruption of modern manners, of which he ſo warmly complains.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF NIGHT.

Sheweth,

THAT from the remoteſt antiquity your Petitioner was acknowledged and underſtood to have right to the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of ſilence and quiet, and in company with her relation *Darkneſs*, was inveſted with the power of ſtaying the works and labours of men, and of conſigning them to the dominion of your Petitioner's ancient and approved ally *Sleep*. Sleep in his turn yielded them to the renewed power of *Day*, to whom was committed the charge of their active employments. That this regular diſtribution of Time was agreeable to the laws of Nature, and highly conducive to the intereſts of ſociety, and the welfare of individuals.

That, this notwithſtanding, your Petitioner has to

to complain, that, for a conſiderable time paſt, in civilized and polite nations, there have been many violent and unjuſt inroads made into that province which, in the order of Nature, has been aſſigned her. That in the metropolis of the Britiſh empire, in particular, the diſtinguiſhing privileges above ſet forth, to which the Petitioner conceives herſelf well intitled, have been violently infringed, inſomuch that the hours over which ſhe and her aſſociates above named ought to have had command and controul, have been almoſt entirely appropriated to action, buſtle, and diſquiet, to the great diſturbance of your ſaid Petitioner and her friends before-mentioned.

That certain perſons, aſſuming to themſelves the ſtyle and title of Men of Pleaſure, had long ſince a licence of acting in their ſeveral occupations in deſpite of your Petitioner's excluſive privileges herein before recited; and being confederated with the powers of wine, play, and other diſorderly aſſociates, had made forcible entries into the territories of your Petitioner, and ſubjected her faithful vaſſals to much vexation and annoyance. But as thoſe men of pleaſure were in ſome ſort acknowledged to be independent of Reaſon and Nature, from whom your Petitioner holds in fief, ſhe was contented to paſs over their enormities for the preſent; being aſſured, from very great and reſpectable authority, that moſt of thoſe perſons would, at a future period, be particularly conſigned to her power and dominion.

But of late your Petitioner has obſerved, with the greateſt alarm, that perſons of buſineſs, and even thoſe from whoſe high ſanction ſuch irregular proceedings will be moſt apt to come into example and precedent, have made very unwarrantable encroachments on her moſt acknowledged and determinate boundaries. Such perſons, in order to conceal the injuries done by them to your Petitioner, have added the crime of falſehood and forgery to their other offences; and have marked their proceedings, as if carried on under the ſanction of Day, with the Latin words,

"Die

"Die Martis,"—"Die Jovis"—and ſo forth; though it is an undoubted fact, and can be proved by the moſt indiſputable authority, that theſe were tranſacted within the juriſdiction and precincts of your Petitioner. Some of the perſons, indeed, chiefly and principally concerned in ſuch tranſactions, were frequently obſerved to have in ſome ſort allowed the authority of your Petitioner, by ſubmitting to the controul and dominion of Sleep, her well known and faithful aſſociate above mentioned.

That your Petitioner, amidſt all thoſe injuries which ſhe ſuffered, had yet the conſolation of thinking that they were chiefly confined to the city of London and liberties of Weſtminſter; but that in the country, and the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, her proper and juſt rights were more acknowledged and attended to; and that there, aſſociations both of buſineſs and amuſement generally preſerved a certain degree of reſpect for her dominion, and did not wantonly and violently encroach upon her boundaries. But within theſe few years ſhe has ſeen, with equal ſurpriſe and regret, a remarkable alteration in this matter; and that in particular the laſt mentioned perſons, the partizans and followers of amuſement in this city, never begin their courſe of action till that period arrives, which, by the original charter of your Petitioner, was granted to her and her fellow proprietors herein before particularly enumerated.

That your Petitioner is not hardy enough to imagine, that ſhe can prevail on thoſe perſons to relinquiſh the encroachments herein complained of. She is willing, therefore, for the ſake of peace, to which ſhe has always had a ſtrong propenſity, to give up ſuch a portion of her territory and domain, as to accommodate them in their avocations and employments, provided ſhe ſhall be aſcertained in certain limits, to be henceforward obſerved without infringement; and ſhe ſubmits to you, on behalf of herſelf and her ſiſter *Day*, the under-written propoſition on

the ſubject. They contain a new Table of Time, to be obſerved by the polite and faſhionable claſſes only, reſerving to the good folks in the country, and the lower orders of mankind, their ancient and accuſtomed reckoning.

It is propoſed then,

1*ſt*, That the year in Edinburgh ſhall commence from the 18th day of January, and ſhall end and determine the 18th of April. The leſſer diviſions of time, called months and weeks, to be no wiſe affected or affectable by ſuch abridged computation of the year or ſeaſon; except that, among the higher ranks and orders of the people, for whom this new computation is intended, the ſpace commonly known by the title of *Honey-Moon*, ſhall be ſhortened in proportion to the comparative durations of this newly-computed year, and of that formerly eſtabliſhed and obſerved.

2*d*, That the Day ſhall begin at the hour of two in what is now called the Afternoon, and end at ſix in what is vulgarly called the Morning; the ſpace between the latter hour and the former to appertain and belong to your Petitioner.

3*d*, Day agrees to cede to your Petitioner the Sun, and its various appendages; your Petitioner, on her part, guarantees to her ſiſter Day the Moon, with all its properties and appurtenances whatſoever.

4*th*, Day agrees, that notwithſtanding the ceſſion contained in the immediately preceding article, your Petitioner may continue her amneſty to all thoſe little irregularities which were formerly covered by her ſhade, and which ſhe may in this period now ſettled happen to witneſs; becauſe the faſhionable circle, to which only this new kalendar applies, is above being aſhamed of ſuch practices, and can let the ſun look on them without bluſhing.

5*th*, During the period of this newly-ſettled year, which is too ſhort to allow any interruption in its courſe, your Petitioner's ally Reſt gives up her ancient claim to every ſeventh day: On which ſeventh day, therefore, every faſhionable employment, buſineſs,

or

or diverſion, may be carried on as uſual; any ſuch ancient claim, law, or commandment, in any wiſe notwithſtanding:—Proviſo, That ſuch conceſſion ſhall not bar people from ſleeping in church on that day.

Your Petitioner humbly requeſts, That you will be pleaſed to take the premiſſes into your conſideration; and, on behalf of her and her ſiſter Day, accede to the propoſals above ſet forth, as well as publiſh them for the conſent and concurrence of all the polite world in this part of the kingdom.

NIGHT.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am ſo very unhappy that I am at laſt reſolved to apply to you. Indeed, I have no other means of relief; for telling my diſtreſſes to any body that knows me, would be worſe than death itſelf. I muſt give you all my hiſtory, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldeſt daughter to a gentleman of 700*l.* a-year, who had four ſons and two daughters. My ſiſter and I were remarkably well educated; beſides being three years at a boarding-ſchool, we had a governeſs at home who had once been in France, and who underſtood thorough-baſs perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-maſter, and were nine years at the dancing-ſchool. Though no body of taſte thought the youngeſt near ſo handſome as her ſiſter, yet, good heavens! only think how lovely ſhe was! Married to a Baronet with a fine fortune and a charming place; to be ſure he is old and very ill tempered, and ſhe cries ſometimes, and wiſhes ſhe had never ſeen him; but I know that muſt be all affectation, for ſhe has the loveliеſt carriage, and the ſmarteſt liveries ever

you

you ſaw. But why ſhould I think of her, for it is juſt thinking of her that vexes me often; yet I once deſpiſed her.—Well, Mr. Lounger, I was once happy myſelf, at leaſt much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the ſummer, and even then I did not tire ſo much as you would ſuppoſe; for we viſited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought out their companions, and we had dances and parties of pleaſure. But when winter came, how charming it was! To be ſure one had vexations now and then. To ſee other people better dreſſed, or have better partners, or more *toniſh* matrons, is horrible; but then, if one takes pains, and goes every where, they may ſoon be faſhionable. Well, I went about conſtantly, and flirted, and danced, and played, and ſung, and every mortal ſaid I was ſo handſome, and ſo lively, and ſo accompliſhed, and ſo much the thing—Oh! why do people ever grow older? Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the ſmart men uſed to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me; and though they did not juſt aſk me to marry them, yet I thought that queſtion muſt follow, that there was no hurry, I might divert myſelf, and perhaps get a better huſband than any I had ſeen yet. It is but fair to ſay I was not the leaſt romantic. My mother warned me againſt that, and I had ſenſe enough to be convinced, that if I got a faſhionable man and a man of fortune, every thing elſe was nonſenſe. I made but one reſolution; ſince my ſiſter had married a Baronet, would have nothing lower, and perhaps inſiſt upon a Peer.—Good heavens! to think I have got nobody!—Now, Mr. Lounger, read what follows, and pity me: For ſome years I was the moſt contented ſoul alive; but alas! misfortunes at laſt began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned faſhionable and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married, and could talk of *their* houſe, and *their* ſervants, and *their* carriage; the fine men turned ill-bred fools.

fools. In ſhort, I grew every day leſs comfortable, when to add to all, my father died and left me juſt 1000*l.* Then began miſery indeed. My eldeſt brother married, the reſt were diſperſed; my mother and I were forced to live alone; we have no carriage, no country-houſe, no large parties—was ever any creature ſo unfortunate? I find myſelf more unhappy every day. Aſſemblies are deteſtable; I may ſit there three hours before any mortal aſks me to dance; and then ſome brute of a married man ſays, if I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The playhouſe is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I ſee every body more attended to than myſelf. At home, I am miſerable—What can I do? People talk of friends; one may get plenty of them; but unleſs they are faſhionable, what the better are you? Beſides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat ſcandal, and that one can always get, I don't ſee the uſe of them; for my part, I have tried a great many, but though we were always monſtrouſly fond at firſt, we very ſoon tired of one another.

Now, Sir, if you have the leaſt compaſſion, tell me what to do; is there any ſcheme on earth by which I might be married? To ſay the truth, I plot for every man I ſee, but they never ſucceed. If you could aſſiſt me, I would be the moſt grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married, I might ſoon make myſelf *voniſh*, which is all I wiſh in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being ſo, or of ſettling my mind, and amuſing myſelf with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuſe me. I have worked purſes, and painted trimmings for hours, without being the leaſt diverted. And as for reading, what can I read? Hiſtory I know perfectly, for we read an hour with the governeſs every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet,

yet, after all, they are a provoking ſort of reading: They always talk of youth and beauty and lovers; and the men now are ſo different from what they ſhould be, or what theſe books repreſent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me and help me; but pray convey the advice, ſo that nobody but myſelf can profit by it; for if the multitude in the ſame ſituation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good-natured, and I would have none to exult over. At preſent, I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that 200 were doing ſo at mine.—Farewell; my dear Sir, forgive this trouble, and believe me your ſincere friend, and I hope ſoon,

Grateful ſervant,

JESSAMINA.

No 54.——Saturday, Feb. 11, 1786.

Ills ne tardent a pas obeir a cette maladie generale qui precipite toute la jeuneſſe de province vers l'abime de corruption.

Tableau de Paris.

TO the hiſtorian and the antiquary it is matter of curious inveſtigation, to trace the progreſs of expence and luxury through the different ſtages of increaſing wealth and advancing refinement in a country, and to obſerve the war which for ſome time is carried on between the reſtraining powers of grave and virtuous legiſlators, and the diſſipated inclinations of a rich and luxurious people. In this conteſt, indeed, the inequality of the parties is eaſily diſcernible, and the effects of that inequality readily foreſeen.

The

The firſt ſumptuary law that is paſſed is the ſignal of that growing opulence which is ſoon to overturn it; and the weak barriers of ſucceſſive reſtraints and regulations are in vain oppoſed to a force, which the progreſs of time and of manners daily renders more irreſiſtible. Luxury, like a river, is harmleſs amidſt the barren mountains where it firſt begins to riſe; but in the fruitful vallies of its after-courſe, its ſize is enlarged, and its power increaſed, in proportion to the miſchief it may cauſe; and the mounds which were oppoſed to its encroachments, only ſerve to mark the deſolation it has made.

Great cities are the natural ſtages for luxury and diſſipation of every ſort. Againſt great cities, therefore, the lawgiver ſometimes, as well as the moraliſt, has exerted his authority, and endeavoured to hinder people from crouding together, to waſte their means, and to corrupt their principles, in that circle of extravagance, of vanity, and of vice, to which a town gives ſcope and encouragement. In Scotland, at a very early period, attempts were made to controul this abuſe, as it was thought, by law. More than three centuries ago, it was "ſtatute and ordained, That the Lords ſhould dwell in their caſtles and manours, and expend the fruit of their lands in the countrie where their lands lay."—And King James I. of England, when tranſplanted into the richer ſoil of our ſiſter kingdom, had not forgotten the wholeſome reſtrictions of his anceſtors. In his ſpeech in the Star-chamber, *anno* 1616, he inveighs againſt the overgrown ſize of London, which he declares was become a nuiſance to the whole kingdom. After enumerating many pernicious conſequences of which this was the cauſe, and aſcribing the evil in terms rather ungallant as well as coarſe, to the influence of the Ladies*, he goes ſo far as to ſay, that he

* "One of the greateſt cauſes of all gentlemen's deſire, that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently

he would have the new buildings pulled down, and the builders committed to priſon.

In theſe days of liberty and enlarged ideas, the reſtraints of law, or the recommendations of royalty, are not employed to check abuſes of that ſort which do not violate the great bonds of ſociety, or openly diſturb the good order and government of the ſtate. The law is contented to puniſh public crimes; private vices and private follies it leaves to the cognizance and the cenſure of the preacher and the moraliſt, or to the lighter correction of the ſatiriſt or the comedian. Theſe reformers are of that milder claſs who are ſatisfied if they can circumſcribe, though they do not extirpate the miſchief. Indeed, it is to be doubted if they deſire to extirpate it; or whether they do not, like good ſportſmen with foxes, only wiſh to run down part of the game, and leave a breed, for their own amuſement, behind.

Of theſe hunters of folly and diſſipation, great cities have not failed to attract the notice, and awaken the cenſure. *Rome*, *Paris*, and *London*, have found *Juvenals*, *Boileaus*, and *Johnſons*, to attack them. But on this ſubject in general, I know nobody who has hit on a better idea for expoſing them than the author of *Triſtrum Shandy*, who, in ſome paſſage of that eccentric and witty performance, makes one of his perſonages propoſe, that judges ſhould be appointed at the avenues of every metropolis, where each perſon, when he arrives from the country, ſhould be obliged to give an account of the buſineſs which brings him to town. Unfortunately, he has only ſtarted, without purſuing the thought,

parently the pride of the women. For if they bee wives, then their huſbands; and if they bee maydes, then their fathers, muſt bring them up to London, becauſe the new faſhion is to be had no where but in London; and here, if they bee unmarried, they marr their marriages; and if they bee married, they loſe their reputations, and rob their huſbands purſes.

Works of K. James, in folio, p. 567. & 568.

and

and the imagination is left to ſuppoſe the general effect of the inquiry, without being led to any particular examination of individuals.

I was mentioning this the other day to a brother Lounger of mine, whom I have for ſome time remarked as the humouriſt of his circle in the coffee-houſe where we occaſionally meet. He catched the idea immediately; and having ſmiled ſome moments to himſelf as if inwardly enjoying it, "What a precious catalogue of fools," ſaid he, "might one have had even here, if ſuch an examination had taken place of thoſe who reſort to Edinburgh for the winter! But for this ſeaſon I can in ſome degree ſupply the omiſſion: You muſt know I am ſworn brother, as *Prince Hal* ſays, to ſome of the moſt intelligent waiters at one or two of the hotels here in the neighbourhood; and theſe raſcals, who are as *ſmoaky* as the devil, entertain me now and then with an account of *arrivals*, as they call it, not only in their own houſes, but in thoſe around them; for they have all a hawk's eye for a poſt-chaiſe or a travelling coach, and mark thoſe who go paſt as well as thoſe who ſtop at their doors. I have actually taken down ſome memoranda of their intelligence; but I have not the pocket-book here at preſent: Put me in mind, and I will ſhew it you to-morrow."—I did not fail to require the fulfilment of the promiſe; and next day my acquaintance, being in a hurry, gave me the book home with me, from which I made ſome extracts, which I ſhall take the liberty of laying before my readers, along with the notes which the gentleman ſeemed to have ſet down as a ſort of common place on the facts he had collected. They were entered under ſeveral leaves, on the firſt of which was this motto:

———They run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.

December 20. A coach with eight inſides, beſides two boys and their governor in the Dilly, came to town

town for the education of their children;—a large family; could not afford to keep them in the country; therefore taken a houſe in the town at ſixteen guineas a month, next door to *Lady Rumpus*—The two eldeſt Miſſes went ſtraight to the milliner's over the way.—Mamma called for the Aſſembly ſubſcription-book —Lady Rumpus had been ſo obliging as to ſet down her name; ſhe added Miſs Eliza's and Miſs Sophia's:—"They muſt not," ſhe ſaid, "be foundered in their education."—The two young Ladies returned from Mrs. *Robertſon's* with new *Hats* on their heads, new *Boſoms* and new *Behinds* in a band-box.——(Note, *Verification of the cant vulgariſm about a band box.*)—Miſs Sophia tore her hat in getting in at the parlour door.

January 2. Another family with three tall young Ladies—come to town for huſbands—ſquired by a gentleman in a hunting uniform on a handſome bay gelding. The houſekeeper, who came ſome time after, mounted on a pad behind one of the footmen, ſaid the gentleman on the bay gelding was an admirer of the eldeſt of three young ladies; that they hoped it would have been a match before now, but people were ſo ſhy in the country; they would get better acquainted in town. The young gentleman's valet beſpoke a room for his maſter next door to his ſweetheart's.

In the afternoon, two Ladies in mourning, in an old faſhioned chariot, drove by a fat coachman in jack-boots, and attended by a plough-boy on a rat-tailed coach-horſe. Humphrey called for a tankard of porter, and told all about the Ladies, in the kitchen. The young one, an heireſs, who has lately buried her brother, and taken poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and is come to town to learn how to make a figure. The elder, a widow, a relation, who has been with her young kinſwoman ever ſince her brother's death; a wiſe lady, who is to teach her young friend faſhion and ſentiment. Their carriage was ſtopped on the ſtreet by a drove of cattle, and one of them gored the

the rat-tailed horſe behind. The widow ſcolded, and aſked if they knew whoſe chariot it was they incommoded.

(Note. *A parallel between the widow and the graſier; but he came to town to ſell* his own *cattle.*)

January 3. Two young gentlemen and a pointer, in a chaiſe and four, ſplaſhed to the eyes. The youngeſt called by his companion Sir John. Sir John pulled out his watch at the door—"Run it in an hour and ſeventeen minutes, dammee."—Gave the poſt-boys a crown. His companion ordered their beds, and every thing in the houſe for ſupper. Sent the boot-ketch to *Hart's* for a pair of Spaniſh boots; to *Bruce's* for patent ſpurs, a bludgeon ſtick, a pair of buckles, and a tobacco box. Called for a bottle of gin, a caraff of water, and a pack of cards, to take a hand at *brag* till ſupper-time.

(Note. *The young fellow in ſcarlet is at preſent a* Natural; *his companion will turn him into a* Maker.)

Same day. An elderly grave looking gentleman, with a gray-haired ſervant in a pluſh-coat, and velvet cap, riding after him, with a large portmanteau, and a wax-cloth bag. An exciſe-officer, who was paſſing, talked of examining his baggage. John opened the portmanteau and bag, and ſhewed him what was within. Nothing but parchments and papers relating to a law ſuit, about two roods of ground, which had laſted for ſix winter-ſeſſions, between him and his neighbour Dr. *Teſty*.—A little ſquat man rode by him on a dun poney: John ſaid, this was his maſter's country lawyer, who had been of the greateſt uſe to him in his proceſs, and who indeed ſcarce did any thing elſe but attend to this gentleman's affairs.

January 5. A jolly, red-faced, middle-aged Gentleman, with his ſervant in the chaiſe along with him, and a little medicine-cheſt, as he called it, with ſquare bottles, and labels upon them written in *Dutch*. Came to town to conſult about his gout; but his man told the chambermaid, he always left the country

try when a club broke up in a little town near him, of which he was the oldeſt member. John ſaid he wiſhed the winter were fairly over, and they were got ſafe out of Edinburgh again; becauſe it was hard living in this town of ours. "In the country," ſaid John, "we get drunk but once a-day, and are generally in bed by eleven."

January 6. In a return chaiſe from the weſt, *Richard* III. and *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark.—Set down the Queen at the Tap-room. *Ophelia* and her three children to come by the caravan.

Mem. to the waiter, who is an old acquaintance of Richard's, to ſend to the waggon for the parcels: My Legs and Back to my own lodgings; *Falſtaff's* Belly, and *Bardolph's* Noſe, to *Hallion's*.

January 8. Paſſed a coach with Ladies; two maid ſervants, and an old butler, in a chaiſe behind, the gentleman and his ſon on horſeback. Mr.—— from —— ſhire, gone to his own houſe, N° 7.—Send word to the poor widow who loſt her huſband laſt week.——

Here the journal ſtopped ſhort, for that gentleman's good actions are not eaſily traced; but I could ſupply the blank, for N° 7. is the houſe of my excellent friend *Benevolus*. From the country, where he has encouraged induſtry, and diffuſed happineſs all round him, he comes at this ſeaſon, like the ſun, to cheer and gladden the inhabitants of another hemiſphere. He comes to town to find a new ſcene for his own virtues, and to ſhew his children that world which is to profit by theirs. The ſociety which he enjoys, and into which he introduces his family, is chiefly of that ſort which is formed to inſtruct and to improve them. If ſometimes of a gayer or more thoughtleſs kind, it is however always untainted with vice, and undebaſed by folly; for there are no ſocial moments, however much unbent or unreſtrained, on which a wiſe and good man does not ſtamp ſomewhat of the purity and dignity of his own nature. At *Benevolus's* table, I have ſeen the

ſame

ſame gueſts behave with the moſt perfect propriety and good manners, who but a few doors from him held a converſation and deportment equally repugnant to both. Nor does his benignity hold out leſs encouragement to the worthy, than his good ſenſe and virtue impoſe reverence on the unthinking. At his table, unaſſuming merit ſits always at her eaſe, and conſcious obligation feels perfect independence. No body ever cites his power or his rank, but to illuſtrate the nobleneſs of his mind; nor ſpeaks of his wealth, but as the inſtrument of his benevolence.

Z.

No 55.——Saturday, February 18, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

"BUT indeed I have generally remarked, that people did ſo only becauſe they could not do better." So ſays Colonel Cauſtic of the manners of certain individuals in his own days, who ſometimes, as well as we, tranſgreſſed the bounds of ſtrict decorum, and tried to make rudeneſs paſs for raillery, or indecency for wit. I admit the fairneſs of his judgment in the caſes there ſpoken of; and I heartily wiſh they were the only inſtances where we indulge our foibles under falſe pretences, and abſurdly attempt to make a merit of our defects. But I am afraid there are few kinds of impoſition which we are more given to practiſe on the world, and even on ourſelves; and that too in particulars far more important than thoſe ſo offenſive to the Colonel, though in this I ſhould regret to be underſtood as meaning that the latter are of little moment.

I find, Sir, I am perſonally too much intereſted in

in this ſubject to ſpeak long of it in general terms. At the ſame time I have no intention, like ſome of your correſpondents, to give you a hiſtory of myſelf. Suffice it to know, that tho' by birth a gentlewoman, and educated to proſpects which I well remember were the envy of my young companions, I was long ago reduced, by the misfortunes of my family, to accept, and even to be thankful for a very humble ſtation; and have lived theſe many years as the attendant of a Lady, who is indeed of the ſame blood with myſelf, but whom I now muſt needs call my ſuperior. It is with her, as a ſtriking example of the ſelf-deception mentioned, that I mean to bring you and your readers acquainted; in hope, no doubt, at the ſame time, to meet with ſome ſimpathy in my ſufferings under her dominion.

Not that I would repreſent the patroneſs as without her ſhare of merit neither; for good qualities ſhe certainly has. But what has marred the whole fruit and harveſt of them, this Lady was born—with too *ſtrong feelings* to uſe her phraſe for it—or, to ſpeak my own ſenſe of the matter—with pretty violent paſſions. By proper means, employed at an early period of life, this vivacity of diſpoſition might, at leaſt to a certain degree, have been corrected. But while ſhe was a child, her parents were too fond of her to chaſtiſe her faults, or perhaps to diſcern that ſhe had any; and ſhe loſt theſe tutors before reaching the age when her behaviour to themſelves might poſſibly have taught them the propriety of ſhewing leſs indulgence. She had beſides the misfortune, for ſuch I muſt account it, of being reckoned, when ſhe grew up, among the fineſt women of her time; a circumſtance which did not much contribute to reſtrain the fallies of caprice, nor to engage her in the profitable but ungrateful labour of diſcovering her defects. Add to this, ſhe was introduced to the world while as yet a mere girl, and preciſely at that æra of faſhion, when, owing I believe to certain Novels then recently publiſhed, and in the very height of

of their popularity, the ſtyle of converſation was wholly *ſentimental*; and the women univerſally vied one with another (in which they were imitated by ſome of the men) in making proof of the ſtrength and the delicacy of their *feeling*.

Miſs Nettletop was of the very frame and conſtitution to be caught with the prevailing malady. Fond of admiration to exceſs, and delighted with the generous ſyſtem that raiſed mere ſpeculative ſenſibility, of which ſhe had enough, to the very top of the liſt of virtues, ſhe quickly diſtinguiſhed herſelf among its declared votaries. The Goſpels of Sentiment, (if ſo I may call the books in queſtion) were never out of her hands; ſhe had their texts and phraſeology at all times in her mouth; and thus, by perpetual indulgence in one melting ſtrain, having in time perſuaded herſelf that ſhe was in truth one of the tendereſt and moſt refined of human beings, ſhe gave herſelf up at laſt entirely to the direction of her feelings, as inſtinctive guides, far ſurer and more infallible than obſervation or reflection.

Had her deluſion ſtopped here, it would have been comparatively innocent, and more properly the ſubject of ridicule than of ſerious complaint. But alas! Sir, what was a moſt unlucky overſight, in learning to think thus favourably of her own heart, and to entertain this ſo profound reſpect for her emotions, ſhe omitted to take the neceſſary pains for diſtinguiſhing the different kinds of emotion one from another, nor ſeparated with perfect juſtice the amiable from the diſagreeable; but, inadvertently, among the multitude of thoſe that had the ſufferings of her neighbour for their object, contracted a leaning alſo toward ſome few others, hidden under the former, I ſuppoſe, which tended purely to her own gratification.

The truth is, that Miſs Nettletop, perhaps without being conſcious of it, had not been the leſs ready to inliſt among the proſelytes of ſentiment, that ſhe found, or thought ſhe found, in their creed, the appearance

pearance of an apology for certain vivacities, which, as already hinted, it would have coſt her ſome trouble to get the better of; and even ſaw a ſpecious pretence, in various inſtances, for holding them out as ſo many perfections. No wonder ſhe turned fond of a ſyſtem in which ſhe learned that the quickneſs of her temper was not a vice, as ſome would have her to believe, but at worſt a pardonable, or rather amiable weakneſs, naturally attendant (as ſome mote of weakneſs will ever attend all human excellence) on a heart ſo much more alive than that of other people; and which often diſguiſed her anger, or her ſpite, under the more pleaſing form of exceſſive delicacy; a delicacy more unfortunate for herſelf than for others, ſince it rendered this or t'other ſmall foible in her acquaintance inſufferable, and diſtreſſed her with circumſtances of minute offence, beyond the conception of vulgar and ordinary ſouls.

It was thus, Sir, that her eyes were early ſhut upon a part of her compoſition, which it much behoved her to guard againſt, and which is now the cauſe why, with ſeveral good qualities, and in ſpite of many good actions, ſhe is the plague of all who live with her, and has hardly one real friend in the world. So long indeed as ſhe was young and beautiful, and the world proſpered with her, theſe were circumſtances to keep her in good humour with herſelf, and to hinder the little feveriſh fits which ſhe was ſubject to from changing into a ſettled habit. But Miſs Nettletop has met with croſſes in life, as who is there that paſſes through life without them? She was married to a Mr. Tempeſt, a man of large fortune, but diſſolute manners. They lived but uncomfortably together, if the world may be believed; and he has now for ſome time reſided apart from her, and abroad. She never had a child; and ſhe was ſome years ago afflicted with a ſevere and tedious illneſs, which neither her health nor her looks are ever likely to recover. She is now, at any rate, of that time of life, when the love of admiration becomes rather

rather a troubleſome companion to one's ſelf, and ridiculous to others. In theſe circumſtances, it is obvious how faſt her irritable habit of mind muſt gain ſtrength, and how fatal it muſt prove both to her own peace, and to that of all within her walls. One half of her time is ſpent in bemoaning her misfortunes. They are literally her buſineſs and her entertainment: *She ruminates all day her dreadful fate*; nor is there any thing that would more mortally offend her than an attempt to depreciate her miſeries.—Hence, Sir, ſhe is quite over-run with melancholy, as ſhe calls it; or rather (to call things by their right names) with diſcontent and chagrin: For her affliction, whatever ſhe may think, is by no means of Viola's kind, that preys and conſumes in ſilence; on the contrary, from her original caſt of temper, her melancholy exerts itſelf full as much on thoſe who are about her as on herſelf. She ſeems indeed convinced, that her unparalleled diſtreſſes ſhould render her the object of univerſal intereſt, (an expectation in which ſhe is by no means always gratified), and that between theſe and her *ſtrength of feeling*, which renders every thing a torture to her that is not pleaſant, ſhe has gained an unqueſtionable right to have her own way in all things and in all companies. The reſult of which is, that, ſore to the annoyance of all her dependents, and I am afraid not much to her own comfort, every whim and humour, and every ſuggeſtion of paſſion, is implicitly obeyed, under the name of Senſibility.

You will eaſily underſtand that it is among her domeſtics this frowardneſs of temper is moſt ſeverely felt: I am ſorry to add, I am myſelf the perſon that chiefly does penance under it. For though I ſit at table with the miſtreſs of the houſe, and am not called by my Chriſtian name like the other ſervants, nor indeed receive like them any recompenſe for my ſervices, I am, in truth, no other than a ſervant; and my peculiar department is underſtood to be, that of keeping Mrs. Tempeſt quiet, or eaſy, as it is called; a taſk far harder than falls to the lot of any

other of the houſehold. I ſtrive all I can to pleaſe her: But alas! to what purpoſe, when I have hourly the mortification to find, that I ſhock and diſcompoſe ſome refined and ſublimated feeling, which I have not the leaſt conception of? How to behave on theſe occaſions I know not. For if I ſay nothing, I am ſullen: if I explain but ever ſo gently, my violence is intolerable; and if I make acknowledgements, my ſubmiſſion is feigned; which I find, to a perſon of ſentiment, is of all things the moſt provoking.

I am afraid I grow tedious; but it is ſome relief to ſpeak of one's hardſhips. The publication of them, if of no uſe to me, may poſſibly be a leſſon to ſome others; for I am afraid Mrs. Tempeſt may not be the only lady who gives the name of ſtrong feelings to her ſtrong paſſions, and lays claim to ſuperior tenderneſs, on the ground of feeling more than common for herſelf. I remain, Sir, with all reſpect, Your's &c.

HANNAH WAITFORT.

I have taken the firſt opportunity of publiſhing Mrs. *Waitfort's* letter, as I ſincerely compaſſionate the unhappineſs of her ſituation. Nothing is ſo provoking as this refined ill humour, which takes the merit of ſenſibility from ſelfiſhneſs, and feels for every diſtreſs but thoſe which it might cure.

Sentiment and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almoſt quite out of faſhion. Mrs. *Tempeſt* may be told, that ſhe might as well come to a modern aſſembly in the ſtiff brocade of her youthful birthday balls, as put on, in theſe times, the affectation of ſenſibility for an ornament. Our faſhionable ladies have brought up *Indifference* with their gauzes and fea-

feathers; both (in the words of my friend the Milliner of *Prince's-Street*), "light eaſy wear, and fit for all ſeaſons."

But not equally fit for all conditions. The higheſt faſhions muſt always properly belong to certain orders of the people. This eaſe and indifference, in their greateſt extent, ſhould only be worn by privileged perſons. It might not be amiſs, if, like the *rouge* of the French, they were put on by married women only, who may be ſuppoſed to beſtow all their feelings at home; or by ladies of very high rank, who (as travellers tell us of the calm that reigns on the ſummit of the *Alps*) have got into a ſuperior region, undiſturbed by the emotions of ordinary life. Something too might be claimed by beauty, to which coldneſs or indifference is perhaps a ſafe, and has long been an acknowledged attendant. All things conſidered, I think the young lady who ſat in one of the ſide boxes t'other evening, who was ſo immoderately diverted with the diſtreſſes of the Tragedy, and preſerved ſuch an obſtinate gravity during the drolleries of the Farce, carried her *no-feelings* a little too far.

Z.

No 56.——Saturday, Feb. 25, 1786.

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
Diſcite, non inter lances menſaſque nitentes. Hor.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I Troubled you ſome time ago with a letter from the country; now that I am come to town, I uſe the freedom to write to you again. I find the ſame difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me ſo, here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Lord! to ſee how the Miſs *Homeſpuns* looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we ſet out for Edinburgh!—I had juſt put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers; and Miſs Jeſſy *Homeſpun* admired it ſo much! and when I let her put it on, ſhe looked in the glaſs, and ſaid, with a ſigh, how charming it was!—I had a ſad headach with it all morning, but I kept that to myſelf. "And do, my dear, (ſaid ſhe), write ſometimes to us, poor moping creatures, in the country. But you won't have leiſure to think of us; you will be ſo happy, and ſo much amuſed." At that moment my brother's poſt-coach rattled up to the door, and the poor *Homeſpuns* cried ſo when we parted! To be ſure, they thought that a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amuſements, muſt be quite delightful.——Now, Sir, to let you know how I have found it.

I was content to be lugged about by my ſiſter for the firſt week or two, as I knew that in a large town I ſhould

I ſhould be like a fiſh out of water, as the ſaying is. But my ſiſter-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance: "And you country girls—and we who have been in London—and we who have been abroad.—" However, between ourſelves, I don't find that ſhe knows quite ſo much as ſhe would make me believe; for it ſeems they can't learn many things in the Indies; and when ſhe went out ſhe knew as little as myſelf; and as for London, ſhe was only a fortnight there in her way home.

So we have got maſters that come in to give us leſſons in French, and muſic, and dancing. The two firſt I can ſubmit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing; and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, though my maſter ſays, my *fingering* is not what it ſhould be. But the dancing is a terrible buſineſs. My ſiſter-in-law and I are put into the ſtocks every morning to teach us the right poſition of our feet; and all the ſteps I was praiſed for in the country are now good for nothing, as the *Cotillon* ſtep is the only thing fit for people of faſhion; and ſo we are twiſted and twirled till my joints ach again; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed, I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my ſiſter-in-law, who is always praiſed for every thing ſhe does, would needs try her cotillon ſteps at the aſſembly; and her partner Captain Coupée, a conſtant viſitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer ſhe was: But in truth ſhe was out of time every inſtant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling, as they called it. And ſo in the ſame manner (which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. Lounger) the Captain one day, at our houſe, ſwore ſhe ſung like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's Champaign); and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's-ſtreet, I overheard him ſaying to one of his companions, that Muſhroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for

the *bore* of the ſinging; and that the little *Nabobina* ſqualled like a pea-hen.

But no doubt it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may ſay behind their backs. And I perceive they have got faſhionable words for praiſing things, which it is one of my ſiſter's leſſons and mine to have at our tongues ends, whether we think ſo or not. Such a thing, ſhe tells me, (as ſhe has been taught by her great companion Miſs *Guſto*) muſt be *charming*, another *raviſhing*, (indeeed Mr. Lounger that is the word), and a third *divine*. As for me, I have yet got no farther than charming; I can only ſay raviſhing in a whiſper; and as for divine, I think there is ſomething Heatheniſh in it: though indeed I have been told, ſince I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

Here, as before, *comme il faut* (I can ſpell the words now that I am turned a French ſcholar) is ſtill held out as a law to us. We have beſides got another phraſe, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my ſiſter-in-law, and that is the *Ton*. Such a perſon is a very good kind of a perſon, but ſuch another is more the *Ton*: Such a Lady is handſomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another; but that other is much more the *Ton*. I have often aſked my ſiſter, and even my French maſter, to explain the meaning of this word *Ton*; but they told me there was no tranſlation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for ſome people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great admirer of *John Knox*, uſed to tell us of Popiſh indulgencies: Folks who are the *Ton* may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong. And every thing that is the *Ton* is right, let it be what it will.

Alas! Sir, if the *Ton* would let poor people alone who don't wiſh for diſtinction, there would be the leſs to complain of: But the misfortune is, that one muſt be

be in the *Ton* whether one's mind gives them to it or not; at leaſt I am told ſo. We have a French Friſeur, whom our Maitre d'Hotel *Sabot* recommended, who makes great uſe of this phraſe. He ſcrewed up my hair till I thought I ſhould have fainted with the pain, and I did not ſleep a wink all the night after, becauſe he ſaid that a hundred little curls were now become the *Ton*. He recommended a ſhoemaker, who, he ſaid, made for all the people of the *Ton*, who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk acroſs the room; becauſe little feet were the *Ton*. My ſtaymaker, another of the ſame ſet, brought me home a pair of ſtays that were but a few inches round at the waiſt; and my maid and *Sabot* broke three laces before they could get them to meet; becauſe ſmall waiſts were the *Ton*. I ſat at two dinners without being able to eat a morſel; becauſe (I am aſhamed to tell it, Sir) my ſtays would not hold a bit. However, I would ſubmit to the *Ton* no longer in that article; and when I got home in the evening, I took out my ſciſſars in a paſſion, and cut a great ſlaſh in the ſides. I was reſolved I would not be ſqueezed to death for all the *Tons* in the world.

And moreover the *Ton* is not ſatisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and ſqueezing the pit of our ſtomach, but we muſt have manners which, under favour, Sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother (I was bred up at my grandmother's) would have whipp'd me for, that ſhe would, if I had ventured to ſhew them when I was with her. I am told, that none but a Ninny would look down in the ſheepiſh way I do; but that when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I muſt look as full at him as I can, to ſhew my eyes; and laugh, to ſhew my teeth (all our family have white teeth); and flouriſh my rattan, to ſhow my ſhapes: And though in a room I am to ſpeak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not; yet, in a public place, I am to talk as loud and as faſt as poſſible, and call the men

by their plain ſurnames, and tell all about our laſt night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. Lounger, which I can't do for the heart of me; but my ſiſter-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miſs *Guſto* ſays. But then ſhe has been in India, and ſhe was not brought up with my grandmother. I proteſt, though I would be aſhamed to let Miſs Guſto know it, that often, when I am wiſhing to practiſe ſome of her leſſons, I think I ſee my grandmother with her bunch of keys at her apron ſtring, her amber-headed ſtick in one hand, and the *Ladies Calling* in the other, looking at me from under her ſpectacles, with ſuch a frown, Mr. Lounger!—it frightens the *Ton* quite out of my head.

After all, I am apt to believe, that the very great trouble, and the many inconveniencies to which we put ourſelves to attain this diſtinction of the *Ton*, are, in a great meaſure, labour in vain; that our muſic, our dancing, and our good breeding, will perhaps be out of faſhion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of theſe accompliſhments; for ſome of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who viſit us, ſay, that the *Ton* here is no *Ton* at all, for that the true and genuine *Ton* (like the true and genuine *Milk of Roſes*) is only to be found in London.

Nay, ſome of the fineſt of thoſe fine ladies and gentlemen go a ſtep farther, and inform us, that the *Ton* of London itſelf is mere *Twaddle*, and that the only right *Ton* is to be found in *Paris*. I hope in goodneſs, however, that my ſiſter, if ſhe is determined, as ſhe ſometimes hints, to chaſe the *Ton* that length, will drop me by the way, or rather allow me to return again to the country. Old Sparrows (the proverb ſays, Mr. Lounger) are ill to tame—Not that I am old neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the ſort of life we lead here: And though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and am ſure to ſay ſo in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often ſecretly wiſhing I were

back

back again at my father's, where I ſhould not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

Your afflicted (if I may venture to ſay ſo)

humble ſervant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

P. S. La! what do you think, Mr. Lounger! they tell me we are to go to a *maſked Ball*. My ſiſter-in-law is quite in raptures about it. "Mr. Dunn," ſhe ſays, "is to open his whole *Hotel*, bed-rooms and all, for the occaſion; and ſhe is to be a ſhepherdeſs, and Captain *Coupèe* a ſhepherd; and they are to dance an *Allemande* together." And ſhe wants me to be a *Nun*, or, as Captain Coupèe adviſes, a *Veſtal Virgin*; but I told them I had no mind to be a Nun, or a Veſtal Virgin either, that I had not. But my ſiſter ſays it is only in ſport; and Captain Coupèe declares, it will be the fartheſt in the world from making people Nuns or Veſtals.—Well, I am half afraid, Mr. Lounger, and yet I think I ſhall go. Were my grandmother to lift up her head now! I will think no more of her till the maſked ball is over.

Z.

N° 57.——SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1786.

Fortunate Senex. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which mankind have differed more than in the repreſentations they have given of human life. One claſs of men deſcribes it as full of happineſs and enjoyment, as a path covered with flowers;

flowers; another has presented us with descriptions which show nothing but disappointment and vexation, which represent life as a path strewed with thorns, as a vale of misery and tears. Truth perhaps lies somewhere in the middle between those two opinions: Men were not born only to be miserable; and yet complete happiness is not the lot of any one on this side the grave. Life is a chequered thing, a building of mosaic work, a road where flowers and thorns are both to be met with.

It has always, however, been my opinion, that as the giving amiable and fair pictures of life proceeds from a happier temperament of mind, than the inclination to delineate those of a gloomy kind; so the indulging of such views contributes much more to happiness and virtue than the opposite impressions of a darker and more dismal nature. To think well of, and have respect for ourselves and the world around us, is one step to virtue and benevolence; but this step cannot be gained by a person who has been taught to consider himself and every thing around him in a gloomy and an unfavourable light.

There is one period of life which authors have been at pains to picture differently, according as they have been accustomed to take favourable or unfavourable views of the world in general. Old age, that period at which all wish to arrive, and which it is the fate of few only to reach, has been described by one set of men, as of all situations the most comfortless, and the most gloomy; as the last stage of human infirmity and helplessness, from which nothing but death can relieve; and the misery of which is enhanced by the dread of that very death, the only cure for all its woe. Another class of men has represented old age as one of the brightest periods of human life; as that period in which we may be said to enjoy life twice, having not only present comforts to enjoy but all those of a life already past to reflect on.—— "Fructus autem senectutis," says Tully, "est ante partorum bonorum memoria et copia."

The

The perſon who now addreſſes you is in this latter period; and though the caſe of one individual can be of little uſe in confirming a general opinion, yet I may perhaps be allowed to tell you, that I have never taſted more happineſs than I have done for the laſt years of my life.

I entered upon the world with a ſmall patrimony; but by cloſe attention to my profeſſion, I was ſoon rendered ſuperior to the fear of poverty; and have now retired from buſineſs with a fortune, though not large, yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been ſufficient to rear a numerous family. My profeſſion was ſuch as led me to direct my labours to the immediate uſe and advantage of my fellow-creatures; and I would not forfeit, for any conſideration, the pleaſure which, in my preſent advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the perſons to whom I think my labours have been of ſome advantage.

I married early a Lady whoſe views of life were ſimilar to my own; and though the firſt rapture of love was quickly over, it was ſucceeded by a calmer and leſs tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increaſed with our increaſing years. Our mutual habits, our mutual attachments, our fondneſs for our children, have made us for a long courſe of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union ſo long ago formed. My eldeſt ſon is now cultivating that profeſſion from which his father has retired. With what joy do I ſee his talents ſucceſsful! with what ſatisfaction do I perceive him improving thoſe leſſons I have given him; and with the moſt engaging modeſty advancing much farther than his father's genius entitled him to advance! This is indeed living twice! With great ſincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my ſituation, I can uſe thoſe words of Morni, in the Poems of Oſſian; "May the name of Morni be forgot among the people; may it only be ſaid, behold the father of Gaul!"

My

My youngeſt boy is leſs advanced, but of no leſs promiſing parts, nor leſs amiable diſpoſition than his brother.

I have four daughters, and I cannot ſpeak of them but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me, and to their excellent mother, for the education we have given them; but how amply have they repaid that obligation! My eldeſt daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the helpmate of her mother; we uſed then to call her our little houſekeeper. Her own merit, the good education ſhe received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of ſuch a mother as my *Hortenſia*, contributed to make her the wife of a very reſpectable man: and Hortenſia and I now, with enraptured hearts, ſee her eldeſt child, our grand-daughter, holding the ſame ſtation in her mother's family that her mother did in ours. After our eldeſt daughter's marriage, our ſecond ſucceeded to her place, and ſhe again, upon her marriage was ſucceeded in her turn.—Our youngeſt, Maria, is the only one now left to us; and, I think I may ſay it without vanity, is in no reſpect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me ſeems to be quickened in proportion to my advance in life; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention: Methinks I would not wiſh to be younger and ſtouter than I am, at the expence of loſing the aſſiſtance of my dear Maria.

It is our cuſtom every Saturday evening to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grandchildren round me; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little ſociety, it is impoſſible to deſcribe. At ſupper, my ſon, my daughters, and their huſbands, are with us; and my wife and I, I can aſſure you, cut no unreſpectable figure, ſeated in our elbow chairs. Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compenſate them.

Amidſt

Amidſt the amuſements which this evening's party affords, I muſt mention one, the pleaſure which we receive from the peruſal of your *Lounger*. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine; but no one is allowed then to read it. She herſelf carefully depoſits it in her ſcrutoire, and it is not produced till after ſupper. It is then brought upon the table, and is read by my Maria, who does it all juſtice in the reading. I am ſure it would give you much delight to hear the converſation it occaſions; the remarks which are made, without affectation and with perfect candour, upon the compoſition, the ſcenes it deſcribes, the characters it repreſents, their ſimilarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are ſaid, which, I am perſuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I ſhall mention, which came from Maria laſt Saturday. She obſerved, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and ſhe propoſed that we ſhould make up matches between them. This gave occaſion to a good deal of pleaſantry, moſt of which I have forgot; but I remember that, among other marriages, it was propoſed, that *Captain N.* ſhould be married to *Miſs Cauſtic*, though Maria, graſping my hand, the tear half ſtarting in her eye, objected to it, becauſe it would be wrong to deprive the Colonel of his ſiſter. With regard to your correſpondent *Hortenſius*, the youngeſt of my married daughters, looking at her huſband with inexpreſſible good humour, ſaid, that if ſhe were not already tied, ſhe believed ſhe could have married him herſelf.

Another ſource of our entertainment in reading your papers, is a ſuſpicion which I ſee prevails in the company, that ſome of its members are your correſpondents, and have written in the Lounger. This ſuſpicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to ſee upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to diſcover where the truth lies.

lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correſpondent.

But I muſt conclude: I am afraid ere this you will have thought, that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I ſhall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth your inſertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is publiſhed, a good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have deſcribed.

AURELIUS.

I know not whether it be from vanity, or from ſome better motive, that I have given this letter to the public. I muſt own, that I have felt myſelf very ſenſibly gratified by the manner in which my papers are received in the family of Aurelius. It is to perſons in the ordinary ſtations of life that the Lounger is addreſſed. The learned are perhaps above it; the vulgar, thoſe who are employed in the ſervile offices of life, below it. But as long as I can give one half-hour's amuſement, mixed perhaps with a little inſtruction, to ſuch a family as that of Aurelius, it ſhall neither be the indifference of the learned, nor the neglect of the multitude, which ſhall induce me to diſcontinue my labours.

A.

No 58.——Saturday, March 11, 1786.

Inter ſylvas Academi querere verum. Hor.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

AMONG the various complaints which, I obſerve from your papers, your correſpondents occaſionally make to you, you may not, perhaps, have met with any more whimſical, or which, at firſt ſight, will appear more unjuſt than mine. I have, thank God, very few evils, either real or imaginary, in my lot; I am neither too rich nor too poor to be contented; I am neither ſo dull as not to be pleaſed with a good thing, nor ſo refined as to be proud of finding faults in it; I am neither nervous in my body, nor tremblingly alive in my mind: One thing only plagues and vexes me, and plagues and vexes the whole family in which I live. The evil of which I complain, Mr. Lounger is, I am told, one of the "firſt of virtues:"—The evil I complain of is *Truth*.

You muſt know I have a ſiſter married to a very good and learned gentleman, in whoſe family, by his and his wife's preſſing invitation, I have lived ever ſince his marriage; and for ſeveral years no ſet of people could be happier. But of late my brother-in-law has become a philoſopher, and is perpetually hunting after Truth; and a pretty chace ſhe leads him! His poring over books in queſt of her would only weaken his own eyes, and break his own reſt; but his running after her wherever ſhe is to be found, at all times, and in all companies, breaks the reſt of every body around him. With my ſiſter and me he has

but

but little play for his humour. His wife, indeed, is of ſo gentle and complying a temper, that ſhe never diſputes his propoſitions, as he calls them. I am not quite ſo yielding; and we have now and then little bouts at an argument. But with our gueſts and viſitors he is conſtantly at it; and I believe in my conſcience he often chuſes companies as your cheſs-players do, becauſe they are nearly matches at their favourite game; having obſerved that of late, ſince he took to this kind of ſport, he generally invites thoſe people oftenеſt who argue ſtouteſt with him when they come. For theſe ſame truth-hunters, Mr. Lounger, ſeem, like true ſportſmen to find little pleaſure in the chace when it is ſoon run down, or when there are no hazards in the way. They like to leap hedges and ditches; to ſcramble amidſt briers and thorns; to ſplaſh through mire and bog; to be a terrible long while before they come to the end of their labour; and at laſt, as I am told it often happens in the field, they ſometimes find themſelves juſt where they ſet out.

But, as the frogs in the fable ſay, "This is ſport to them, but death to us." You cannot imagine what miſchiefs and inconveniencies it produces in our family. Before this diſeaſe of diſputation took hold of him, Mr. *Category* was attentive to his affairs, kind to his friends, polite to his acquaintance, and one of the beſt huſbands and fathers in the world; but now he neglects his buſineſs, quarrels with his relations, is rude to every body about him, and minds his wife and children no more than if they were ſo many broomſticks. Indeed I begin to be of opinion, that my ſiſter has loſt a good deal of his affection, from that ſame meekneſs of ſpirit which I mentioned her to be poſſeſſed of; and I think he likes me much better ſince I grew tired of yielding in every point, as I uſed to do for peace ſake, and now and then wrangle a little with him.

It is not difficult to find an opportunity. Were it about important concerns alone, it would happen only

only now and then, and might be eaſily avoided or endured. But 'tis all one what the matter in diſpute is, ſo it but affords a diſpute. Every thing is fair game (to come back to the ſimile of the chace): If we can't ſtart a hare, a mole or a mouſe will ſerve our turn. 'Twas but yeſterday at dinner we had half a dozen battles between him and an odd ſort of an old man he has lately taken a great liking to, who I'm told was a tutor at one of the univerſities, till he loſt all employment from this ſame crazy humour of truth-hunting. The ſoup was not half helped round when a queſtion aroſe as to the Spartan broth. The fiſh introduced a diſſertation about a mullet, I think it was, at ſome great ſupper in Rome; and the cloth was no ſooner taken away than a violent altercation aroſe about the favourite liquors of the ancients. My hair-dreſſer happening to call in the afternoon, ſet them off upon the head-dreſs of *Poppea*; and an old lady who drank tea with us, puzzling herſelf to trace the relation between our grandfathers, introduced an inquiry, which laſted till near ſupper-time, on the family of *Seſoſtris*.

Were he confined to thoſe old out-of-the-way topics, though the matter might never be exhauſted, the number of the diſputants would at leaſt be abridged, and we might find a quiet hour when there was no ſcholar in the houſe but himſelf. But he is as keen about aſcertaining modern facts as thoſe of ancient times. If he can get hold of any body who has travelled where few have travelled before, if it is but a lame ſeaman, whom he has found begging in the ſtreet, there is no end of his queſtions. Not that he always acquieſces in what they tell him; on the contrary, he often diſputes with them about things which they have ſeen, which he ſays cannot be true, becauſe they are contrary to his philoſophy; but, on the other hand, he tells them many things which they might have ſeen in thoſe far countries, which they are obliged to confeſs they never either ſaw or heard of. Truth, he ſays, is not eaſily diſcernible by common

common eyes: Truth, he ſays, according to the old proverb, lies in the bottom of a well. God forgive me, Mr. Lounger, I am ſometimes tempted to wiſh he were there along with her.

Not but that I have an affection for him too, for he has many good qualities, and that makes me the more vexed at this ſtrange humour he has got into, which, beſides plaguing us all as it does, is often of real prejudice to himſelf and to his affairs. For he is not contented with this ſearch after truth in ſpeculation only, but often carries it into practice in the ordinary concerns of life; and there too he always looks for her in ſome place where nobody ever thought of her being to be found. He was, I don't know whether fortunately or not, left a ſufficiency by his father to enable him to live without a profeſſion; but during one half of the year when we reſide in the country, he is a very keen farmer, planter, and gardener. But his method of farming, planting and gardening, is quite different from that of any body elſe, and, as he tells us, the only true one in the country. It happens, however, that he has ſcantier crops, leſs thriving trees, and worſe flavoured fruit, than any body around us; but that don't ſignify, he maintains the contrary, and has the pleaſure of finding a diſpute with every body that viſits his farm, his plantations, or his garden. Laſt ſeaſon he ſpoiled a whole crop of graſs by a new method of hay-making. He was poſitive that it was excellent hay notwithſtanding, and much more nouriſhing than if it had been made after the uſual method; but he could never perſuade his horſes to eat it.

He is rather more ſucceſsful in making experiments of a ſimilar kind on himſelf. He once took it into his head, having found, as he told us, the moſt inconteſtible evidence of its truth, that men could live very well without ſleep; and actually went the length of diſturbing the whole houſe for two nights together, by having himſelf pinched and buffeted about to keep him awake. On another occaſion, he took

took nearly the ſame fancy with regard to food, and lived three or four days on a few boiled potatoes, and ſome water-gruel. This, however, was got the better of, by the warm fumes of a veniſon-paſty, which happens to be a favourite diſh of his. He inſiſted, however, on the ſuperior healthfulneſs of the former diet; but owned, that in this, as in many other things, the wrong way was the pleaſanteſt.

This rage of experiment, as well as of inquiry, may lead to very ſerious conſequences, if indulged as far as he ſometimes gives us reaſon to think him inclined to do. He told us t'other morning, he was not at all ſurpriſed at the ancient philoſopher who leaped into *Etna*, to be ſatisfied about the cauſes of its burning; and we have received intelligence, that he has actually been in treaty for a ſeat in a *Balloon*, to reſolve ſome doubts he has entertained on the ſubjects of that ſingular invention. Now, Mr. Lounger, as, however troubleſome his doubts are to his family, we by no means wiſh to have them cleared up quite ſo ſoon; it would be conferring a great favour on us all, if you, who are a philoſopher like himſelf, would try to perſuade Mr. *Category* to be contented to take things a little more on credit than he is at preſent diſpoſed to do; particularly, that he would neither think of burning himſelf alive, or breaking his neck, for the ſake of coming at the truth all of a hurry, but ſubmit, for the ſake of his wife and children, to grope about a while longer in this world of errors. I am, &c.

MARY PLAIN.

P. S. Pray don't forget to put him in mind, that there will be no diſputing in heaven.

Z.

N° 59.——Saturday, March 18, 1786.

ONE of the pleaſures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from buſineſs. Thoſe whom intricate and weighty affairs embarraſs and fatigue, talk with envy of the leiſure of the unemployed, of the bliſs of retirement. But in their hours of occaſional amuſement, they know not the grievance of liſtleſs days, and months and years of idleneſs; nor, when they pant for reſt from their labours, are they aware that it is from labour alone that reſt acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When in the courſe of my uſual walk, I paſſed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met ſo many buſy faces, and been oſtled by ſo many hurried ſteps; when I ſaw the court-doors ſhut, and heard no hum within; I confeſs it ſtruck me with a melancholy ſort of feeling. But the firſt lawyer whom I encountered had a ſmile of ſatisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himſelf on the ſuſpenſion of thoſe labours which laſt week he ſaid had lain ſo heavy on him. "You are free from that plague," ſaid he, "you have no *ſeſſion* or *term-time*."—"But you forget, my friend, that I have no *vacation*."

I contrive, however, to get through the no-buſineſs of my life with tolerable ſatisfaction, and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the ſtreets, but like decent beggars keep my diſtreſſes at home, and am relieved by the private contributions of the humane and the charitable.

It is not ſo with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of time. When I had got a little further on my accuſtomed walk, I was catched in a ſhower, and

and took ſhelter in the houſe of an acquaintance in Prince's-ſtreet. As I paſſed the coffee-houſe and confectioner's ſhop, I was ſtruck with compaſſion at the ſight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a littte after mid-day, and conſequently the gentlemen to whom theſe faces belonged had a great while to look forward to the hour when they could with propriety pull off their boots, and dreſs for the buſineſs of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which is one of the happieſt expedients for the purpoſe in the world, as it removes the headach of yeſterday's dinner, gets through the time till the dinner of to-day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor friends in Prince's-ſtreet had no hope of getting through the tedious interval in the ſociety of their horſes; they had before them the diſmal proſpect of ſpending three long hours in their own company, or in the company of their fellow-ſufferers; and, after all, of ſitting down to dinner with muddy heads, and ſqueamiſh ſtomachs.

"Mentem mortalia tangunt," ſays the Poet. The diſtreſſes incident to humanity are the great nouriſhers of moral ſpeculation. The mortals of Prince's-ſtreet touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiſeration, of the difficulty they would find in paſſing the time till the arrival of that important æra in the hiſtory of the day —the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was diſtreſſed on their account: For I ſuſpect that it is not only when morning is rainy that our gentlemen of faſhion find their time heavy. The languor and reſtleſſneſs which are ſo frequently to be obſerved united in their looks and behaviour, are too evident ſymptoms of this quotidian diſorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To

To ſay the truth, in ſpite of our complaints and the ſhortneſs of life, yet four-and-twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for perſons who have no other object but amuſement. It is almoſt impoſſible to continue longer in bed than eleven hours; few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the moſt moderate calculation, we have at leaſt thirteen hours to be filled up every day by people who have nothing to do but to be amuſed. Now, although a chace, a bottle of wine, a dance, and ſome other expedients, to which theſe gentlemen have recourſe, may give occaſional fill-ups to their ſpirits, yet it is not in man, not even in a man of faſhion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together, day after day.

There ſeems to be here an incongruity which is not obſervable any where elſe in the works of Nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjuſted to the purpoſes for which they ſeem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable ſatisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other buſineſs under the ſun but pleaſure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geeſe, on the other hand, are very long lived: But then it is to be obſerved, that geeſe undertake the important and laborious taſk of rearing a family every ſeaſon; they have likewiſe many enterpriſing excurſions to make both by land and water in ſearch of their food; and beſides they can fill up their leiſure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumſtances, their power of commanding ſleep when they pleaſe, and their talent for converſation. By theſe means, geeſe, when they are ſaved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a reſpectable old age, without ever being at a loſs how to kill the time.

But men of faſhion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjuſt matters one of two things is neceſſary;

ceſſary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or elſe to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the firſt method of abridgement, I humbly conceive, that if, from the time when our men of faſhion break looſe from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to ſink quietly to reſt in the courſe of nature at the end of a twelvemonth, their life would be pretty nearly ſufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that ſpace to run round the whole circle of pleaſure again and again, which is evidently what they conſider as the chief end of man. At the ſame time, they would be ſeaſonably delivered from the inſipidity of pleaſure, when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diverſify their amuſements, and to ſaunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of faſhion ſeem to be ſenſible of the juſtneſs of this obſervation; for they do what they can to get the better of their conſtitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more ſuitable to the uſe which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always ſufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleaſant; moſt men of faſhion, like moſt other men, however diſagreeable or uſeleſs they may find their lives, not chuſing to die as long as they can eaſily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were poſſible to ſupply them with ſome means of paſſing more tolerably the 13 or 14 hours which they cannot loſe in ſleeping.

Here to be ſure a moraliſt might aſſume a high tone of declamation, and call on thoſe gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them, that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their ſtation and fortune, examples of active and diſintereſted patriotiſm. He might tell them, that, if they were unwilling to take a ſhare in the legiſlature, or if the happy ſeaſon of peace gave them no opportunity

portunity to diſplay their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loſs for occaſions to diſplay their activity and enterprize, by employing their wealth and influence to diffuſe civilization and comfort, induſtry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow-citizens. He might tell them, that from ſuch occupations they would derive the moſt honourable, heartfelt and laſting pleaſures, and be followed with the gratitude, the bleſſings, of thouſands. He might likewiſe intreat them to conſider the opportunities which their riches and leiſure afforded them of extending their reſearches into ſcience, and encourage them with the proſpect of utility and reputation united with the moſt intereſting and endleſs amuſement. He might alſo point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and ſolace to their cares which literature would afford them; he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to poliſh and elevate the character, and how admirably it would ſuperſede thoſe frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waſte their hours.

But it would be cruel to harraſs the poor gentlemen with theſe ſchool-declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but alſo continued induſtry, which we can ſcarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reaſonable hope of ſucceſs, is to find ſome occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming table, than low profligacy or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known ſeveral idle perſons who contrived to amuſe the vacant intervals between breakfaſt and dinner, and between dinner and ſupper, in a very inoffenſive manner. According as the weather and ſeaſon permitted, they employed all the firſt part of the day angling, ſhooting, hunting, or ſkaiting. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; ſuch as weaving

nets,

nets, plaiting lines, dreſſing fiſhing-flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horſes, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newſpaper, dreſſing for dinner, and now and then a game at whiſt or backgammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known ſome perſons of no great fortune, who ſpent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary ſleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amuſements of the town.

I ſhould therefore imagine, that the men of faſhion, conſidering the accurate attention which it is proper for them to pay to their dreſs, and the ſuperior advantages which they enjoy from the amuſements of the town, excurſions to watering-places, and trips to the Continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee-houſe doors or confectioners' ſhops, without expoſing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others, at the gaming table, without weakening their conſtitutions, or injuring their fellow-creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more inſipid and leſs reſpectable than might be wiſhed. But ſince by ſome unaccountable irregularity in Nature, the lives of men of faſhion, although they have ſo much leſs to do than other men, are prolonged to 50 or 60 years; they might unqueſtionably contrive, by a ſucceſſion of theſe little occupations, to paſs through this long term far leſs uncomfortably, than by dividing their time between downright idleneſs, intemperance, and vice.

No 60.——Saturday, March 25, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

As far as I can judge of myſelf, I am a man well entitled to your protection. My mind has been ſo much employed in projecting ſchemes for the benefit of mankind, and eſpecially of my fellow-ſubjects, that I have been totally indifferent to my own affairs. At preſent I am poor and ſtudious, and yet content that a long life has not paſſed in altogether an uſeleſs manner. In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-four, the year in which Dean Swift died, I had the honour to preſent to a great man a liſt, conſiſting of three hundred and nineteen new taxes, the greater part of which I perceive have been adopted. I have in manuſcript a number of treatiſes, which might be a load to an ordinary fized porter, written in a ſmall character, on a variety of ſubjects, with much eaſe and ſpirit. Having a great part of my life reflected, that only three great Epic Poems have appeared in ſix thouſand years, I employed the whole force of my mind to collect into one focus the entire ſpirit of Criticiſm, which has been, for twenty years paſt, diſſipated and toſſed from one great writer to another, without the deſired ſucceſs. Had I been prevailed on to publiſh this, it would have made a volume of five ſhillings; and I am inclined to think, that, with no other aſſiſtance, a man of moderate genius could have compoſed an Epic Poem with as much ſpeed as a Romance.

Another performance of mine is an eſſay deducing the degeneracy of preſent manners from electricity and the feudal ſyſtem. The one I conſider as the firſt or primary, the other as the promoting and aſ-

ſiſting

fisting cause. From the latter proceeds the subordination of ranks, and from the former that inundation of feeling which was formerly confined to children, and fine ladies like children, but has now deluged the army, the navy, ministers of state, shoe-blacks, and footmen. My next discourse I call a scheme for reconciling all the sectaries in Great Britain.

But I proceed to mention what at present employs all my thoughts, and what by your means I wish to announce to the Public. My hopes of success are founded on the wonderful avidity with which mankind receive weekly and monthly Miscellanies. These are generally good things, translated from the French, copied out of old authors, or altogether new and original, the production of modern writers. My plan is entirely new. I wish to be director in a work of this kind, more adapted than any thing that has yet been published, for the improvement of the *fair sex*. On no account will I admit any but female subscribers; and, excepting in some of the departments wherein I must toil myself, I will admit of none but female writers: For I incline to have this work altogether perfect, classical, and feminine. I consider this as the winding up of a long life; and I shall certainly lie down in my grave in more peace, reflecting, that I have added to the republic of letters one half of the human species, whom our foolish prejudices have hitherto in a great measure excluded.

I will divide this work into several departments, keeping in mind, however, for whose use and reading it is only intended.

The first shall consist of Foreign Intelligence. And this I doubt not to manage to the satisfaction of my readers. For, having travelled in my youth, there is scarcely a court in Europe, wherein I cannot command a female correspondent to inform me of its gallantries and its fashions.—This will greatly enlarge the sphere of female knowledge; and make scandal, like Cayen pepper in a highly-seasoned dish, harmless by spreading it. The slips of a Marchio-

neſs abroad will be as familiar as of an actreſs at home; and the dreſſes of Ruſſia as much known as thoſe of a birth-day.

This will be occaſionally interſperſed with books of travels and voyages, in which particular and minute attention will be paid to the *marriage* ceremonies of diſtant countries, that being the part of ſuch books which I have generally obſerved to bear the ſtrongeſt marks of peruſal, when I have at any time had the honour of opening them in a Lady's library.

My next department will conſiſt of Sketches and Intereſting Anecdotes of private characters, with the Tea-table Converſations, and the Faſhions of the principal towns in Great Britain. I will give names at full length; both to ſerve as a neceſſary check on the diſſoluteneſs of manners, and to preclude an improper application. To my tea-table dialogues I will add a Dictionary of French phraſes, and words of the lateſt introduction, to aſſiſt thoſe of my readers who have not as yet arrived at much perfection in that excellent part of education. But my great intention in this department is, to enable my fair readers to be in and out of the mode in all parts of Great Britain preciſely at the ſame time. And although in my own private judgment I think I ought to publiſh my Miſcellany only once a-month; yet, if from humour or taſte, or the quick ſucceſſion of cuſtoms and modes, this is not thought ſufficient to anſwer the various purpoſes of my work, I will at all times cheerfully ſubmit to a reaſonable number of my ſubſcribers. That my publication may not be deficient in any embelliſhment or illuſtration which other works of the ſame kind furniſh to their readers, plates will be given, from drawings by the beſt maſters and miſtreſſes, of the different articles of dreſs moſt approved in the faſhionable world. As in books of Architecture, there are elevations of *Fronts* and *Back-fronts*, ſections of *Arches* and *Abutments*, deſigns for *Friezes*, *Stucco-Cornices*, and *Pilaſters*; ſo, in my miſcellany, ſimilar aſſiſtances will be given to the artiſts of the female

female figure, and the inventors of female decoration.

The third diviſion of my intended miſcellany will be a ſection for female Eſſayiſts; and I hope to make a proper, ſpirited, and entertaining choice. I will occaſionally admit little affecting hiſtories to animate the female world to virtuous and worthy deeds. Nor will it be leſs neceſſary, for this laudable purpoſe, ſometimes to record bad, as well as good actions, imprudences and levities, as well as wiſe and diſcreet conduct. In this, I muſt own, I ſhall only have the merit of following the example ſet me by ſeveral of thoſe works which are profeſſedly written for the inſtruction of the female world. And indeed, how can Ladies be inſtructed in morals, unleſs they know every ſide of the queſtion? or how be taught to avoid the ſnares and dangers of the world, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret of their effects and operation?

A Critical Review of Books will be my fourth. But here I have not the moſt diſtant thought of intermeddling with the property of ſome worthy men, whom I honour and eſteem. Books of Humour or of Philoſophy, Belles Lettres, and Hiſtory, if they be not the production of one who is, or may become my ſubſcriber, I will not criticiſe. God forbid that I ſhould preſume to think myſelf qualified to judge and decide concerning the merit of all ſorts of books. I will confine my remarks to Novels and Plays, reſerving to myſelf the liberty of dipping into the ſofteſt kind of Poetry; and even in this I will endeavour to avoid two things wherein my fellow-labourers in this harveſt have frequently erred. In the firſt place, I will on no account give the character of a book, unleſs it has had the approbation of the public for a dozen years at leaſt. Singular as this may appear to be, it was the practice of the beſt ancient critics. And, beſides abridging my own labour, it will much abridge that of others: For I myſelf, led to think favourably of a book by a fair character in an old Re-

view, have made a tedious and fruitleſs ſearch for it in both public and private libraries. Secondly, For the moſt part I will give my opinion in the way of ſpecimen and extract only. I reluctantly cenſure an aſſociation of men who have ſo often, and ſo juſtly, deſerved well of mankind; but at all times I muſt ſpeak truth. And I am forced to ſay, that my brethren, in criticiſing various departments of Literature, have written ſuch good ſentences of their own, as frequently to lead both themſelves and their readers quite away from the book they were giving an account of. This, to be ſure, as *Pope* ſaid of his own Paſtorals, though it is not criticiſm, is ſomething better; but my modeſty will not allow me to attempt it.

As a little poetry is thought neceſſary in works of this kind, I ſhall reſerve my fifth department for the productions of the Female Muſe. In this article I am exceſſively nice and delicate. My ear is naturally good, and my underſtanding as yet undebauched. At the ſame time I muſt confeſs, that what we find in the multitude of Miſcellanies, which daily come abroad, is poetry highly ſeaſoned and refined; and were I well aſſured of the ſex of the authors, I would not heſitate to admit it into mine. But as this is doubtful, I ſhall only propoſe it as an excellent model to all my correſpondents.

My ſixth and laſt department I intend to make the largeſt, and my endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make it the moſt uſeful. It is wholly to conſiſt of Freethinking. A thouſand times have I been grieved to the ſoul, to think that that religion which emancipates the human mind from folly and prejudice, that religion which M. de Voltaire juſtly ſtiles the mild, the benevolent, the unperſecuting, ſhould in a great meaſure be confined to the moſt worthleſs of the human race, whoſe lives diſcredit their profeſſion; of whom many, though they have not been perſecuted for their opinions, have yet ſuffered for their crimes. Human laws, ever unmerciful, and I may add unjuſt, to

to puniſh thoſe for their actions, who have deſerved rewards for the benevolence and freedom of their thoughts! In the ſincerity of my heart, I hope none of the fair ſex will think raſhly of my endeavours, ſince I wiſh to convert them to a new religion, merely that they may do honour to it. Leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of vanity, which of all weakneſſes I hate the moſt, I ſhall ſay nothing more, than that I intend to give to each number an engraving, of ſome woman who has diſtinguiſhed, or who may diſtinguiſh herſelf, either by her actions or her writings.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

PROJECTOR LITERARIUS.

No 61.—Saturday, April 1, 1786.

In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention thoſe which are due from Maſters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful ſervices of our domeſtics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguiſhed by thoſe corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by diſſipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the ſure ſign of a mind not poiſed as it ought to be, if it is inſenſible to the pleaſures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domeſtics. Next to being well with his own conſcience,

the friendſhip and attachment of a man's family and dependents ſeems to me one of the moſt comfortable circumſtances in his lot. His ſituation with regard to either, forms that ſort of boſom comfort or diſquiet that ſticks cloſe to him at all times and ſeaſons, and which though he may now and then forget it amidſt the buſtle of public, or the hurry of active life, will reſume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happineſs, at every pauſe of ambition or of buſineſs.

In ſituations and with diſpoſitions ſuch as mine, there is perhaps leſs merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in thoſe of perſons of more buſtling lives, and more diſſipated attentions. To the *Lounger*, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he ſometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-ſervant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly underſtand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occaſional abſence, and hear the hurried ſtep of *Peter* on the ſtairs; when I ſee the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honeſt joy with which he pats Cæſar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excurſions) on the head, as if to mark his kind of reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modeſt inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room, which he has arranged for my reception, places my ſlippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its uſual ſtand; I confeſs I ſit down in it with ſelf-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious miſtake, which I have ſometimes ſeen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and deſpotic behaviour to their ſervants;

vants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accuſtom them to conſider the ſervices of their attendants as perfectly compenſated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindneſs, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind muſt indeed neceſſarily happen in the great and fluctuating eſtabliſhments of faſhionable life; but I am ſorry to ſee it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumſtances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's houſehold were wont to be conſpicuous, and exertions of friendſhip and magnanimity in the cauſe of a maſter uſed to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of moſt old families.

When I was laſt autumn, at my friend Colonel *Cauſtic's* in the country, I ſaw there, on a viſit to Miſs Cauſtic, a young gentleman and his ſiſter, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whoſe appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleaſed. "The hiſtory of their parents," ſaid my friend, "is ſomewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is ſo poor a thing taken in the groſs, that when I meet with an inſtance of nobleneſs in detail, I am fain to reſt upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a ſpot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of thoſe young folks, whoſe looks you were ſtruck with, was a gentleman of conſiderable domains and extenſive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the faſhion than it is now, at the ſeat of his anceſtors, ſurrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compaſſed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or leſs remote, with the family of their chief. Every domeſtic in his houſe bore the family name, and looked on himſelf as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and ſharing its fortunes.

Of theſe, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his maſter. *Albert Bane* (the ſirname, you know, is generally loſt in a name deſcriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age ſo much more advanced as to enable him to be a ſort of tutor to his youthful Lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exerciſes and rural amuſements, in which himſelf was eminently ſkilful; he had attended him in the courſe of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was ſtill the conſtant companion of his excurſions, and the aſſociate of his ſports.

"On one of thoſe latter occaſions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himſelf, and of whoſe qualities he was proud, happened to mar the ſport which his maſter expected, who, irritated at the diſappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which however, in the hurry of his reſentment, he miſſed. Albert, to whom *Oſcar* was as a child, remonſtrated againſt the raſhneſs of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his maſter, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conſcious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his paſſion he ſtruck his faithful attendant; who ſuffered the indignity in ſilence, and retiring rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the neareſt town, enliſted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign ſervice. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which ſome of the firſt families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among thoſe who joined the ſtandard of *Charles*, was the maſter of Albert.

"After the battle of *Culloden*, ſo fatal to that party, this gentleman along with others who had eſcaped the ſlaughter of the field, ſheltered themſelves from the rage of the unſparing ſoldiery, among the diſtant receſſes of their country. To him his native mountains offered an aſylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted in the purſuits

ſuits of the chace, with every ſecret path and unworn track, he lived for a conſiderable time, like the deer of his foreſt, cloſe hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from ſome of his cottagers, whoſe fidelity he could truſt, a ſcanty and precarious ſupport. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldeſt acquaintances, deſcribe the ſcene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its ſublimity, without its horror."—"At times," ſaid he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among ſome of thoſe inacceſſible crags which you remember a few miles from my houſe, I have heard, in the pauſes of the breeze which rolled ſolemn through the pines beneath me, the diſtant voices of the ſoldiers, ſhouting in anſwer to one another amidſt their inhuman ſearch. I have heard their ſhots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and ſeen reflected from the deep ſtill lake below, the gleam of thoſe fires which conſumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes ſhame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to ruſh down the ſteep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the ſwords of my enemies; but the inſtinctive love of life prevailed, and ſtarting as the roe bounded by me, I have again ſhrunk back to the ſhelter I had left."

"One day," continued he, "the noiſe was nearer than uſual; and at laſt, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below ſo cloſe upon me that I could diſtinguiſh the words they ſpoke. After ſome time of horrible ſuſpenſe, the voices grew weaker and more diſtant; and at laſt I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I roſe and ſtole to the mouth of the cave; when ſuddenly a dog met me, and gave that ſhort quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidſt the terror of the circumſtance, I was yet maſter enough of myſelf to diſcover that the dog was *Oſcar;* and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of juſtice and of Heaven.—Stand! cried a threatening

voice,

voice, and a ſoldier preſſed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confuſion, and remorſe, ſtopped my utterance, and I ſtood motionleſs before him. "My maſter," ſaid he, with the ſtifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himſelf at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. "You are revenged," ſaid I, "and I am your priſoner."—"Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day ſince that fatal one on which I left my maſter; but I have lived, I hope, to ſave him. The party to which I belong are paſſed; for I lingered behind them among thoſe woods and rocks which I remembered ſo well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be loſt. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not ſuſpect that it ſhelters you. Take my dreſs, which may help your eſcape, and I will endeavour to diſpoſe of yours. On the coaſt, to the weſtward, we have learned there is a ſmall party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till duſk, and then ſtriking over the ſhoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of diſcovery."—I felt the diſgrace of owing ſo much to him I had injured, and remonſtrated againſt expoſing him to ſuch imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my eſcape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be inſtant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and diſtreſs, beſought me to think only of my own ſafety.—"Save us both," ſaid he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the bleſſing of God be with his maſter!"

Albert's prayer was heard. His maſter, by the exerciſe of talents which, though he always poſſeſſed, adverſity only taught him to uſe, acquired abroad a ſtation of equal honour and emolument; and when the proſcriptions of party had ceaſed, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant in the army, to which his

his valour and merit had raiſed him, married to a Lady by whom he had got ſome little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whoſe native endowments it was the chief ſtudy and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could beſtow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happineſs of his follower, whoſe honeſt pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's becoming the wife of that maſter whom his generous fidelity had ſaved. That maſter, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again reſtored to the domain of his anceſtors, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the grandſon of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Cauſtic on a viſit to this gentleman's houſe, and was delighted to obſerve his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unaffuming happineſs of the good old man, conſcious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it eſcape my notice, that the ſweet boy and girl, who had been our gueſts at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white ſpaniel, whom they careſſed much after dinner, whoſe name was *Oſcar*.

Z.

No 62.——Saturday, April 8, 1786.

Abſentem ruſticus urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis. Hor.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Muſhroom-Hall, 1ſt April, 1786.

SIR,

THE indulgence which you ſhowed to my correſpondence when in town, emboldens me to hope for the ſame favourable reception of my letters from the country. Here, Mr. Lounger, I have much more time to write; but unfortunately I have much fewer ſubjects; and thoſe too none of the moſt enlivening. I think there is a ſort of fatality in it, that I am always in low ſpirits when I ſit down to write to you. Theſe conſtant eaſterly winds do affect one's nerves ſo!

I told you in my laſt, that my ſiſter-in-law talked of going to London, and perhaps to the Continent; and how unwilling I ſhould be to accompany her. She is actually gone ſome weeks ago, and I was not aſked to be of the party; but ſhe has taken her favourite Miſs *Guſto*, becauſe ſhe can talk French a little more glibly, having been bred at a London boarding-ſchool; though my French maſter ſays it is execrable *patois*, and won't be underſtood by people of faſhion. Well! I don't deſire to detract from any body; but ſome people are ſingular in their favourites. But it don't ſignify; we can be very happy at home, though it was a little croſs to leave Edinburgh juſt when one had

had got into the humour of it; and when one began to know people a little, and people began to know one, which takes ſome time, you know, Mr. Lounger, eſpecially with people who are not quite ſo forward as ſome people, who are greater favourites with ſome people than other people are.

You muſt know that our ſociety in Edinburgh had latterly become much more agreeable to me, from our intimacy with Mrs. *Rattle*, who came lately from *Spa*, where ſhe had gone for the recovery of her health, being vaſtly ſubject to low ſpirits whenever ſhe remains long in this climate. Mrs. Rattle was pleaſed to take very particular notice of me, being delighted, ſhe ſaid, with a certain *naiveté*, of which I was poſſeſſed; though Mrs. Muſhroom, who was jealous of her attention to me, ſaid it was only becauſe I was the beſt *hearer* of her acquaintance. Be that as it may, ſhe was always remarkably civil and obliging to me; declared ſhe looked on me as her particular *protegée*; and that, except one or two gentlemen with whom ſhe had been acquainted abroad, I was the only perſon to whom ſhe gave the conſtant *entrée* to her *boudoir*. I was invited to moſt of her parties, which made the town appear quite a different thing to me from what it did when I wrote to you laſt. Unfortunately theſe pleaſant days did not laſt long; my dear Mrs. Rattle was ſuddenly taken ill ſoon after her huſband's arrival in Edinburgh, (for he did not come till ſome time after her), and was obliged to leave town without being able to ſee even me. My brother and Mrs. Muſhroom, as I mentioned before, have ſet off for London with Miſs Guſto; and ſo, Mr. Lounger, I am come back to the country again.

I had but a very diſagreeable journey of it, though my maid, (who was my ſiſter-in-law's till ſhe got a gentlewoman of Miſs Guſto's recommending), and a very good ſort of young man, to whom my brother has promiſed a church on an eſtate he has bought lately, took all poſſible care of me by the way. But the

the roads were miſerably bad, and the poſt-chaiſes terribly jolting and uneaſy.—Though we talk ſo much of improvements, there muſt certainly be a great change to the worſe in that article; for I remember travelling part of that road once before, along with my mother, in the Dilligence, which we found a very comfortable eaſy ſort of machine; and the roads were then remarkably ſmooth, and well made. Nor is the accommodation at the inns leſs fallen off from what it was at that time.

The weather has been dreadful ſince my arrival; and I have been perfectly ſtarved with cold ever ſince I reached my father's; yet they tell me it was ſtill colder ſome weeks before; though I am ſure it was not ſo with us in town. Except one night at the play, when it was a very thin houſe, moſt of the faſhionable company having gone to the *Dancing Dogs*; and one other time, when I waited a great while in the lobby of the Aſſembly-room for my ſiſter and another Lady, who had dined at Mrs. *Midnight's*, I don't recollect having felt it diſagreeably cold all the time I was in Edinburgh. On that laſt occaſion I caught a little cold, which, however, has been infinitely worſe ſince I removed to the country; though they ſay change of air is good for a cough, I have found mine much more troubleſome here than in Edinburgh. Indeed, one cannot ſtir out of doors without wetting one's feet; and I was t'other day over the ſhoes in dirt going to ſee my brother's Temple of Venus, which one of his improving adviſers, Dr. ——, planned for him laſt autumn. Yet the Doctor was at no ſmall pains in making a walk to it, which conſumed, as he told us, Lord knows how many waggon-loads of gravel; but unfortunately one of the *twiſts* led into a bog; for it is ſo artfully twiſted, that I have heard the Doctor ſay, the Temple, which is ſcarce 200 yards from the houſe as the crow flies, is a good half mile off by the *ſerpentine*. I am ſure I thought it far enough, when they would needs have me go and viſit it. Beſides, one meets cattle

cattle in this field, and dogs in that; and they are certainly grown much worſe natured ſince I left the country.

I am glad, however, to take a long walk, though it ſhould be ſomewhat dirty and diſagreeable, to paſs off a while of the morning (afternoon they call it here) from one to three, as well as to get a little wearied, that I may be able to ſleep when we go to bed by eleven. My cough plagues me ſo all the night long, and then I hear ſome of the out-o'-door ſervants getting up when I have ſcarce ſlept a wink. It was but this very morning they broke off one of the charmingeſt dreams!—Methought I was at the Maſquerade, (what a croſs thing it was, Mr. Lounger, to give up the Maſquerade!) and there was my ſiſter-in-law, and Captain *Coupee*, and Miſs *Guſto*, and Lady *Rumpus*, and Mrs. *Rattle*, and goodneſs knows how many fine people beſides; and a Highlander in his plaid and philabeg followed me up and down, and I was told it was a Duke in diſguiſe; and methought I was juſt ſtanding up to dance a *Strathſpey* with him—when I was waked by one of our brutes in the ſtable-yard bawling out ſomething about the firſt yoking with the brown mare.—I could have cried, Mr. Lounger, when I thought that it was but a dream! and I had nobody whom I could even tell it to here; for neither my mother nor ſiſters know any thing about a Maſquerade, and they never ſaw Captain Coupee, nor Miſs Guſto, nor Lady Rumpus, nor Mrs. Rattle.

The *Homeſpuns*, indeed, are very good girls, and they come to me as often as their father will let them; and we have long converſations about Edinburgh, and what I ſaw and heard there; and they are ſo charmed with what I tell them, and ſo diſtracted to get thither! We ſometimes ſit up talking of it two or three hours after all the reſt of the family are quiet. My ſiſter-in-law, to ſay truth, has not been unmindful of us ſince ſhe has been gone, but has ſent us down, among other things, a parcel of new books

and

and magazines, which I now and then read to the Homeſpuns at thoſe ſittings-up of ours. I dare not lend them a reading of any, ſince their father took it into his head to burn one for having a new *tête à tête* in it.

To be ſure Mr. Homeſpun is a very odd ſort of a man, and if it were not for Mrs. Homeſpun, there would be no bearing of him; he is always railing at fine gentlemen and fine ladies, and new faſhions—he is certainly ten times more rude and diſagreeable than he was before I went to town. And he ſays, that ſince I came, I have infected his daughters with ridiculous ſmall waiſts, and large heads; and yet their mother and they all agree how much better they look ſince I brought them their new ſtays and heads. The firſt day they walked over here to welcome me home, they looked ſo red and ſo blowzy, I thought I never ſaw two ſuch frights in my life; I could hardly believe they were the ſame girls I had left but four months before; and they were both aſtoniſhed at my improvement in ſo ſhort a time, only the eldeſt thought, as ſhe has confeſſed to me ſince, that my complexion was ſomewhat of the paleſt. Now, to tell you a ſecret, Mr. Lounger, I can mend that when I chuſe, though I never ventured to try but once, for diverſion's ſake, that I rubbed a very little out of Mrs. Rattle's French box on my cheeks, and every body obſerved how handſome I looked that day, and what a ſparkle my eyes had; but I did not let any body know how they came by it.

Indeed if there is any ſin in it, I am ſure it is not worth the while here, for there is no body to ſee one needs care how one looks for. I uſed to be joked about our neighbour young *Broadcaſt*, who is reckoned one of the beſt matches in our neighbourhood, and my father brought him to ſee me the very day after my arrival. But he is grown ſo fat and ſo coarſe ſince I left this, and talks and laughs ſo loud, and ſpeaks of nothing but the value of land, and the laying out of farms! I received him very coldly, and he

he has not come back ſince: For my own part, I don't care if he ſhould never come back.

There is, however, ſome pleaſure in dreſſing one's ſelf, to have the amuſement of making the people ſtare and wonder as they do. It is very diverting to me to hear the obſervations of ſome of the good Ladies, our neighbours, when I put on ſome of my town-things, on purpoſe to provoke them. La! what a head!—Good gracious! what a neck!—and mercy upon us!—what a bunch behind!—Sunday laſt, being the firſt opportunity for my appearing in public, I reſolved to make a figure; and ſo I went to church with my head as well curled as my maid and I could make it, my neweſt faſhioned hat, and a round hoop Mrs. Muſhroom had juſt ſent me from London. Would you think it, Mr. Lounger, I had like to have been mobb'd in the coming out? and the people followed the carriage till it came to the church-way ford in our way home.

But this will only do now and then; and, on the whole, I find my time hang very heavy on my hands; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day too. As I am a perſon of ſome conſequence ſince my late journey to town, they indulge me a good deal in the diſpoſal of my time, even though it ſometimes runs a little croſs to the regularity of theirs; only my father growls now and then; but we don't mind that much. I ſeldom riſe till near eleven, and generally breakfaſt in bed. I read the newſpapers my brother ſends down, all except the politics. I ſtroll out, as I told you before, between one and three; then, if I dreſs, or perhaps alter the fit of my cap, or change my feathers before the glaſs, I am ſeldom ready till long paſt dinner-time; they put it back an hour ever ſince my brother came firſt home. In the evening I play the new minutes, teach my ſiſters cards, or we gueſs the riddles in the Lady's Magazine; and I think of the *Promenade* in *Prince's-Street*, and of *Dunn's* rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can.

I am told there is to be a ball in our county town,

town, when the Judges come this way on their circuit, in about a fortnight hence, which the *Homeſpuns* talk of with great glee. And they tell me there is a ſet of players who are to perform there at that time, and the *German Tumbler* with his bear and dogs. But, for my part, I have very little inclination to go. After ſeeing *Lamaſh*, and *Wilſon*, and *Kippling*, not to mention *Woods* and Mrs. *Crawford*.—But above all, to think of the German Tumbler after *Richer* and *Dubois*; and his dogs forſooth, after the dear little dogs at the *Black Bull!* —Oh! Mr. Lounger, as *Macbeth* ſays,

"What a falling off is there!"

It will be really compaſſionate in you to give us a paper now and then about what is going on in town. And do, Mr. Lounger, let there be plenty of characters in it. I have told the Homeſpuns, the owners of all the characters in your paper from the very beginning, without miſſing one. For, believe me, I am, dear Mr. Lounger, whether in town or country, your conſtant reader and admirer,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

Z.

No 63.——Saturday, April 15, 1786.

An is mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit præſcribit, vetat quod videtur?

Cicus.

To the Lounger.

SIR,

I AM a middle-aged gentleman, poſſeſſed of a moderate income, ariſing chiefly from the profits of an office, of which the emolument is more than ſufficient to compenſate the degree of labour with which the diſcharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year, I became tired of the bachelor-ſtate; and, taking the hint from ſome little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The laſt of the juvenile taſtes that forſakes a man, is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was ſo far from being inſenſible to theſe attractions, that I felt myſelf ſometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had ſenſe enough, however, to reſiſt this inclination, and, in my choice of a wife, to ſacrifice rapture and romance to the proſpect of eaſe and comfort. I wedded the daughter of a country-gentleman of ſmall fortune, a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a diſcreet prudent woman, who was a ſtranger to faſhionable folly and diſſipation of every kind, and whoſe higheſt merit was that of an excellent houſe-wife.

When I begin by telling you, that I repent of my choice, you will naturally ſuppoſe, Mr. Lounger, (a very common caſe), that I have been deceived in the

the idea I had formed of my wife's character. Not at all, Sir; I found it true to a tittle. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and diſcretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the higheſt degree; and as to œconomy, ſhe is all that I expected, and a great deal more too. You will aſk, then, of what it is that I complain? I ſhall lay my grievances before you without reſerve.

A man, Sir, who, with no bad diſpoſitions, and with ſome pretenſions to common ſenſe, has arrived at the age of five-and-forty, may be preſumed to have formed for himſelf a plan of life, which he will not care haſtily to relinquiſh, merely to gratify the caprices of another. I entered the matrimonial ſtate with a firm reſolution not to quarrel with my wife for trifles; but really, Sir, the ſacrifices daily exacted on my part, and the mortifications I have been forced to ſubmit to, are at length become ſo numerous, and ſo intolerable, that I muſt either come to a downright rupture, or be hooted at for a ſilly fellow by all my acquaintance.

Before I married, having as I already informed you, a decent income, I thought myſelf entitled to many of thoſe little indulgences to which a ſocial diſpoſition inclines a man who is poſſeſſed of the means of gratifying it. The neceſſary buſineſs in which my office engaged me occupying ſeveral hours of the day, it was my higheſt pleaſure to paſs the evenings with a few ſenſible friends, either at my own lodgings, at theirs, or in the tavern. I found myſelf likewiſe a very welcome gueſt in many reſpectable families, where, as the humour ſtruck me, I could go in at any hour, and take my part of a domeſtic meal without the formality of an invitation. I was a member too of a weekly club, which met on the Saturday evenings, moſt of them people of talents, and ſome of them not unknown in the world of letters. Here the entertainment was truly *Attic*. A ſingle bottle was the *modicum*, which no man was allowed to exceed. Wit and humour flowed without reſerve, where all were united by the bonds of intimacy;

macy; and learning loſt her gravity over the enlivening glaſs. *O noctes cœnæque Deum!*

As my profeſſion was a ſedentary one, I kept, for the ſake of exerciſe, a couple of good geldings, and at my leiſure hours contrived frequently to indulge myſelf in a ſcamper of a dozen miles into the country. It was my pride to keep my horſes in excellent order; and, when debarred by buſineſs from riding them, I conſoled myſelf with a viſit to the ſtable. Shooting was likewiſe a favourite amuſement; and, though I could not often indulge it, I had a brace of ſpringing ſpaniels, and a couple of excellent pointers. In ſhort, between my buſineſs and amuſement, my time paſſed moſt delightfully; and I really believe I was one of the happieſt bachelors in Great Britain.

Alas, Sir, how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himſelf by taking phyſic when he was in health *, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myſelf miſerable.

My wife's ruling paſſion is, the care of futurity. We had not been married above a month before ſhe found my ſyſtem, which was to enjoy the preſent, was totally inconſiſtent with thoſe provident plans ſhe had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies, which, if but barely poſſible, ſhe looks upon as abſolutely certain. The proſpect of an increaſe to our family, (though we have now lived five years together, without the ſmalleſt ſymptom of any ſuch accident), has been the cauſe of a total revolution of our domeſtic œconomy, and a relinquiſhment, on my part, of all the comforts of my life. The God of Health, we are informed, was gratified by the ſacrifice of a cock; but the God of Marriage, it would ſeem, is not ſo eaſily propitiated; for I have ſacrificed to him my horſes, my dogs, and even my friends, without the ſmalleſt proſpect of ſecuring his favour.

* Mr. Eaſy alludes to the Italian epitaph, '*Stava ben, ma per ſtar meglio, ſto qui.*'

In

In accompliſhing this œconomical reformation, my wife diſplayed no ſmall addreſs. Lord, Sir, what ways women have of working out their points! She began by giving me frequent hints of the neceſſity there was of cutting off all ſuperfluous expences; and frequently admoniſhed me, that it was better to ſave while our family was ſmall, than to retrench when it grew larger. When ſhe perceived that this argument had very little force (as indeed it grew every day weaker), and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, ſhe found it neceſſary to come to particulars. She endeavoured to convince me that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. It is a principle with her, that all ſervants are thieves. When they offer themſelves to be hired, if they demand what ſhe thinks high wages, ſhe cannot afford to pay at the rate of a Ducheſs; if their demand is moderate, ſhe is ſure they muſt make it up by ſtealing. To prove their honeſty, ſhe lays temptations in their way, and watches in a corner to catch them in the fact. In the firſt ſix months after our marriage, we had five ſearch-warrants in the houſe. My groom, (as honeſt a fellow as ever handled a curry-comb), was indicted for embezzling oats; and, though the ſleek ſides of my geldings gave ſtrong teſtimony to his integrity, he was turned off at a day's warning. This I ſoon found was but a prelude to a more ſerious attack; and the battery was levelled at a quarter where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride, but I found my poor ſpouſe in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it ſeems, who broke his collar-bone by a fall from a horſe. My pointers ſtretched on the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneaſineſs. They brought to her mind a third couſin who loſt a finger by the burſting of a fowling-piece; and ſhe had a ſad preſentiment, that my paſſion for ſport might make her one day the moſt miſerable of women. 'Sure, my dear,' ſhe would ſay, 'you would not, for the ſake of a 'trifling gratification to yourſelf, render your poor 'wife conſtantly unhappy! Yet I muſt be ſo while 'you

'you keep thoſe vicious horſes and naſty curs.' What could I do, Sir? A man would not chooſe to paſs for a barbarian.

It was a more difficult taſk to wean me from thoſe ſocial enjoyments I have mentioned, and to cure me of a dangerous appetite I had for the company of my friends. If I paſſed the evening in a tavern, I was ſure to have a ſermon againſt intemperance, a warning of the viſible decay of my conſtitution, and a moſt moving complaint of the heavineſs of thoſe ſolitary hours which ſhe ſpent in my abſence. Thoſe hours, indeed, ſhe attempted ſometimes to ſhorten, by ſending my ſervant to acquaint me, that ſhe had gone to bed indiſpoſed. This device, however, after two or three repetitions, being ſmoaked by my companions, I was forced to vindicate my honour before them, by kicking the meſſenger down ſtairs.

Matters were yet worſe with me, when I ventured to invite my own cronies to a friendly ſupper at my own houſe. In place of that eaſe and freedom which indicates a cordial reception, they found, on my wife's part, a cold and ſtiff formality, which repreſſed all ſocial enjoyment; and the nonſenſical parade of a figure of empty ſhew upon the table, which convinced them of the trouble their viſit had occaſioned. Under this impreſſion, you may believe, there is no great danger of a debauch in my houſe. Indeed my wife commonly ſits out the company. If it happens otherwiſe, we have a ſtated allowance of wine; and if more is called for, it is ſo long a coming, that my friends take the hint, and wiſh me a good night.

But, even were I more at liberty to indulge my ſocial diſpoſition than I unfortunately find myſelf, there are other reaſons, no leſs powerful, which would prevent me from inviting my friends to my houſe. My wife, Sir, is abſolutely unfit for any kind of rational converſation. Bred from her infancy under an old maiden aunt, who had the management of her father's houſehold and country

farm, ſhe has no other ideas than what are accommodated to that ſtation. Unluckily her tranſplantation to town, by removing her from her calves, her pigs, and her poultry, has given her fewer opportunities of diſplaying the capital ſtock of her knowledge. She ſtill finds, however, a tolerable variety of converſation, in the riſe and fall of the markets, the qualities and prices of butcher-meat, the making of potatoe-ſtarch, the comparative excellence of Leith and Kenſington candles, and many other topics of equally amuſing diſquiſition. Seriouſly, Sir, when alone I can find refuge in my books; but when with her in company, ſhe never opens her mouth, but I am in terror for what is to come out of it.

I ſhould perhaps complain the leſs of being reduced to this ſtate of involuntary domeſtication, if I ſaw any endeavours on her part to make my home ſomewhat comfortable to me. I am no epicure, Mr. Lounger; but I own to you I like a good dinner, and have ſomehow got the reputation of being a pretty good judge of wines. In this laſt article I piqued myſelf on having a critical palate; and this my friends knew ſo well, that I was generally conſulted when their cellars needed a ſupply, and was ſure to be ſummoned to give my opinion at the opening of a new hogſhead, or the piercing of a butt. You may believe I took care that my own ſmall ſtock of liquors ſhould not diſcredit my reputation; and I have often, with ſome exultation, heard it remarked, that there was no ſuch claret in Edinburgh as Bob Eaſy's *yellow ſeal*.

Good claret, which I have long been accuſtomed to conſider as a *panacea* for all diſorders, my wife looks upon as little better than ſlow poiſon. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purſe and conſtitution, and recommends to me, for the ſake of both, ſome brewed ſtuff of her own, which ſhe dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me ſeems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells,

tells, with much ſatisfaction, how ſhe has paſſed her *Currant wine* for *Cape*, and her *Gooſeberry* for *Champain*; but, for my part, I never taſte them without feeling very diſagreeable effects from it; and I once drank half a bottle of her *Champain*, which gave me a cholic for a week.

In the article of victuals, I am doomed to yet greater mortification. Here, Sir, my wife's frugality is diſplayed in a moſt remarkable manner. As every thing is to be bought when at the loweſt price, ſhe lays in during the ſummer all her ſtores for the winter. For ſix months we live upon ſalt-proviſions, and the reſt of the year on fly-blown lamb, and ſtale mutton. If a joint is roaſted the one day, it is ſerved cold the next, and haſhed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fiſh (unleſs ſalt herring, and dried ling, when got a bargain) I am never allowed to taſte.

Thus mortified in my appetites, divorced as I am from my friends, having 'loſt all my mirth, and 'foregone all cuſtom of my exerciſe,' I am told that even my face and figure are totally changed; and, in place of the jolly careleſs air of a *bon-vivant*, I have got the ſneaking look and ſtarved appearance of a poor wretch eſcaped from a ſpunging-houſe, and dreading a dun in every human being that accoſts him.—That it ſhould come to this!—But I am determined no longer to endure it. My wife ſhall read this letter in my preſence; and, while ſhe contemplates her own picture, I ſhall take my meaſures according to the effect it produces on her. If ſhe takes it as ſhe ought, 'tis well;—if not, and a rupture is the conſequence, ſtill better—I ſhall be my own man again.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ROBERT EASY.

No 64.——Saturday, April 22, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

THAT diſtreſs finds ſome conſolation from revealing its misfortunes, is a trite obſervation, which perhaps is in no inſtance more ſtrongly felt, than where we have ourſelves to blame for our calamities. There is ſomething in making a confeſſion, though but on paper, (even if it ſhould never be communicated to any one), which unloads the mind of a weight that bears it down in ſecret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy.—Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become ſo.

I was left by my father at the age of thirteen, the eldeſt of two daughters, under the charge of one of the beſt and moſt indulgent of mothers. Our circumſtances were affluent, our ſociety reſpectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmoſt liberality. No inſtruction was neglected, no accompliſhment unattended to. In attaining theſe, my ſiſter was not quite ſo fortunate as I. Born, as I have been often told, with uncommon quickneſs of parts, I found no difficulty of maſtering the ſtudies that were taught me, or of acquiring the embelliſhments it was wiſhed I ſhould acquire. My ſiſter was often deficient in the one, and aukward at the other. She poſſeſſed, however, a ſound, plain underſtanding, and an excellent temper. My ſuperiority never excited envy in her, and I think

think never vanity in me. We loved one another moſt ſincerely; and after ſome years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her huſband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our diſpoſitions were very different. My ſiſter was contented to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; ſhe rarely ventured to ſpeculate in opinion, or to ſoar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to deſpiſe, the common opinions of mankind, and to create to myſelf a warm, and, I am afraid, a viſionary picture of happineſs, ariſing from a highly refined ſenſibility. My mother was at pains to combat theſe enthuſiaſtic ideas, and to repreſent the danger of indulging in them. From a deſire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which ſhe perceived in me, her diſcourſe, when we were alone, almoſt conſtantly turned on this ſubject. As ſhe always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I ſtood up in thoſe converſations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to thoſe prudent ones which ſhe recommended. Her's, I am perſuaded, admitted of better reaſoning; but my cauſe gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the conteſt; and I have often ſince thought, that my mother had from nature a bent to my ſide of the queſtion, which all her wiſdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though ſhe conſtantly applauded the prudent ſyſtem of my ſiſter, ſhe was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myſelf always roſe from the diſpute more and more convinced of the juſtneſs of my own opinions, and proud of that ſuperiority which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourſelves ſurrounded with thoſe whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's

benevolence and ſweetneſs of temper inclined her to ſociety, and we were too innocent for prudery; we had therefore a number of viſitors of the other ſex, many of whom were ſo particular in their attentions, that women who wiſhed to boaſt of conqueſts, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always aſſume that title; my ſiſter was too prudent, and I was too nice, eaſily to believe a man a lover.

Among thoſe, however, were two gentlemen, whoſe attachment was declared to me in terms too ſtrong to be miſunderſtood. *Florio's* perſon was univerſally allowed to be handſome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accompliſhments his education had furniſhed him; his manner was eaſy and unembarraſſed; ſome called it aſſuming, I thought it natural. His converſation was full of the language of ſenſibility; in my idea it ſpoke a mind replete with ſenſibility itſelf. Other people ſometimes ſuſpected him of ſhallowneſs and affectation; I praiſed him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the ruſticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only ſon of a particular friend of my mother's, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favourite, diſcovered in him a great fund of good ſenſe and of uſeful knowledge. I was ſtruck with the inelegance of his appearance and addreſs, and the want of refinement in his ſentiments and converſation. His goodneſs and candour were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of diſcernment, and the coldneſs of his attachments and averſions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticiſms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined oppoſition of ſentiment, and therefore roſe from the converſation more averſe to the firſt, and more attached to the latter.—Alcander, after perſiſting for ſome time under a very marked diſinclination to him, gave up the purſuit; but

as

as he ſtill continued his viſits to the family, particularly during any occaſional abſence of mine, he tranſferred by degrees his affections to my ſiſter. When he had ceaſed to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend: My mother had always ſhewn her partiality in his favour; my ſiſter was won by his virtues, and, after ſome time, became his wife.

Florio's ſuit to me was oppoſed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often inſiſted on the infatuation, as ſhe called it, of that deception which I was under with regard to him, a deception which ſhe predicted I ſhould one day be convinced of. Her oppoſition, however, though it over-ruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment: I would not be his without the conſent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to ſhake. Her love for me overcame her reſolution; and at laſt ſhe gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happieſt of women. The ſcenes I had often pictured of conjugal tenderneſs and domeſtic happineſs, I thought now realized in the poſſeſſion of a man who, I had taught myſelf to believe, was to love me for ever, and was himſelf every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the ſituation of my ſiſter, whoſe happineſs (for ſhe called it happineſs) with Alcander was of a kind ſo inferior to mine.

How long this laſted I cannot exactly ſay. I fear I begnn to be unhappy long before I would allow myſelf to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldneſs and neglect of Florio, when, on meeting him, a few words of ſeeming tenderneſs and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own ſituation the moſt enviable of any. Alas! he at length drove me from this laſt ſtrong hold in which my affection for him had entrenched itſelf. It is now three years ſince he has treated me in ſuch a manner as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the laſt, my

mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my diſtreſs; but I believe in vain: She lived to gueſs at my miſery; and I fear her ſenſe of it added to the preſſure of that diſeaſe which brought her to her grave.

After the loſs of my huſband's love, it is little to talk of my diſappointment in his talents and accompliſhments. It was long, however, before I allowed myſelf to ſee defects which leſs penetration than I have been flattered with poſſeſſing, had long before diſcovered. My mother had often before our marriage expreſſed her ſurpriſe that one of my abilities ſhould be ſo deceived, as not to ſee his inferiority: I believe it is by theſe abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakneſs of their raſh attachment, they find the likeneſs where they wiſh to find it.——

I was interrupted by my ſiſter. Why are her looks ſo ſerene? and why does ſhe tell me, how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witneſs to my diſtreſſes; and from her, of all womankind, I would conceal them.—This diſſimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to ſmile in public, to ſeem to be happy, with ſuch feelings as mine;—to act contentment all day long, and to retire at night to my lonely pillow with the anguiſh my heart has treaſured up all the while!——But the ſubject overpowers me.——Farewell.

CONSTANTIA.

J.

No 65.——Saturday, April 29, 1786.

Malignitati falſa ſpecies Libertatis ineſt. Tac.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

SOME time ago a female correſpondent was obliged to enter a complaint with you againſt one of the Virtues, and ſet forth the hardſhips which a family endures from the circumſtances of its maſter's extreme cultivation of *Truth*. I am ſorry, Sir, to be obliged to enter a ſimilar complaint againſt another of the Virtues, of the ſame family with that of which the Lady complains; and to relate to you the effects which I happened lately to witneſs from the extreme cultivation of *Freedom*.

The word Freedom, Sir, till this late incident in my life, carried with it a ſound at once ſo ſacred and ſo animating, as I thought was entitled to my warmeſt love and veneration. Yet a young man, and full of the claſſic remembrances of Roman virtue, I connected with the love of Liberty every thing that dignifies and humaniſes man; and I heard the cautions of ſome of my elder and more experienced acquaintance, with the ſecret triumph of a ſuperior mind, whoſe vigour was unſubdued by age, whoſe honeſt warmth was unextinguiſhed by intereſt or the world.

By one of thoſe adviſers I was lately carried on a viſit to the houſe of a common relation of ours, with whoſe perſon, as he reſided in a different part of the country, I was not at all acquainted; but whoſe character having often heard him celebrated as a warm partiſan of Liberty, I had long learned to re-

vere; and I was happy to find that I ſhould have now an opportunity of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with him, our viſit being propoſed to be as long as it was diſtant, and meant to laſt during the whole Eaſter Holidays, according to their longeſt computation.

When we arrived at the houſe, and I was introduced to my couſin, I was ſomewhat diſappointed with his aſpect and manner, neither of which poſſeſſed a great deal of that dignity, which, from an aſſertor of Freedom, according to my claſſic notions of the character, I had taught myſelf to expect. I found Mr. *Wilfull* a thick ſquat figure, with an appearance of great ſtrength and freſhneſs for his age, with a perſon rather luſty, and ſomewhat of rubicundity in his face. His motions were more quick than graceful, his voice rough and ſtrong, which laſt, however, I was inclined, on the firſt hearing it, to call firm and manly. Theſe qualities I afterwards found employed to give force and emphaſis to a variety of oaths, of which the gentleman was very profuſe in the courſe of his converſation. He gave us a very cordial welcome, and inſiſted on our recruiting ourſelves after our journey with a glaſs of his cordial waters, which I found ſo ſtrong as to make my eyes water the firſt mouthful I ſwallowed; but Mr. Wilfull himſelf took off a bumper, without ſeeming to feel any ſuch inconvenience.

When dinner came, the ladies of the family appeared, who conſiſted of Mrs. Wilfull and two daughters, on whom our Landlord beſtowed a hearty ſcold for making us wait, as he ſaid, a quarter of an hour for their damned hair-dreſſing. This reprimand the ladies bore with great ſubmiſſion. Mrs. Wilfull, indeed, made a ſilent ſort of reply, by pulling out her watch, by which I ſaw it wanted ſeveral minutes of four. But Mr. Wilfull ſwore another oath, that a woman's watch was like her judgement, very little to be depended on; and deſired her to take

take notice, that *his* watch was to be the only regulator in *his* houſe.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Wilfull made uſe of the ſame ſort of freedom to criticiſe ſeveral diſhes which were not quite dreſſed to his liking. On his lady making ſome attempts at explanation and apology, he told her he knew ſhe muſt always have her own way, but that he could not help believing his own ſmell and taſte: On ſome further remonſtrance, though a very gentle one, he carried the liberty of his tongue a little farther; he ſwore at her, and curſed the cook.

The cloth had not been removed above a few minutes, when our landlord, by aſking the ladies' toaſts one after another as faſt as they could be drank, gave them a hint that he expected they ſhould retire, and leave us to enjoy "that liberty he loved." As the firſt fruits of which, the door was ſcarce ſhut behind them, when he began to give us ſome toaſts which ſeemed to have been at his tongue's end all the time they ſtaid, and waited there impatient for utterance till they ſhould be gone. At the cloſe of theſe moral ſentiments, he gave us ſome political ſentiments (for Mr. Wilfull is extremely ſentimental), which tended to fix the creed of the company in patriotiſm, as the former ſet of healths had eſtabliſhed their principles in point of virtue and morality. The firſt of theſe, "Liberty and the Conſtitution," we were deſired to drink, not in the ordinary glaſſes of the table, but in an old faſhioned rummer of a particular ſhape and magnitude, which had been in his family for ſeveral generations, and was marked with certain words and figures more emblematical of freedom than of taſte or politeneſs. This doſe of wine it was abſolutely incumbent on every gueſt to ſwallow at a draught; on ſomebody's venturing to remonſtrate, that his making himſelf ſick would tend neither to the increaſe of liberty, nor to the eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution, his plea was immediately over-ruled in a very vociferous manner

by

by our Hoſt, from whoſe deciſion I found there was no appeal. He contrived to furniſh us with ſuch a variety of bumper-toaſts in favour of freedom, which none of us were at liberty to decline, that I was carried ſpeechleſs to bed, (as, I was afterwards told, were ſeveral other members of the company), and waked next morning with ſo violent a headach, that had I not been informed of Mr. Wilfull's being that day engaged at a county meeting on ſome public meaſure, I believe I ſhould have hardly been prevailed on to riſe.

When he took his departure after breakfaſt, which he did with ſome apologies, extremely unneceſſary, for leaving us with his wife, I was very agreeably diſappointed to find Mrs. Wilfull and the young ladies not at all ſo much given to ſilence as from their deportment on the preceding day I had been led to imagine them. I found the one had learned and the other inherited ſome of Mr. Wilfull's love of liberty, which they were exceedingly fond of exerciſing in the abſence of that gentleman, and which ſhewed itſelf in a very free diſcuſſion of his temper, diſpoſition, and management of his family. In the courſe of this converſation, in which indeed I was a hearer only, I learned that Mr. Wilfull was perfectly the lord and maſter of his own houſe, in which he exerciſed the moſt dictatorial ſway, no doubt according to the old Roman maxim, "Ne quid detrimenti Reſpublica capiat," for the pure good of the family. Of this, however, the family, as perhaps was ſometimes the caſe with the ſtate, were not quite ſo ſenſible as they ſhould have been. Mrs. Wilfull complained that her huſband was a little particular in his temper. The daughters talked more plainly, and ſaid, that Pappa was one of the ſtrangeſt out-of-the-wayeſt men in the world; that he would not allow them education like other girls in town, becauſe, he ſaid, in a town they would learn nothing but French dances and French faſhions, both which he hated, becauſe the French were ſlaves. His ſon, it ſeems, he

alſo

alſo kept at home with a tutor he had provided for him, who was but very little of a ſcholar; his ſcholarſhip, Mrs. Wilfull ſaid, her huſband did not much mind, as he had never found Greek or Latin of any uſe to himſelf; but that this young man was a favourite with him becauſe of his ſtaunch political principles, and being what he called a *ſtrong-headed* fellow, but in what ſenſe the word was applied Mrs. Wilfull did not explain. She added, that neither her ſon or daughters had much opportunity of improvement from ſociety, as political quarrels had eſtranged the principal families in the neighbourhood from their houſe.

In domeſtic matters, Mrs. Wilfull hinted the difficulties ſhe frequently laboured under to keep things tolerably quiet. The ſervants, ſhe ſaid, were frequently leaving them at ſhort warnings; and that they had had ſeveral law-ſuits with diſcarded footmen about wages and board wages. Mr. Wilfull, ſhe ſaid, was in the main a very good ſort of man; but it muſt be confeſſed he liked his own way in every thing; and that he would not allow any body the liberty of giving him an anſwer.

From the parſon of Mr. Wilfull's pariſh, who happened to come in during this converſation, I learned that his patron's tenants had all very ſhort leaſes, as it was his principle, that a man's eſtate was not his own, if a low fellow had the uſe of it for twenty or thirty years. Afterwards, in the courſe of a walk with this ſame clergyman, I had an opportunity of ſeeing ſomewhat of the ſtate and culture of Mr. Wilfull's eſtate. The barn-yards were but thinly ſtored, and the farmhouſes but in indifferent repair. Several of the farms were in a ſtate of open uncultivated wildneſs, with here a patch of broom, there a corner of furze, and now and then a ridge or two of ruſhes and thiſtles. A perſon of a ſportive imagination might have traced an analogy between Mr. Wilfull's principles and the ſtate of his grounds: *Xerxes* chained the Helleſpont, becauſe he was accuſtomed

cuſtomed to govern ſlaves: Mr. Wilfull, one might ſay, left the very ſoil at liberty, and neither conſtrained it by culture, nor fettered it by incloſures.

This ſtate of his private property, however, my companion partly accounted for from Mr. Wilfull's attention having been for ſome time much occupied by ſome public and national concerns, in which his love of liberty had involved him. There was a little town in the neighbourhood of his eſtate, in which it ſeems he had, from patriotic motives, projected a thorough reformation. It was at preſent, according to the parſon's account, in the hands of about a dozen people, who Mr. Wilfull complained, had the entire diſpoſal of it. He wiſhed its government to be in the people at large; by which, however, the clergyman frankly confeſſed his patron meant, if poſſible, to get the management of it to himſelf. Mean time he had taught the inhabitants, every ſoul of them, proper ideas of freedom and independence; in cultivating theſe, indeed, they had loſt ſome others which people who don't know the value of liberty might reckon as uſeful. There were formerly one or two thriving manufactures in the town; but they had of late been driven out of it as hoſtile to its freedom. I aſked the clergyman, what branches they now carried on there? "Oh! now, Sir," ſaid he, "they are all buſy in making—reforms."

In ſhort, Mr. Lounger, (for I am afraid of tiring you with my recital), I found, from this day's information, as well as my own experience during another which I ſpent at Mr. Wilfull's, that this gentleman is ſo very fond of liberty, that he is inclined to monopolize it entirely to himſelf. Not caring either to ſuffer in ſilence, or to quarrel with my kinſman by aſſerting my freedom, I contrived ſome apology for putting an end to my viſit on the morning of the fourth day; and I confeſs was very happy to leave this champion for independence, to return to the government of an elderly aunt, who keeps houſe for me; who, though of old-faſhioned Tory principles,

ples, is yet very fond of her nephew, very indulgent to the ſervants, and very hoſpitable to the neighbours; and who, though ſhe does not trouble herſelf about the good of her country, feeds the beſt fowls, makes the beſt mince-pies, and brews the beſt ale in the world. I am, &c.

LIBERCULUS.

Nº 66.——SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

NO complaints are more commonly made, or more readily liſtened to, than thoſe of genius neglected, of talents unrewarded, or merit overlooked. That theſe complaints ſhould often be made on ſlight pretences, may eaſily be accounted for from the effects of ſelf-love and of conceit; and that people ſhould attend to them with indulgence will not be wondered at, when we reflect that we are naturally inclined to favour thoſe whoſe circumſtances do not awaken our envy, eſpecially if they furniſh us with the means of decrying others whoſe ſituation excites it.

But even where genius is actually found to languiſh in obſcurity, or to pine in indigence, the world is not always to be blamed for its neglect. Genius is often too proud to aſk favours which the world is too proud to offer; or too baſhful to diſplay abilities which others are too buſy to ſeek out. Beſides that the ſplendid qualities of which it boaſts are often leſs fitted for the province it has choſen than much more moderate abilities, it ſometimes allows them to be mixed with failings, which render their poſſeſſor leſs eaſily

eaſily made happy, and thoſe around them leſs diſpoſed to contribute to his happineſs. Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of folly, and an attention to trifles, are endowments neceſſary in the commerce with mankind; often as uſeful, and generally more attractive, than wiſdom, learning, eloquence, or wit, when attended with arrogance, ill-nature, an ungracious manner or a forbidding addreſs.

It will likewiſe be conſidered, that, in general, thoſe inferior minds, whom genius and talents are apt to deſpiſe, are much more eaſily made happy than thoſe who occupy the rank above them. The meaſure of our deſires is commonly enlarged in proportion to the comprehenſiveneſs of our minds, and the catalogue of our evils frequently increaſed in proportion to the range of our imaginations. In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy diſcover evils which dullneſs and inſenſibility would eſcape, and delicacy of feeling mars that pleaſure which thoughtleſs vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

You gave, in one of your earlier papers, an account of two gentlemen, both fortunate in life, but very differently affected by their good fortune. One who was above the enjoyment of any ordinary good; the other, on whom every attainment conferred happineſs, who had no eye for deformity, and no feeling for uneaſineſs. Allow me to illuſtrate the ſame power of a conſtitutional difference of temper upon the oppoſite ſituation, from the example of two perſons, whoſe characters ſome late incidents gave me a particular opportunity of tracing.

Tom Sanguine and *Ned Proſpect*, like your friends *Clitander* and *Eudoxius*, were ſchool-fellows. *Sanguine* was the firſt boy of the ſchool in point of learning, and very often its leader in every thing. The latter diſtinction it coſt him many a black eye to maintain, as he generally had a battle with every lad who diſputed his pre-eminence, or who objected to any project he had laid down for his companions. Sometimes

times he was thrown entirely out of his command, and would be whole days in a ſtate of proſcription from his fellows, attended only by one or two little boys, whom he either awed or bribed to continue of his party.

Proſpect had a certain influence too, but it was acquired by different means. He had no pretenſions to learning, and almoſt conſtantly neglected or failed in the taſks that were ſet him; yet he was a favourite with his maſters, from a certain livelineſs which looked like genius, and a certain attention to them which looked like application; and with the boys, he was always ready to join any plan which the forward could deviſe, or the bold could execute. He was in friendſhip with every one, and did not care with whom he was in friendſhip; of jealouſy or rivalſhip he was perfectly devoid, and often returned the aſſiſtance which *Sanguine* afforded him at their exerciſes, by conciliatory endeavours to accommodate differences between him and ſome of their companions. As for himſelf, he never remembered quarrels, or reſented affronts; diſappointments of every kind he forgot; indeed, if a ſchool alluſion may be allowed, there was ſcarce a paſt tenſe in his ideas; they always looked to the future.

When they roſe into manhood and life, the two young gentlemen retained the ſame characteriſtic difference as when at ſchool. *Sanguine* was ſoon remarked for his abilities, and eaſily flattered himſelf that every advancement would be open to them. He looked to the goal in buſineſs or ambition, without troubling himſelf to examine the ground between. Full of that pride and ſelf-importance to which he thought his talents entitled him, he would not degrade them by an application to the ordinary means by which inferior men attain ſucceſs. He would not ſtoop to ſolicit what he thought his merit gave him a right to expect: To conciliate the great, he called ſervility; to be obliged to his equals, he termed dependence. In argument, he was warm and dogmatical;

matical; in oppoſition, haughty and contemptuous; he was proud to ſhow the fallacy of reputed wiſdom, and ſought for opportunities of treating folly with diſdain. His inferiors he loved to awe into ſilence; and in company with thoſe above him, he often retired into a proud indignant ſilence himſelf. To be eaſily pleaſed or amuſed he thought the mark of a light and frivolous mind; and, as few people cared to be at the expence, he ſeldom received either pleaſure or amuſement. When he might have beſtowed theſe on others, he often did not think it worth his while to beſtow them. For his learning, his knowledge, or his wit, he demanded ſuch an audience as he rarely could find; and among men of middling capacity, of whom the bulk of ſociety is formed, one half of *Sanguine's* acquaintance dreaded his talents, and the other half denied them. In his friendſhips, he was warm and violent; but they were generally connections in which he was rather to give than to find ſupport, rather to confer than to receive obligation.

With ſuch a caſt of mind and diſpoſition, *Sanguine*, notwithſtanding all his natural and all his acquired abilities, has ſucceeded very ill in life. Of thoſe (and they were but few) by whom he was neither hated nor feared, ſcarce any one was intereſted to promote his ſucceſs. There is always ſo much of ſelfiſhneſs in our exertions for others, as to claim a ſort of property in the good we do them; and him who, like *Sanguine*, does not allow that claim, we ſeldom wiſh to oblige a ſecond time. Nor were his genius and knowledge, great as they were allowed to be, better ſuited to the ordinary affairs of the world, than thoſe of a much lower order. He often deſpiſed that mediocrity which was a fitter inſtrument for his purpoſe than all his boaſted excellence: He laboured to ſhine where he ſhould have been contented to convince; to aſtoniſh and to dazzle where it ought to have been his object to perſuade and to win.

The

The neglects of the world *Sanguine* resented more than he endeavoured to overcome; and having long lost all hopes of success in it, now employs the powers of his fancy and of his eloquence, to degrade those dignities which he has failed to reach, and to depreciate those advantages he has been unable to attain. He saunters about in places of public resort, like the Evil Genius of the time, sickening at every prosperous, and enjoying every untoward event; suffering without compassion, and unfortunate without the dignity which a good mind allows to misfortune.

Prospect, whose abilities did not promise much eminence in any of the learned professions, was bred a merchant. His master found him not very attentive to his business; but exceedingly serviceable to him and his family in every thing else. He frequently forgot to make the proper entries in the books; but of the little commissions of his master's wife and children, he took particular care; and once excused himself for a mistake with regard to a valuable cargo from the West-Indies, by shewing how much he had been occupied about a parroquet and a monkey for the young ladies. To himself he made a sort of apology for these neglects, from an idea, that in trade nothing was worth attending to but in the capital; and talked with great fluency, and an appearance of information, on the plans he had formed for entering upon a large scale of commerce in London. To London accordingly he went; but found there that he was still distant from the immediate scene of the trade he had chiefly studied: And, after spending, in amusement rather than in dissipation, half the stock from which he was to have raised a princely fortune, he procured recommendations to a house in *Jamaica*, and embarked for that island with the full resolution of being as rich as Alderman *Beckford* before he returned. He failed of being as rich, but he was fully as happy, and in the course of that happiness spent all the remainder of his patrimony.

He

He afterwards viſited ſeveral of the American provinces, without any increaſe of fortune, or decreaſe of good-humour; and at laſt returned home with no money in his purſe, and but little information in his mind, but with that flow of animal ſpirits which no ill ſucceſs could overcome, and that ſort of buzzing idea of future good fortune, which no experience of diſappointment has ever been able to drive out of his head.

By the favour of a perſon of conſiderable intereſt, whom his officious civility had in ſome inſtance happened to oblige, he has obtained a ſmall penſion, on which he makes ſhift to live, and to get into very tolerable company, being admitted as a good-natured oddity, who never offends, and is never offended. He has now given up his plans for bettering his private fortune, except in ſo far as they are connected with the proſperity of his country, having turned his thoughts entirely to politics and to finance. I know not if it was an ill-natured amuſement which I received the other morning from ſeeing him attack his old acquaintance *Sanguine* in the coffee-houſe, and drive him from the fire-place to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door out into the ſtreet, with a paper of obſervations on Mr. Pitt's plan for reducing the national debt. *Sanguine* was dumb with vexation and contempt, which *Proſpect* (who was full of buſtle and of enjoyment from this new-ſprung ſcheme) very innocently conſtrued into the ſilence of attention, and concluded his purſuit, by thruſting the paper into the other's hand, telling him, that when next they met he ſhould be glad to have his ſentiments on the probability of the plan, and the juſtneſs of the calculations.

It would, I believe, Sir, conſiderably increaſe the ſtock of human happineſs, if you could perſuade men like Mr. *Sanguine*, that miſanthropy, comfortleſs as it is, is yet more an indulgence than a virtue; that a war with the world is generally founded on injuſtice; and that neither the yieldings of complacency,

nor

nor the ſportfulneſs of good-humour, are inconſiſtent with the dignity of wiſdom. I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

V.

N° 67.—SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1786.

Studiumque immane loquendi. OVID.

No body will deny the ſuperiority of the modern over the ancient world in almoſt all the arts and ſciences. But perhaps that ſuperiority is not more obſervable when we think of the articles of modern acquirement in detail, than when we conſider the facility which the preſent times have introduced in the art of obtaining knowledge in general; or, when that idea is applied to the young, the highly improved ſyſtem of Education which we have invented, ſo much ſimpler and more conciſe than that which the ignorance of our forefathers led them to adopt. Were it not beneath the dignity ofthe ſubject, one might apply to our preſent ſyſtem of education, what ſome venders of little books of Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Aſtronomy, have adverti ſed of their performances—it is Education "made "eaſy to the meaneſt capacities."

The ancient ſyſtem for the acquiſition of knowledge, was by liſtening to the inſtructions of the wiſe and experienced; and in ſome of the old ſchools, a probationary ſilence of a very long period was inſiſted on for that purpoſe. In thoſe times, that might perhaps be ſuitable enough; but now, when life, according to ſome philoſophers, is ſo much ſhortened, and there are ſo many more things to talk about, the ancient

ancient mode would ſurely be very prepoſterous. Indeed there is much reaſon to doubt if, even in ancient times, this method of liſtening was ſo much practiſed as has ſometimes been repreſented. *Pythagoras*, it is preſumed, like ſome philoſophers of our own day, choſe to talk for all the reſt of the company, and enjoined ſilence to his ſcholars, that he might have hearers; but *Socrates*, who had been taught better breeding by his wife, let them have more than word about with him. *Plutarch* indeed, another of their wiſe men, ſays, in a Treatiſe upon Education, that "man has two powers, which give him the preeminence over all other animals, underſtanding and ſpeech; that the firſt is made to command, and the latter to obey; that underſtanding or mind is ſuperior to accident or fortune, that ſickneſs or diſeaſe has no power over it, and that the wrinkles of age do not diminiſh its beauty; that time, which conquers all things, has no effect on it, but, by a privilege peculiar to itſelf, it maintains its youth in old age." This Plutarch, however, was himſelf one of the moſt talkative fellows in the world, and delighted in ſtory-telling beyond any man of his time; and the deſcription he has given as above, of underſtanding or intelligence, applies equally to the other faculty he meant to ſet it over, to wit, that of ſpeech. We have every day examples to convince us, that neither loſs of fortune, bad health, or old age, has any power over the tongue; to it, indeed, the circumſtance of its ſuperior vigour when old applies ſo ſtrikingly, that one would almoſt ſuppoſe an error in the text, and that there was here a miſtake, which thoſe Greeks had a hard word to expreſs, but which ſignified, that one had put firſt what ſhould have been laſt: On this ſuppoſition, what the author really meant to ſay is, that it is the buſineſs of the tongue to command, and the part of the underſtanding to obey.

Now this, when ſo corrected, is pretty nearly the modern idea, which is, that knowledge is to be ac-

quired fully as much, or rather more, by ſpeaking than by hearing; and this rule, like all other rules of education, is to be attended to from the earlieſt years. Mothers, who, according to the ableſt opinions on the head, are the beſt inſtructors of early youth, have particularly an excellent method of inculcating this doctrine on their pupils. As they grow up, thoſe pupils are to be confirmed in the practice of it. When brought into company, they are to be particularly cautioned againſt that antique baſhfulneſs which uſed to diſqualify young people from this attainment; as far indeed as youth might be uſed by way of argument for ſilence, they are to forget altogether their being young, and to talk, with the authority of experience, and the loquacity of age, in all places, public and private. Neither the church nor the playhouſe is to be excepted; and in public exhibitions of greater moment, if a young man, for example, happens to get into the Houſe of Commons, and gives himſelf any trouble about what is going on there, it is wonderful how much he may learn merely by ſpeaking, as the daily examples of Orators, who get up without knowing any thing of what they are to talk about, evinces.

There is one part of the courſe of modern education, which might at firſt view be ſuppoſed unfavourable to this mode of acquiring knowledge—and that is the article of travelling; becauſe it often happens, that, from a want of the languages of thoſe countries through which he is to paſs, a young traveller cannot ſpeak ſo much as is proper for the purpoſe. But this may be almoſt entirely remedied in *Paris*, and other capitals of every foreign country, by converſing with Engliſh only, or with ſuch of the natives as already underſtand a little of the Engliſh tongue, and are very willing to learn more of it, as *Friſeurs*, *Tailors*, *Valets de place*, &c. From ſuch companions, one not only may obtain a very competent knowledge of the manners and cuſtoms of ſuch foreign countries; but one has alſo a favourable

ble opportunity of communicating to them the manners and cuſtoms of one's own, which can be done with much more freedom and truth to ſuch hearers than to others. In this manner travel, inſtead of a hinderance, will be of very great uſe in promoting this new and improved mode of education; it will promote ſpeaking, and inſure an audience, both while a young man remains abroad, and after he comes home; while abroad, he will ſpeak of nothing but his own country, which will enable him to ſpeak of nothing but foreign countries when he returns.

This general maxim, which I am here endeavouring to enforce, muſt however be underſtood to apply to people of a certain fortune only. With thoſe in leſs favoured circumſtances, hearing and receiving inſtruction are neceſſary, at leaſt in particular ſituations and ſocieties. In company with the great or the rich, which they are at all times to ſeek after and frequent, they muſt liſten with as unlimited aſſent, though not quite ſo rigid a ſilence, as the diſciples of the philoſophers we firſt mentioned; but, when they leave this ſociety, and get among their equals, they will then have the privilege of communicating that knowledge they have received, and are entitled to impoſe ſilence on their auditory, by the deciſive authority of thoſe great and rich men, of whoſe ſchool they are. This leads me to mention a method of acquiring knowledge, the moſt eaſy and compendious of any, which is, by growing rich or great one's ſelf; a truth which I have ſeen many very wiſe and learned men confeſs, by the deference they paid to the opinions and information of one lately come to the poſſeſſion of a fortune or a title, whom, before he attained that wealth or rank, they had been obliged to pronounce very ignorant and uninformed.

But as thoſe who are poor may acquire knowledge inſtantaneouſly by growing rich, ſo thoſe who are rich may in ſome caſes acquire knowledge very rapidly by growing poor. Adverſity, ſays ſome ancient ſage, is the greateſt of all teachers; in ſome of her

her ſchools, however, people learn ſlowly, which was the old method; in others ſhe communicates knowledge with aſtoniſhing rapidity, which is the new mode; as, for inſtance, at that modern ſeminary of inſtruction the Gaming Table. It is indeed ſurpriſing, what univerſality of knowledge is there to be attained, as may be judged of from the manner in which many people in eminent ſtations, both civil and military, have acquitted themſelves, who had acquired the qualifications neceſſary for ſuch appointments at that fountain of knowledge alone.

Another method by which a young man may attain knowledge with very little trouble to himſelf, is by purchaſing a commiſſion in the army. There is ſomething in the bare putting on of a cockade which inſpires knowledge, or at leaſt the confidence of it, which anſwers moſt purpoſes as well, and which gives the title to ſpeak, ſo eſſential to this modern ſyſtem of education. Unleſs the courſe of his ſtudies be interrupted by actual ſervice, which is not often the caſe, there are many opportunities of improvement for a ſoldier, of which, in a civil capacity, he would be entirely deprived. During one half of the year at country-quarters, he has the advantage of that ſolitude which ſo many philoſophers and poets have panted after as the nurſe of contemplation, as the mother of knowledge; the other half he can contrive, by a leave of abſence, to ſpend in the edifying ſociety of the capital. In the firſt caſe, he can avail himſelf of the ſcience of the exciſeman, the learning of the curate, and ſometimes the knowledge of the ſquire; in the other, he can reſort to the ſources of that multifarious information which is to be found at the coffeehouſe, the tavern, the playhouſes, and Ranelagh.

As for the female world, the ſame rule of obtaining knowledge, or educating themſelves, by talking, not liſtening, is equally expedient, and indeed ſeems more particularly adapted to the genius of the ſex. In this they may, by a prudent choice of their ſo-

ciety among the other ſex, be much aſſiſted; as they can eaſily find a pretty numerous claſs of well-bred young gentlemen, who will never introduce any ſubject, nor treat any ſubject already introduced, but in ſuch a manner as does not at all require being liſtened to; ſo that every member of the party may with great eaſe, and without any material injury, ſpeak at one and the ſame time.

But as I enumerated ſome very eaſy and ſpeedy methods of the men's acquiring knowledge, ſo there is one way, as eaſy as any of thoſe, by which the Ladies may attain it, I mean by being married; which perhaps is the reaſon why ſome prudent and œconomical mothers defer all ſorts of inſtruction till that period, except ſome particular pieces of knowledge, which may tend to procure their daughters that opportunity of immediate improvement. In the married ſtate, a young Lady has an increaſed advantage of that power of talking which I have mentioned as ſo eſſential to the cultivation of the mind. Beſides the ſuperior privileges of a matron to uſe her tongue, ſhe has by marriage acquired a neceſſary aſſiſtant for a ſpeaker; ſhe has provided herſelf with a hearer in her huſband.

"The *Lounger* has been favoured with two communications from female correſpondents, which, contrary to his eſtabliſhed cuſtom, he thinks himſelf obliged to acknowledge.

"*Mrs. Invoice* has told her ſtory in a very natural and forcible manner; and the wrongs of which ſhe complains from the partner of her late huſband, exhibit ſuch an impudent abuſe of public indulgence, as juſtly deſerves every reprehenſion a pen ſo able as her's can inflict. But her recital admits of ſo directly perſonal an alluſion, as, notwithſtanding all its merit, unavoidably precludes its inſertion. Though the

the pictures which this work occaſionally exhibits, to be of any value at all, muſt be true to nature; yet it were equally averſe to the feelings of the author, and to the dignity of his paper, to make them the portraits of individuals.

"The verſes of *Delia* are written with eaſe and ſpirit; there is but one objection to their being inſerted, their very high praiſe of the *Lounger*, which, though it were ingratitude in him not to acknowledge, it might be deemed vanity to publiſh.

V.

No 68.—Saturday, May 20, 1786.

THAT "Poet and Creator are the ſame," is equally allowed in Criticiſm as in Etymology; and that, without the powers of invention and imagination, nothing great or highly delightful in Poetry can be atchieved.

I have often thought that the ſame thing holds in ſome meaſure with regard to the reader as well as the writer of poetry. Without ſomewhat of a congenial imagination in the former, the works of the latter will afford a very inferior degree of pleaſure. The mind of him who reads, ſhould be able to imagine what the productive fancy of the Poet creates and preſents to his view; to look on the world of fancy ſet before him with a native's eye, and to hear its language with a native's ear; to acknowledge its manners, to feel its paſſions, and to trace, with ſomewhat of an inſtinctive glance, thoſe characters with which the Poet has peopled it.

If in the peruſal of any poet this is required, *Shakeſpeare*, of all poets, ſeems to claim it the moſt.

Of all poets, Shakeſpeare appears to have poſſeſſed a fancy the moſt prolific, an imagination the moſt luxuriantly fertile. In this particular he has been frequently compared to *Homer*, though thoſe who have drawn the parallel, have done it, I know not why, with a ſort of diſtruſt of their aſſertion. Did we not look at the Greek with that reverential awe which his antiquity impreſſes, I think we might venture to affirm, that in this reſpect the other is more than his equal. In invention of incident, in diverſity of character, in aſſemblage of images, we can ſcarcely indeed conceive Homer to be ſurpaſſed; but in the mere creation of fancy, I can diſcover nothing in the *Iliad* that equals the *Tempeſt* or the *Macbeth* of Shakeſpeare. The machinery of Homer is indeed ſtupendous; but of that machinery the materials were known; or, though it ſhould be allowed that he added ſomething to the mythology he found, yet ſtill the language and the manners of his deities are merely the language and the manners of men. Of Shakeſpeare, the machinery may be ſaid to be produced as well as combined by himſelf. Some of the beings of whom it is compoſed, neither tradition nor romance afforded him; and of thoſe whom he borrowed thence, he invented the language and the manners; language and manners peculiar to themſelves, for which he could draw no analogy from mankind. Though formed by fancy, however, his perſonages are true to nature, and a reader of that pregnant imagination which I have mentioned above, can immediately decide on the juſtneſs of his conceptions; as he who beholds the maſterly expreſſion of certain portraits, pronounces with confidence on their likeneſs, though unacquainted with the perſons from whom they were drawn.

But it is not only in thoſe untried regions of magic or of witchery that the creative power of Shakeſpeare has exerted itſelf. By a very ſingular felicity of invention, he has produced in the beaten field of ordinary life, characters of ſuch perfect originality, that

that we look on them with no leſs wonder at his invention, than on thoſe preternatural beings, which "are not of this earth;" and yet they ſpeak a language ſo purely that of common ſociety, that we have but to ſtep abroad into the world to hear every expreſſion of which it is compoſed. Of this ſort is the character of *Falſtaff*.

On the ſubject of this character I was lately diſcourſing with a friend, who is very much endowed with that critical imagination of which I have ſuggeſted the uſe in the beginning of this paper. The general import of his obſervations may form neither an uſeleſs nor unamuſing field for ſpeculation to my readers.

Though the character of Falſtaff, ſaid my friend, is of ſo ſtriking a kind as to engroſs almoſt the whole attention of the audience, in the repreſentation of the play in which it is firſt introduced; yet it was probably only a ſecondary and incidental object with Shakeſpeare in compoſing that play. He was writing a ſeries of hiſtorical dramas, on the moſt remarkable events of the Engliſh hiſtory, from the time of King *John* downwards. When he arrived at the reign of *Henry* IV. the diſſipated youth and extravagant pranks of the Prince of Wales could not fail to excite his attention, as affording at once a ſource of moral reflection in the ſerious department, and a fund of infinite humour in the comic part of the drama. In providing him with aſſociates for his hours of folly and of riot, he probably borrowed, as was his cuſtom, from ſome old play, interlude, or ſtory, the names and incidents which he has uſed in the Firſt Part of Henry IV. *Oldcaſtle*, we know, was the name of a character in ſuch a play, inſerted there, it is probable, (in thoſe days of the church's omnipotence, in every department of writing), in odium of Sir John Oldcaſtle, chief of the *Lollards*, though Shakeſpeare afterwards, in a Proteſtant reign, changed it to Falſtaff. This leader of the gang, which the wanton extravagance of the Prince was to

cheriſh and protect, it was neceſſary to endow with qualities ſufficient to make the young Henry in his ſociety,

" doff the world aſide,
And bid it paſs."

Shakeſpeare therefore has endowed him with infinite wit and humour, as well as an admirable degree of ſagacity and acuteneſs in obſerving the characters of men; but has joined thoſe qualities with a groſſneſs of mind, which his youthful maſter could not but ſee, nor ſeeing but deſpiſe. With talents leſs conſpicuous, Falſtaff could not have attracted Henry; with profligacy leſs groſs and leſs contemptible, he would have attached him too much. Falſtaff's was juſt " that unyoked humour of idleneſs," which the Prince could " a while uphold," and then caſt off for ever. The audience to which this ſtrange compound was to be exhibited were to be in the ſame predicament with the Prince, to laugh and to admire while they deſpiſed. To feel the power of his humour, the attraction of his wit, the juſtice of his reflections, while their contempt and their hatred attended the lowneſs of his manners, the groſſneſs of his pleaſures, and the unworthineſs of his vice.

Falſtaff is truly and literally " ex Epicuri grege porcus," placed here within the pale of this world to fatten at his leiſure, neither diſturbed by feeling, nor reſtrained by virtue. He is not, however, poſitively much a villain, though he never ſtarts aſide in the purſuit of intereſt or of pleaſure, when knavery comes in his way. We feel contempt, therefore, and not indignation, at his crimes, which rather promotes than hinders our enjoying the ridicule of the ſituation, and the admirable wit with which he expreſſes himſelf in it. As a man of this world, he is endowed with the moſt ſuperior degree of good ſenſe and diſcernment of character; his conceptions, equally acute

acute and juſt, he delivers with the expreſſion of a clear and vigorous underſtanding; and we ſee that he thinks like a wiſe man, even when he is not at the pains to talk wiſely.

Perhaps, indeed, there is no quality more conſpicuous throughout the writings of Shakeſpeare, than that of good ſenſe, that intuitive ſagacity with which he looks on the manners, the characters and the purſuits of mankind. The burſts of paſſion, the ſtrokes of nature, the ſublimity of his terrors, and the wonderful creation of his fancy, are thoſe excellencies which ſtrike ſpectators the moſt, and are therefore moſt commonly enlarged on; but to an attentive peruſer of his writings, his acute perception and accurate diſcernment of ordinary character and conduct, that ſkill, if I may ſo expreſs it, with which he delineates the plan of common life, will, I think, appear no leſs ſtriking, and perhaps rather more wonderful; more wonderful, becauſe we cannot ſo eaſily conceive that power of genius by which it tells us what actually exiſts, though it has never ſeen it, than that by which it creates what never exiſted. This power, when we read the works, and conſider the ſituation of Shakeſpeare, we ſhall allow him in a moſt extraordinary degree. The delineation of manners found in the Greek tragedians is excellent and juſt; but it conſiſts chiefly of thoſe general maxims which the wiſdom of the ſchools might inculcate, which a borrowed experience might teach. That of Shakeſpeare marks the knowledge of intimacy with mankind. It reaches the elevation of the great, and penetrates the obſcurity of the low; detects the cunning and overtakes the bold; in ſhort, preſents that abſtract of life in all its modes, and indeed in every time, which every one without experience muſt believe, and every one with experience muſt know to be true.

With this ſagacity and penetration into the characters and motives of mankind, Shakeſpeare has inveſted Falſtaff in a remarkable degree: He never

utters it, however, out of character, or at a ſeaſon where it might better be ſpared. Indeed, his good ſenſe is rather in his thoughts than in his ſpeech; for ſo we may call thoſe ſoliloquies in which he generally utters it. He knew what coin was moſt current with thoſe he dealt withal, and faſhioned his diſcourſe according to the diſpoſition of his hearers; and he ſometimes lends himſelf to the ridicule of his companions, when he has a chance of getting any intereſt on the loan.

But we oftener laugh with than at him; for his humour is infinite, and his wit admirable. This quality, however, ſtill partakes in him of that Epicurean groſſneſs which I have remarked to be the ruling characteriſtic of his diſpoſition. He has neither the vanity of a wit, nor the ſingularity of a humouriſt, but indulges both talents, like any other natural propenſity, without exertion of mind, or warmth of enjoyment. A late excellent actor, whoſe loſs the ſtage will long regret, uſed to repreſent the character of Falſtaff in a manner different from what had been uniformly adopted from the time of *Quin* downwards. He exchanged the comic gravity of the old ſchool, for thoſe burſts of laughter in which ſympathetic audiences have ſo often accompanied him. From accompanying him it was indeed impoſſible to refrain; yet though the execution was maſterly, I cannot agree in that idea of the character. He who laughs, is a man of feeling in merriment. Falſtaff was of a very different conſtitution. He turned wit, as he ſays he did "diſeaſe into commodity."—"Oh! it is much that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a *jeſt with a ſad brow*, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders."

Z.

No 69.——Saturday, May 27, 1786.

(Continuation of the Remarks on the Character of Falſtaff.)

To a man of pleaſure of ſuch a conſtitution as Falſtaff, temper and good humour were neceſſarily conſequent. We find him therefore but once I think angry, and then not provoked beyond meaſure. He conducts himſelf with equal moderation towards others; his wit lightens, but does not burn; and he is not more inoffenſive when the joker, than unoffended when joked upon: "I am not only witty myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men." In the evenneſs of his humour he bears himſelf thus, (to uſe his own expreſſion), and takes in the points of all aſſailants without being hurt. The language of contempt, of rebuke, or of conviction, neither puts him out of liking with himſelf or with others. None of his paſſions riſe beyond this controul of reaſon, of ſelf-intereſt, or of indulgence.

Queen Elizabeth, with a curioſity natural to a woman, deſired Shakeſpeare to exhibit Falſtaff as a lover. He obeyed her, and wrote the *Merry Wives of Windſor;* but Falſtaff's love is only factor for his intereſt, and he wiſhes to make his miſtreſſes "his Exchequer, his Eaſt and Weſt Indies, to both of which he will trade."

Though I will not go ſo far as a paradoxical critic has done, and aſcribe valour to Falſtaff; yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not ſo much a weakneſs as a principle. In his

very cowardice there is much of the ſagacity I have remarked in him; he has the ſenſe of danger, but not the diſcompoſure of fear. His preſence of mind ſaves him from the ſword of Douglas where the danger was real; but he ſhews no ſort of dread of the ſheriff's viſit, when he knew the Prince's company would probably bear him out: When Bardolph runs in frightened, and tells that the ſheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door, "Out, you rogue! (anſwers he) play out the play; I have much to ſay in behalf of that Falſtaff." Falſtaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger; and ſo would every wiſe man's be, did not other feelings make him valiant.

Such feelings, it is the very characteriſtic of Falſtaff to want. The dread of diſgrace, the ſenſe of honour, and the love of fame, he neither feels nor pretends to feel:

"*Like the fat weed*
"*That roots itſelf at eaſe on Lethe's wharf,*"

he is contented to repoſe on that earthly corner of ſenſual indulgence in which his fate has placed him, and enjoys the pleaſures of the moment, without once regarding thoſe finer objects of delight which the children of fancy and of feeling ſo warmly purſue.

The greateſt refinement of morals, as well as of mind, is produced by the culture and exerciſe of the imagination, which derives, or is taught to derive, its object of purſuit, and its motives of action, not from the ſenſes merely, but from future conſiderations which fancy anticipates and realizes. Of this, either as the prompter, or the reſtraint of conduct, Falſtaff is utterly devoid; yet his imagination is wonderfully quick and creative in the pictures of humour and the aſſociations of wit. But the "pregnancy of his wit," according to his own phraſe, "is made a tapſte.;" and his fancy, how vivid ſoever,

ſtill

ſtill ſubjects itſelf to the groſſneſs of thoſe ſenſual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are aſtoniſhed at that art by which Shakeſpeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wiſdom, in captivity to this ſon of earth; 'tis as if tranſported into the enchanted iſland in the *Tempeſt*, we ſaw the rebellion of *Caliban* ſucceſsful, and the airy ſpirits of *Proſpero* miniſtering to the brutality of his ſlave.

Hence perhaps may be derived great part of that infinite amuſement which ſucceeding audiences have always found from the repreſentation of Falſtaff. We have not only the enjoyment of thoſe combinations, and of that contraſt to which philoſophers have aſcribed the pleaſure we derive from wit in general, but we have that ſingular combination and contraſt which the groſs, the ſenſual, and the brutiſh mind of Falſtaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his converſation perpetually diſplays.

In the immortal work of *Cervantes* we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wiſdom and abſurdity, which in one page excites our higheſt ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our higheſt reſpect. *Don Quixote*, like Falſtaff, is endowed with excellent diſcernment, ſagacity, and genius; but his good ſenſe holds fief of his diſeaſed imagination, of his overruling madneſs for the atchievments of knight errantry, for heroic valour and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote conſiſts in raiſing low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his diſordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity, and ſolemnity, to which in their nature they are the moſt oppoſite that can be imagined. With Falſtaff it is nearly the reverſe; the ridicule is produced by ſubjecting wiſdom, honour, and other the moſt grave and dignified principles, to the controul of groſſneſs, buffoonery, and folly. 'Tis like the paſtime of a family-maſquerade, where laughter is equally excited by

by dreſſing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns. In Falſtaff, the heroic attributes of our nature are made to wear the garb of meanneſs and abſurdity. In Don Quixote, the common and the ſervile are clothed in the dreſſes of the dignified and the majeſtic; while to heighten the ridicule, *Sancho*, in the half deceived ſimplicity, and half diſcerning ſhrewdneſs of his character, is every now and then employed to pull off the maſk.

If you would not think me whimſical in the parallel, continued my friend, I ſhould ſay that Shakeſpeare has drawn, in one of his immediately ſubſequent plays, a tragic character very much reſembling the comic one of Falſtaff, I mean that of *Richard* III. Both are men of the world, both poſſeſs that ſagacity and underſtanding which is fitted for its purpoſes; both deſpiſe thoſe refined feelings, thoſe motives of delicacy, thoſe reſtraints of virtue, which might obſtruct the courſe they have marked out for themſelves. The hypocriſy of both coſts them nothing, and they never feel that detection of it to themſelves which rankles in the conſcience of leſs determined hypocrites. But uſe the weakneſſes of others, as ſkilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage not only without ſelf-reproach, but with the pride of ſuperiority. Richard indeed aſpires to the Crown of England, becauſe Richard is wicked and ambitious: Falſtaff is contented with a thouſand pounds of Juſtice Shallow's, becauſe he is only luxurious and diſſipated. Richard courts Lady Anne and the Princeſs Elizabeth for his purpoſes: Falſtaff makes love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page for his. Richard is witty like Falſtaff, and talks of his own figure with the ſame ſarcaſtic indifference. Indeed, ſo much does Richard, in the higher walk of villainy, reſemble Falſtaff in the lower region of roguery and diſſipation, that it were not difficult to ſhew, in the dialogue of the two characters, however diſſimilar in ſituation,

many

many paſſages and expreſſions in a ſtyle of remarkable reſemblance.

Of feeling, and even of paſſion, both characters are very little ſuſceptible; as Falſtaff is the knave and the ſenſualiſt, ſo Richard is the villain of principle. Shakeſpeare has drawn one of paſſion in the perſon of *Macbeth*. Macbeth produces horror, fear, and ſometimes pity; Richard deteſtation and abhorrence only. The firſt he has led amidſt the gloom of ſublimity, has ſhown agitated by various and wavering emotions. He is ſometimes more ſanguinary than Richard, becauſe he is not inſenſible of the weakneſs or the paſſion of revenge; whereas the cruelty of Richard is only proportionate to the object of his ambition, as the cowardice of Falſtaff is proportionate to the object of his fear: But the bloody and revengeful Macbeth is yet ſuſceptible of compaſſion, and ſubject to remorſe. In contemplating Macbeth, we often regret the perverſion of his nature; and even when the juſtice of Heaven overtakes him, we almoſt forget our hatred of his enormities, in our pity for his misfortunes. Richard, Shakeſpeare has placed amidſt the tangled paths of party and ambition, has repreſented cunning and fierce from his birth, untouched by the ſenſe of humanity, hardly ſubject to remorſe, and never to contrition; and his fall produces that unmixed and perfect ſatisfaction which we feel at the death of ſome ſavage beaſt that had deſolated the country from inſtinctive fierceneſs and natural malignity.

The weird-ſiſters, the gigantic deities of northern mythology, are fit agents to form Macbeth. Richard is the production of thoſe worldly and creeping demons, who ſlide upon the earth their inſtruments of miſchief to embroil and plague mankind. Falſtaff is the work of *Circe*, and her ſwiniſh aſſociates, who, in ſome favoured hour of revelry and riot, moulded this compound of groſs debauchery, acute diſcernment, admirable invention, and nimble wit, and

ſent

ſent him for a conſort to England's madcap Prince; to ſtamp currency on idleneſs and vice, and to wave the flag of folly and diſſipation, over the ſeats of gravity, of wiſdom, and of virtue.

Z.

No 70.——Saturday, June 3, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

AFTER a reſidence of many years in the ſouthern part of this iſland, buſineſs concurring with the natural deſire one has of reviſiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the beginning of laſt autumn. As I travelled on horſeback, with a ſingle ſervant attending me, I was tempted frequently to ſtrike out of the common road, for the purpoſe of enjoying ſome of thoſe romantic ſcenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about ſunſet, after traverſing a part of the country, of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aſpect, I entered ſuddenly a narrow valley, where every thing wore the appearance of high cultivation; and in the judicious blending of ornament with utility, it was eaſy to perceive that induſtry had been guided by the hand of taſte.

While I rode at leiſure down a ſteep and winding path, indulging that pleaſing ſpecies of reverie to which a ſcene of this kind naturally gives riſe, a ſmall column of ſmoke aſcending from a thick tuft of trees at the bottom, gave notice of a habitation; and on turning the corner of a hedged incloſure, a low manſion broke ſuddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greateſt

greateſt part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and ſhrubbery. A level graſs-plot ſurrounded the houſe, which was ſeparated from the garden by a white rail. The houſe itſelf was of one ſtory, extending, in a lengthened front, with two ſmall wings, at either end of which a fruit-tree was trained around the window. A green garden chair was placed on each ſide of the door.

While ſurveying with much pleaſure this little elegant retreat, I paſſed, upon the road, a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country-dreſs, whoſe face, it immediately occurred to me, I had ſomewhere before ſeen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of thoſe accidental reſemblances which we every day meet with, (though I perceived that he at the ſame time viewed me with ſome attention), I paſſed on. Meeting afterwards with ſome labourers returning from work, I enquired the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a *Mr. Saintford*. The name ſtruck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will. Saintford, a young man of ſome fortune, of a lively turn, and quick parts, but in the greateſt degree thoughtleſs and extravagant. I remembered to have ſince heard that he had married a faſhionable wife, whoſe diſpoſition was much akin to his own; and that he had in a very few years ſpent his whole fortune. "Can this," ſaid I to myſelf, "be my old compa-"nion? Sure I thought I knew his face, and he "too recollected mine. It muſt be ſo: yet how this "metamorphoſis?" Occupied with theſe thoughts, I had ſlackened my pace, and was ſurpriſed to find myſelf once more joined by the gentleman I had before paſſed. "If I miſtake not," ſaid he, "your "name is D——." "Yes, and yours Saintford." —"The ſame. How unexpected this meeting!" ——After much mutual gratulation, "Come," ſaid he, "you go no farther this night; nor, with "my will, for ſome days. You muſt take a bed "with

" with your old friend, and see how Farmer Saint-
" ford lives."

Entreaty was needless; for I was delighted with the recounter; and I followed my friend, who led the way to the stables, and assisted himself in putting up my horses. He then conducted me into the house, which within corresponded entirely with its external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered, were some angling rods and fowling pieces, with a weed-hook and garden-rake. In the parlour stood a piano forte, on which lay a violin and some music; and in a corner of the room, which was shelved for the purpose, were ranged a few books of husbandry and ornamental gardening, some volumes of English poetry, Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy, Horace, and a few of the Latin classics.

An old servant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his mistress to prepare the stranger's bed-room, and to get ready an early supper. In the interval we sauntered out into the fields, and passed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were summoned to supper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend's only children. Mr. Saintford introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance; and I found in that lady the most perfect politeness and affability, joined to that easy gracefulness of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain but delicious; an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh vegetables; our conversation interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Saintford had retired, (like Eve, " on hospitable thoughts
" intent,") " There," said Saintford, " there, Mr.
" D——, is one of the first, the best of women.
" You knew me formerly; and I have marked the
" natural surprise you shewed at finding me in this
" situation. You shall have my story; for to an

" old

" old friend and companion, ſimple as it is, it cannot " fail to be intereſting."

" My father's death, which happened a few years after I entered to the univerſity, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally ſuppoſed I had ſucceeded to a fortune of 2000*l. per annum*. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance; and the diſſipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a conſiderable time from diſcovering that the free rents of my eſtate did not exceed one half of the income I was ſuppoſed to poſſeſs. Even after this diſcovery, the reliſh I had acquired for every ſpecies of faſhionable diſſipation, and the abſurd vanity of ſupporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expences, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

" My vanity was not a little flattered by the attention ſhewn me by the ladies, who, it was eaſy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow, of whom there was ſome honour in making a conqueſt. *Lucinda N*—— was at that time the ornament of the politeſt circles in town. What her figure was in thoſe days, you may gueſs from what you ſee it is at preſent. With every attraction of face and perſon, endowed with every faſhionable accompliſhment, and poſſeſſing a very handſome independent fortune, ſhe had numberleſs admirers. It was no mean triumph when I perceived that this little deſpot, who exerciſed upon others all the capricious ſovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me ſo oppoſite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myſelf of the diſcovery, which gratified equally my pride and my paſſion; for I really loved her; and in my marriage with Lucinda, whoſe temper and taſte were apparently much reſembling my own, I flattered myſelf with the continued enjoyment of thoſe

faſhionable

fashionable pleasures, which I had now extended the means of procuring.

"When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my life rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make further advances without additional securities; and when I applied for that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

"In place of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses;—like those violent applications, which by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal, occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda's anxious enquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock was severe; and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a moment;—when, as if animated by a new soul, and inspired with a fortitude of mind which astonished me, "Come, "my dear Will," said she, clasping me to her bosom, "we have both been fools; it is fit that we "should pay the price of our folly: But let us "thence learn to be wise. Thank God we are blest "with health, and with each other's affection, and "there is yet much of life before us."——"But "what," said I, "is to be done?"——"To be "done," said she;—"Justice, in the first place. "Let us learn with accuracy the full extent of our "debts, and the means we have to discharge them."

"It

"It was a ſtruggle yet more ſevere, to declare my ſituations to the world; and ſuffering under a feeling of falſe ſhame, I would have meanly waſted the time in uſeleſs procraſtination: but the noble ſpirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakneſs. It was no ſurpriſe to the world to learn with certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was aſcertained with preciſion; and, ſetting apart a ſmall proportion of my wife's fortune, which was ſecured to her by law, the reſt, together with mine, fell ſhort of the payment of our debts by 2000*l.* Sterling. Having, however, made a fair ſurrender of all that was my own, I compounded with my creditors, and received their diſcharge.

"It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domeſtic of my father's had been for ſeveral years ſettled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we propoſed to retire for a few months, till we ſhould arrange our future ſchemes. I was ſtruck with the wild and romantic ſcenery of this beautiful dale; and, haraſſed as I had been with care and anxiety, my ſpirits were ſoothed for ſome time by the quiet and ſolitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this compoſure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once aſſume the manners and taſte of a recluſe. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now paſſed my time. After ſome weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer ſaw the ſame beauties of the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at firſt engaged me. The manners of the country-people offended by their vulgarity; and in the ſociety of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuſe a cultivated mind, or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the ſplendor and buſtle of my former life; and impoſſible as it was for me to indulge in the ſame gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and

and would, perhaps, have performed the ſame humiliating part I have ſeen exhibited by the decayed minions of faſhion, ſpendthrifts like myſelf, who haunt, like ghoſts, the places of public reſort, content to be the ſpectators of thoſe ſcenes where they have formerly figured as the moſt brilliant actors. My Lucinda ſaw with anxiety this increaſing diſguſt, and her good ſenſe directed to its proper remedy, "We grow tired," ſaid ſhe, "of this life of in-"activity. We languiſh for want of an object to "occupy us. I have been meditating a ſmall ex-"periment; and if you approve we ſhall put it in exe-"cution. What if we ſhould for a while become "farmers ourſelves? You are ſurpriſed at the pro-"poſal, but let me explain my meaning. Suppoſe "our good landlord ſhould transfer to us the re-"mainder of his leaſe; that he ſhould have the "charge of management, with a ſuitable recom-"pence, while the chance of profit, and the riſk "of loſs, ſhould be ours. I know he will agree to "it, for I have ſounded him on the ſubject.—— "The laborious part, the buſineſs of agriculture, "ſhall be his, while we occupy ourſelves in decorat-"ing this little ſpot with a thouſand embelliſhments, "which nature points out, and which your good "taſte could eaſily execute. Remember it is only "an experiment. Our bargain muſt be conditional. "If we tire of it, we can when we pleaſe drop the "ſcheme, and purſue any other we chuſe to adopt." To be ſhort, Sir, I was pleaſed with the idea; our plan was ſoon arranged, and I became what you now ſee me, Farmer Saintfort.

"I ſet to work with alacrity in the buſineſs of improvement; and perceiving on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the ſpace of a few months, accompliſhed the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied ſince that time in finiſhing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more ſhare than is generally imagined, I found a ſource of pleaſure infinitely beyond

beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradiſe; and I had the ſatiſfaction of finding that thoſe operations which the motive of ornament had firſt ſuggeſted, were frequently of the moſt ſubſtantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obſcured by an undiſtinguiſhed maſs of bruſhwood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the ſun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fiſh-pond, I have drained an unwholeſome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the firſt year, my tutor in huſbandry gave me hopes that the ſucceeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event juſtified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taſte of my Lucinda ſeemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life! Far from inheriting that inſtability of mind with which her ſex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her houſehold, and the education of her children. Completely engaged in theſe domeſtic duties, while I ſuperintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zeſt to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we roſe with the ſun, and found the day too ſhort for its occupations.

"We had now learned by experience, how very moderate an income is ſufficient to purchaſe all the real comforts of life. At the concluſion of the third year, on ſumming up our accounts, we found a clear ſaving of 400*l*. This ſum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honeſty, have conſidered as our own. But (thank God!) ſlaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we ſhould accumulate for ourſelves, while there exiſted a ſingle perſon that could ſay, we had done him wrong.

wrong. We ſet apart this ſum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now ſome years ſince we could boaſt of having faithfully diſcharged the laſt farthing of our debts. The pleaſure attendant on this reflection, you may conceive, but I cannot deſcribe. How poor, in compariſon to it, are the ſelfiſh gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expence of conſcience!

"Since my reſidence here, I have more than once made a viſit to town on an errand of buſineſs. I there ſee the ſame ſcenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myſelf, with the ſame giddy pleaſures. To me the magical deluſion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had ſuch power of faſcination. But one ſpecies of pleaſure I have enjoyed from theſe viſits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the moſt reſpectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindneſs mingled with reſpect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of thoſe who beſtow it. Nor is the pleaſure leſs which I derive from the regard and eſteem of my honeſt neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair eſtimate, when ſeen through the medium of my own diſtempered mind; and in their ſociety my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleaſures of poliſhed intercourſe, the more valuable qualities of ſincerity, probity and good ſenſe.

"Such, Sir, for theſe fourteen years paſt, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I ſhall ever exchange it for another. The term of my leaſe has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my ſon. If a more active life ſhould be *his* choice, he is free to purſue it. I ſhall be content with the reflection of having beſtowed on him a better

a better patrimony than I myſelf enjoyed—a mind uncorrupted by the proſpect of hereditary affluence, and a conſtitution tempered to the virtuous habits of induſtry and ſobriety."

Here Mr. Saintford made an end of his ſtory. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I tranſmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to paſs down to poſterity.

I am, Sir, yours,

J. D.

No 71.——Saturday, June 10, 1786.

Quærite nunc habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam.
Ovid.

THERE is no complaint more common than that which is made againſt the pride of wealth. The claim of ſuperiority which reſts upon a circumſtance ſo adventitious as that of ſuddenly-acquired riches, is univerſally decried as the inſolent pretenſion of mean and illiberal minds, and is reſiſted with a greater degree of ſcorn and indignation, than, perhaps, any other incroachment of vanity or ſelf-importance.

Yet one might obſerve in thoſe who are loudeſt in the cenſure of this weakneſs, a certain ſhame of being poor, which in a great meaſure juſtifies the pride of being rich. One may trace this in their affectation of indifference to all thoſe pleaſures and conveniencies which riches procure, and in the eulogium they

they often make, in deſpite of their own real feelings, of the oppoſite circumſtances. When they are at pains to declare how much better the plain diſh and home-brewed liquor ſuits their taſte than the high-ſeaſoned ragout and the high-priced wine, what is it but diſguiſing their inability to procure the luxury under the pretence of their preferring its oppoſite. Poverty, in this caſe, flies from her own honourable tattered colours, to join the freſh and ſtaunting ſtandard of Wealth; ſhe allows the power of thoſe very external circumſtances by which Wealth lays claim to a ſuperiority. The dignity of her ſtation ſhould be ſupported on other grounds: the little value of thoſe external circumſtances in which Wealth has the advantage, when compared with the virtues and qualities which money cannot buy, when ſet in competition with that native purity and elevation of mind, which in the acquiſition of wealth we frequently forfeit, and in its poſſeſſion we frequently deſtroy.

Both in thoſe who poſſeſs riches and in thoſe who want them, falſe pretenſion often defeats itſelf. It would often be for the honour of Wealth if he could lay down his inſolence, and for the happineſs of Poverty if ſhe could ſmooth her ſcorn. True benevolence and delicacy would teach both their proper duties, and preſerve thoſe cordial charities of life, which, in different ſtations and different circumſtances, promote alike the comfort of individuals and the general advantage of ſociety.

But it is only over minds of a higher order that external circumſtances do not poſſeſs a power to puſh them from that equilibrium in which virtue and happineſs reſide. Ordinary men will equally feel the inflation of proſperity, and the harſhneſs of a leſs favourable ſituation; will in the one caſe incur the contempt and deriſion of the world, and in the other experience the grating of a ruffled ſpirit. Moderation and wiſdom would teach the one to procure reſpect, and the other to attain good humour.

I remember

I remember ſome years ago—it was during the laſt war, and it is of no importance that I have forgot the exact date—being invited to dine at the houſe of Mr. *Draper*, one of the moſt conſiderable merchants in this country. Mr. Draper twenty years ago was not worth a ſhilling; but by a courſe of induſtry, and great intelligence in his profeſſion, he is reported ſince that time to have realiſed a very great fortune.

The principal part of our company, I found, upon entering the houſe, conſiſted of *Sir William Roberts*, his Lady, and children. Sir William is a country gentleman, the repreſentative of a very old and reſpectable family, whoſe anceſtors were once in poſſeſſion of a great eſtate; but partly from a want of œconomy in ſome of its proprietors, and partly from the change in manners, and the mode of living, it is now dwindled down to an inconſiderable amount. Sir William, however, ſtill feels ſtrongly the pride of ancient family, and is apt to be hurt by the riſe of thoſe *new* men who are but of yeſterday, and yet overtop him in wealth.

When I entered the drawing-room the company were pretty generally aſſembled. Sir William's manner attracted my notice, and I found in it the moſt finiſhed complaiſance and attention. There was a degree of politeneſs which carried in its appearance the utmoſt reſpect and condeſcenſion to Mr. Draper and his family; at the ſame time there was a formal diſtance, which was calculated to prevent them from uſing any familiarity with him, and, inſtead of ſhewing that Sir William really felt high reverence for the company, contained evident marks of his conſidering himſelf as much above them. We ſtoop as well as riſe with difficulty; 'tis only on even ground that we carry ourſelves eaſily.

Draper's manner was very different. Without being in the leaſt moved by Sir William's formal obeiſance, he went on in his uſual way, giving a diſplay of the richneſs of his houſe and furniture. I had

not been long in the company when he took occaſion to obſerve, that he never knew the times ſo bad as now, and never was money ſcarcer. This very morning, continued he, I was applied to for payment of a bond of 10,000*l.* againſt next Whitſun-term; but inſtead of waiting for the term, I gave orders that the money ſhould be paid *immediately*. Sir William looked, and was ſilent.

At this time there came into the room a ſon of Mr. Draper's, a boy about ten years of age. The boy was at the public ſchool of the city; and that very day, agreeably to a pretty general cuſtom, the ſcholars had been making a preſent or offering, as it s called, in money, to their maſters. It is the practice, in ſuch caſes, for children of rich parents to vie with one another who ſhall give the greateſt preſent; and the vanity of the parents is generally as much intereſted on the occaſion as that of the ſons. "Pa-"pa," ſays young Draper, "I was King at ſchool "to-day, having given the higheſt offering." Sir William ſaid nothing; but his ſon, a lively little fellow, about the ſame age, and in the ſame claſs with Mr. Draper's ſon, ſprung forward, and gave him a blow in the face, which ſet him a-crying. This incident produced ſome confuſion, but the company was at length compoſed.

Dinner was now ſerved up. It conſiſted of two magnificent courſes and a deſſert; and Mr. Draper frequently obſerved, that part of the diſhes came from his little farm in the Weſt Indies. Sir William eat but of one diſh, obſerving, that he always found his health and his appetite beſt when he dined plainly.

After dinner, a great variety of wines were ſet upon the table. Sir William, inſtead of drinking the high-priced French and Hungarian wines, taſted nothing but a little Port and water; repeating his former obſervation, that as he eat, ſo he regulated his drinking, for his ſtomach's ſake.

In a little time one of the ſervants brought in Mr. Draper's letters. Mr. Draper looked them over, and

and then began to talk of politics. He ſaid, he had got a variety of important intelligence in the diſpatches he had received, and talked with the confidence of a rich man, whoſe credit in point of information was as unimpeachable as in point of wealth. He mentioned, in particular, information which that day's poſt had brought him, of the deſtination of a certain ſecret expedition then going on, and that he knew well the troops were about that time making good their landing at the appointed place. Sir William had, juſt the day before, received a letter from a couſin of his, the ſecond in command on that expedition, telling him that the troops were not yet ſailed, and that their object was ſtill unknown. Sir William ſaid nothing of this, but allowed Mr. Draper to plume himſelf on his ſuperior information; only I, who knew the circumſtance, obſerved a ſmile on the Baronet's face, of which I could tranſlate all the conſcious ſuperiority.

My attention was now turned to the younger members of the two famalies. I obſerved Mr. Draper's eldeſt ſon, a good-looking lad of four-and-twenty, paying very particular attention to the eldeſt Miſs Roberts, next whom he happened to be ſeated. This attention was not unobſerved by the parents. Mr. Draper, with all his attachment to wealth, was not without the ambition of connecting his children with ancient blood; and an alliance with the family of the Robertſes, who had long been at the head of the county, and had frequently repreſented it in parliament, would not have been diſagreeable to him. As the Drapers had hitherto triumphed in their wealth, ſo now the Robertſes began to triumph in their anceſtry. Mr. Draper obſerved, that his was as yet but a young family, and ſaid ſomething of the high reſpect he had for the family of Sir William Roberts; how happy it made him that his preſent company had eat a bit of mutton with him, and what ſatisfaction it would give him to cultivate a cloſer friendſhip and connection with them. He therefore propoſed

that the company ſhould drink a bumper to their better acquaintance; and inſiſted that Sir William ſhould give up his Port and water, and drink the bumper in Burgandy.—Upon this Miſs Roberts drew off her chair as far as ſhe could from young Mr. Draper: Lady Roberts bridled up—Mrs. Draper bridled up in return—Sir William drank off the bumper of Burgandy.

To break through the aukward ſilence which this had occaſioned, I ſuggeſted that one of the young ladies ſhould give us a ſong; which propoſal was acquieſced in. Miſs Draper ſung an Italian air, which ſhe had learned of a celebrated Maſter. Her father took occaſion to tell the price of his leſſons. "It is "now your turn," ſaid he to Miſs Roberts. "She "never ſings," ſaid her father, ſomewhat ſternly. His daughter bluſhed, and was ſilent. Soon after the ladies withdrew. The remainder of the afternoon was ſpent in Sir William's drinking his Port and water, and in Mr. Draper and the greateſt part of his company getting fluſtered in Burgandy and Claret. When at laſt, upon a meſſage from Lady Roberts, Sir William joined her and his children in the lobby, and went off in the family-coach drawn by four horſes, which had been employed in that ſervice for fifteen years, and were driven by poſtilions with rich but old-faſhioned liveries.

S.

No 72.——Saturday, June 17, 1786.

——————*Sors iſta Senectæ*
Debita. Virg.

In every man's lot there are certain incidents, either regarding himſelf or thoſe with whom he is cloſely connected, which, like mile-ſtones on a road, mark the journey of life, and call our attention both to that portion of it which we have already paſſed, and to that which it is probable we have ſtill to go. The death or the marriage of a friend, his departure for a diſtant country, or his return from it, not only attract our notice to ſuch events themſelves, but naturally recall to our memories, and anticipate to our imaginations, a chain of other events connected with, or dependent upon them. Thoſe little prominent parts of life ſtop the even and unheeded courſe of our ordinary thoughts; and, like him who has gained a height in his walk, we not only look on the objects that lie before us, but naturally turn to compare them with thoſe we have left behind.

Though my days, as my readers may have gathered from the accounts I have formerly given, paſs with as much uniformity as thoſe of moſt men; yet there are now and then occurrences in them which give room for this variety of reflection. Some ſuch lately croſſed me in the way; and I came home, after a ſolitary walk, diſpoſed to moralife on the general tenor of life, to look into ſome of the articles of which it conſiſts, and to ſum up their value and their uſe. When *Peter* let me in, methought he looked older than he uſed to do. I opened my memorandum-book for 1775.——I can turn over the leaves between that time and this (ſaid I to myſelf) in a moment

——thus;—and, caſting my eye on the blank paper that remained, began to meditate on the decline of life, on the enjoyments, the comforts, the cares, and the ſorrows of age.

Of domeſtic comforts, I could not help reflecting how much celibacy deprives us; how many pleaſures are derived from a family, when that family is happy in itſelf, is dutiful, affectionate, good humoured, virtuous. I cannot eaſily account for the omiſſion of *Cicero*, who, in his treatiſe "*de Senectute*," enumerates the various enjoyments of old age, without once mentioning thoſe which ariſe from the poſſeſſion of worthy and promiſing children. Perhaps the Roman manners and cuſtoms were not very much calculated to promote this: they who could adopt the children of others, were not likely to be ſo excluſively attached to their own, or to feel from that attachment a very high degree of pleaſure; or it may be, the father of *Marcus* felt ſomething on the ſubject of children, of which he was willing to ſpare himſelf the recollection. But though a bachelor myſelf, I look with equal veneration and complacency on the domeſtic bleſſings of a good old man, ſurrounded by a virtuous and flouriſhing race, in whom he lives over the beſt days of his youth, and from whoſe happineſs he draws ſo much matter for his own. 'Tis at that advanced period of life that moſt of the enjoyments of a bachelor begin to leave him, that he feels the ſolitarineſs of his ſituation, linked to no ſurrounding objects, but thoſe from which the debility or the ſerioufneſs of age muſt neceſſarily divorce him. The club, the coffee-houſe, and the tavern, will make but a few ſhort inquiries after his abſence; and weakneſs or diſeaſe may impriſon him to his home, without their much feeling the want of his company, or any of their members ſoothing his uneaſineſs with theirs. The endearing ſociety, the tender attentions of a man's own children, give to his very wants and weakneſs a ſort of enjoyment, when thoſe wants are ſupplied, and that weakneſs aided, by the hands he loves.

Though

Though the celibacy of the female ſex is ſtill more reproached, and is thought more comfortleſs than that of ours, yet I confeſs it ſeems to me to poſſeſs ſeveral advantages of which the other is deprived. An old maid has been more accuſtomed to home and to ſolitude than an old bachelor, and can employ herſelf in many little female occupations which render her more independent of ſociety for the diſpoſal of her time and the amuſement of her mind. The comparatively unimportant employments of the female world which require neither much vigour of body nor much exertion of ſoul, occupy her hours and her attention, and prevent that impatience of idleneſs, or of inactivity, which ſo often preys on men who have been formerly buſy or active. The negative and gentler virtues which characteriſe female worth, ſuit themſelves more eaſily to the languid and ſuffering ſtate of age or infirmity, than thoſe active and ſpirit-ſtirring qualities which frequently conſtitute the excellence of the male character. There are, no doubt, ſome females to whom this will not apply; to whom age muſt be more terrible than to any other being, becauſe it deprives them of more. She whoſe only endowment was beauty, muſt tremble at the approach of thoſe wrinkles which ſpoil her of her all; ſhe to whom youthful amuſements and gaieties were the whole of life, muſt dread more than death that period when they can be no longer enjoyed.

It need ſcarce be ſuggeſted, that, to leſſen the evils, and increaſe the comforts of age in either ſex, the ſureſt means are to be found in the cultivation and improvement of the mind in youth: To have ſomething, as it were, in bank, on which to ſubſiſt the mind when the ſources of external ſupply are cut off: to allow it ſome room for its natural activity when external employments have ceaſed; to preſerve that energy of ſoul without which life is not only uſeleſs, but burdenſome. The former exerciſe of the imagination creates numberleſs pleaſures, and its former ſoundneſs prevents numberleſs evils, to an old man.

In proportion to the excellence of thoſe objects over which it has formerly ranged, the review of age will be delightful or dreary, will call up elegant or groſs, comfortable or diſtreſſing, elevating or humiliating, remembrances.

When I ſay, that of this better-cultivated old age the remembrances will be more delightful, I do not mean that they will be always more gay. Of melancholy remembrances this ſtate will naturally be more ſuſceptible, than thoſe in which memory has leſs ſtore, and active employment tends more to diſſipate thought. But who would exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the preſent? Who would exchange, for unfeeling contentment, that creative memory which peoples the preſent time with paſt joys, paſt friendſhips, paſt love, though the recollection carries ſadneſs along with it? The moſt melancholy of all reflections which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and miſſes the companions of his youth, the aſſociates of his active days, and exclaims, in the natural language of *Petrarch*, "Ed Io pur vivo!"—— even in this, to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that ſheds (ſo to ſpeak) a beam of heavenly light upon the darkneſs around him.

A late correſpondent, under the ſignature of *Atticus*, pleaſes and intereſts me much, by a natural, though it is not a new deſcription of the various occupations and feelings of his old age. After mentioning the chequered nature of his paſt life, on the dark ſide of which he places the loſs of an excellent wife, and ſeveral promiſing children, "The memory "of thoſe dear objects," ſays he, "and the ſoothing "hope that we ſhall ſoon meet again, is now the "ſource of extreme pleaſure to me. In my retired "walk in the country, I am never alone; thoſe "dear ſhades are my conſtant companions." *Shenſtone*, with a felicity which perhaps our language could not have afforded him, has expreſſed this feeling

ing in eight or nine words, to the force and tenderneſs of which I believe no other words could add. 'Tis in the inſcription on *Miſs Dolman's* urn, "*Heu "quanto minus eſt cum reliquis verſari quam tui memi-"niſſe!*"

In recollecting thoſe whom time has ſwept from our remembrance, there are ſome characters whom, though we leſs reſpected, and, reaſonably ſpeaking, muſt leſs regret, we yet cannot help remembering with a feeling, if not ſo tender, perhaps fully as ſympathetic, as the loſs of much more dignified perſonages might produce.—"Alas, poor Yoric"—— Even in what I have paſſed of life, I recall at this moment the jeſts, the ſallies, the thoughtleſs gaiety of ſeveral ſuch characters, with whom one cannot eaſily connect an idea ſo ſerious as that of death, whom I ſtill wonder at not meeting in the accuſtomed haunts of their amuſement, and cannot, without violence to my imagination, think of as gone for ever.

The regrets of the old for ſuch companions may be the eaſier allowed, from the circumſtance of their time of life preventing them from the acquiſition of any ſuch again. But though nothing leſs becomes an old man than the levity of youthful ſociety and youthful amuſements, yet to keep up ſuch an intereſt in them as may preſerve to himſelf the complacency of the young, and a certain enjoyment of their happineſs, is one of the great ingredients of a happy old age. I ſmiled one day at ſeeing my friend *Colonel Cauſtic* buſied in fitting up a fiſhing rod for a ſchool-boy, the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman, who wiſhed to go an angling on the ſtream that runs through the grounds. "You think me very fool-"iſhly employed," ſaid the Colonel; "but do not "blame me, till your philoſophy can ſhew a hap-"pier face of its making than my friend *Billy's* "there."

Some old men forget that they are old, and ſome that they ever were young; the firſt are ridiculous

in the imitation, the latter peeviſh in the reſtraint of youthful gaiety. This is, generally, the effect neither of good nature in the one, nor of wiſdom in the other; but reſults, in the firſt, from a fooliſh vanity; and from an incapacity of thoſe better employments and pleaſures which ſuit their age; in the latter, from a ſplenetic regret of their incapacity for thoſe employments and pleaſures which ſuit it not.

Very different from this peeviſh intolerance of youth, is that ſort of gentle diſſatisfaction with the preſent time, which ſome of the beſt-tempered old men are inclined to ſhew. As a young man I never complained of this partiality which my ſeniors diſcovered for their own times, or the injuſtices they ſometimes did to the preſent. 'Tis on the warmeſt and worthieſt hearts that the impreſſion of the former age remains the deepeſt. The "*priſci conſcias* "*ævi*," is one whom his coevals loved, and whom his juniors, whom he ſometimes under-rates, ſhould regard; as he who is warmeſt in the cauſe of his abſent friend, is the man whoſe friendſhip we ſhould be moſt ſolicitous to gain. Perhaps it may be accounted a ſort of proof of my approaching the period of partiality for the paſt, when I obſerve, that the preſent race of young men ſeem not likely ever to recall their younger days with the enthuſiaſm which ſome of my older acquaintance expreſs for theirs. That indifference which modern faſhion teaches her votaries, will have nothing hereafter to remember with delight, or to record with partiality. "What "audience" (ſaid the ſame excellent friend whom I above quoted) "what audience will they find in "the nineteenth century, for their eulogium of the "ſize of buckles, the height of capes, or the faſhion "of boots in the year 1785?"

Of the foibles of age, avarice has long been cited as the moſt unreaſonable and prepoſterous; yet, I think, it is much leſs to be wondered at, though not leſs to be blamed, than the declamation of moraliſts has generally ſuppoſed. When excluded from the pleaſures

pleaſures which the uſe of money might procure, we ſubſtitute, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, the archetype of enjoyment for enjoyment itſelf, and prize wealth as the end, when it has ceaſed to be the means. Old men are niggard of their money as they are profuſe of their talk, becauſe the poſſeſſion of wealth is one of thoſe pleaſures in which they can equal younger men; as daws and ſtarlings can pilfer and hoard, who are deſtitute of plumage and of ſong.

But there are uſes of wealth which ſome worthy and wiſe old men diſcover, that may ſupply this want of object for its appropriation. To beſtow it in the purpoſes of beneficence, is one of the ways of ſpending money for which a man is never too old; or if ſome are ſo unhappy as to have outlived the reliſh of this, it is only where they have been at little pains to keep up in their minds thoſe better feelings, which prompt and reward good deeds. That pleaſure which Colonel Cauſtic mentioned, of making happy faces, is a ſort of *fine art*, which ſome people never attain, and others eaſily loſe.

Z.

N° 73.——Saturday, June 24, 1786.

AMIDST the various branches of the Fine Arts in which Ancient Greece excelled, there ſeems to be none in which her pre-eminence ſtands more undiſputed than that of *Sculpture*. In Muſic ſhe was far diſtant from any perfection; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its higheſt improvements. In Painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and an Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is very good reaſon to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In Poetry, though we ſhall not preſume to ſay that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks; yet ſurely it muſt be allowed, that the Roman poets, as well as thoſe of modern times, approach ſo near the Grecian models, as to ſuffer very little from the compariſon. But in Sculpture the Greeks ſtand confeſſedly unrivalled, as having attained the ſummit of perfection. All the productions, not only of modern, but even of Roman Sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to thoſe perfect and finiſhed models which Greece produced. In ſhort, however much the partiſans of modern times may be inclined to diſpute the palm with the ancients in others of the Fine Arts, yet in that of Sculpture all ſeem to concur in confeſſing the ſuperiority of the Grecian artiſts. And I think their arriving at ſuch excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and ſatisfactory cauſes.

Sculpture or Statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practiſe; and accordingly there are few, even of the moſt uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find ſome rude attempts to form images in wood or in ſtone, if not in metal. To repreſent with any correctneſs and

and accuracy, a ſolid figure upon a plain ſurface, would not ſo readily occur, as the idea of forming the reſemblance of a man, or any other animal in ſtone or marble. Painting therefore, is of later invention than Statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would conſequently be much ſlower of coming to any conſiderable degree of perfection. To acquire the art of properly diſtributing light and ſhade, ſo as to make the ſeveral figures ſtand out from the canvas; to poſſeſs the power of animating thoſe figures with the moſt natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groupes of a pleaſing form: to preſerve that perfect proportion of ſize and diſtance which perſpective demands; are thoſe excellencies of Painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many ſucceſſive ages to obtain. To form a finiſhed ſtatue is neither ſo complex nor ſo difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chiſſel, to bring the rude block of marble to preſent the exact reſemblance of the moſt graceful human form, is no doubt a ſurpriſing and beautiful effort of induſtry and genius; and it would require a conſiderable time before ſuch an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviouſly much more eaſily attainable than any excellence in painting, ſo it would neceſſarily be much ſooner acquired. As more readily to be acquired, it would naturally be more generally practiſed, and this circumſtance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progreſs of the art.

The athletic exerciſes of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were diſtinguiſhed, furniſhed ready models for Sculpture. To Painting they afforded much leſs aſſiſtance. The mere muſcular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the Statuary, and from the ſucceſsful copy he acquires the very higheſt degree of renown. Painting draws its beſt ſubjects from other ſources; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion, from the eye of paſſion. Groupes in

Sculpture

Sculpture (if we except works in *relief*, which are much leſs diſtinct and ſtriking than pictures) are perhaps too near nature to be pleaſing. It is certainly true, as a moſt ingenious and excellent philoſopher has obſerved, that we are not pleaſed with imitation when ſhe preſſes too cloſe upon reality: A coloured ſtatue is offenſive; and the wax-work figures of Mrs. *Wright*, which ſhe dreſſes in the habits of the times, and places in various attitudes in different parts of the room, excite ſurpriſe indeed, but never produce delight. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to ſingle figures, ſeems little leſs inferior to Painting, than was the ode recited by one perſon at the feaſt of *Bacchus*, to the perfect drama of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

When Statuary reached its higheſt excellence in Greece, the art of Painting had made but a ſlender progreſs. The admiration of the works which their painters produced, ſeems to have proceeded more from a ſenſe of the great difficulty of the art, and from ſurpriſe at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praiſes we find beſtowed upon them. To the eye of taſte, the work of the Statuary was the more complete and finiſhed production; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated; and by the authors of antiquity the ſtatues of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings are ſpoken of, and dwelt upon, in ſuch terms as ſufficiently ſhow them to have been conſidered as the ſuperior and more admirable exertions of the taſte and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit theſe circumſtances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian Sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been ſurpaſſed, and why the art itſelf has ever ſince declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmoſt degree of perfection, this circumſtance of itſelf neceſſarily deſtroys that noble emulation which alone can ſtimulate to excellence. Conſcious of being unable to

ſurpaſs

ſurpaſs the great models which he ſees, the artiſt is diſcouraged from making attempts. The poſts of honour are already occupied; ſuperior praiſe and glory are not to be reached; and the ardour of the artiſt is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that, after all his efforts, he will not be able perhaps to equal, the productions of thoſe maſters who have already the advantage of an eſtabliſhed reputation.

It is for theſe reaſons, as has been juſtly obſerved, that when the arts and ſciences come to perfection in any ſtate, they from that moment naturally and neceſſarily decline; and if this be the caſe, then ſurely the more perfect degree of excellence any art has attained, the more certain muſt be its after decay. We may indeed carry the obſervation ſomewhat farther, and affirm, that if the art has arrived at the higheſt degree of perfection of which it is capable in any age, or in any ſituation, that art will not only naturally decline amongſt the people where it ſo flouriſhed, but that this circumſtance will prevent its ever being again brought to any conſiderable pitch of improvement amongſt any other people, while the firſt perfect models remain. The excellence of Homer, whatever might be its effects on his own countrymen, did not repreſs the genius of Virgil, or of Lucretius; nor did the reputation of theſe great poets of antiquity check the ardour of Taſſo, or of Milton. But the difference of language, the infinite choice of ſubjects, and the variety of powers which poetry can employ, prevent the eminence of a poet in one country from having much effect in damping the efforts of the poets in another. With regard to Sculpture, however, the caſe is widely different. No diverſity of ſubjects, no variety of powers to exert, no difference in the mode of expreſſing his conceptions, fall to the ſhare of a Statuary. A correct repreſentation of the exterior human form, marked perhaps with ſome of the ſtronger expreſſions of the countenance, the chuſing a graceful

ful or a ſtriking figure, the throwing it into a pleaſing or an intereſting attitude, and the finiſhing the whole production with the moſt nice and exquiſite workmanſhip, conſtitute the utmoſt limits of the Sculptor's art. When the higheſt excellence in theſe, therefore, has been attained, and while thoſe perfect models remain, they muſt ever after repreſs emulation in the art, and cruſh all the efforts of genius.

Together with this general cauſe, there is another which has very much contributed to the decline of the art of Sculpture in modern times, and that is, the great improvements, and the extraordinary pitch of excellence which Painting attained ſoon after the arrival of arts and letters in Europe. This had naturally the effect of directing the attention of all ingenious artiſts to cultivate the art of Painting, where glory and praiſe were ſure to be acquired, rather than to Statuary, where no laurels were to be won. The models of ancient Statuary held the place of nature to the ſtudy and imitation of the great artiſts of that time: But imitative ingenuity and ambition had no room in working on marble, after marbles already perfect. To tranſlate them (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) into Painting, was an object that gave emulation ſcope; and in fact it happened that the chiſſel of the Greeks was the great guide of the Roman pencil. Not only the novelty of the art of Painting, in conſequence of the improvements it had received, but alſo the greater field which it afforded for the exertions of genius, contributed to render it the great object of attention. The more perfect repreſentation it exhibited of the human form, by the aid of colouring, the variety of figures which it admitted of being introduced, and the opportunity it preſented of intereſting and engaging the paſſions of the beholder, were all circumſtances which naturally concurred to make it be held the more favoured and eſtimable diſplay of an artiſt's power.

D.

No 74.——Saturday, July 1, 1786.

It is a well known conſolation to diſtreſs, to be told of the like infelicity which others endure. Perhaps, therefore, my late correſpondent *Mr. Eaſy* may not be diſpleaſed to read the following letters, which will ſhew him, if the relations of my correſpondents are to be relied on, that matches of love, as well as of prudence, may have their diſadvantages; that a wife's affection, as well as her œconomy, may impriſon a man's perſon, may exclude him from his beſt ſociety, and abridge his moſt innocent amuſements.

To the Lounger.

Sir,

It was my misfortune to loſe my father in a few months after I came into the world. He was a gentleman of family in the county of ——, where he poſſeſſed a moderate fortune, and had married my mother not much above a year before his death. When ſhe was thus deprived of her huſband, ſhe had not finiſhed her twentieth year, and poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of beauty, heightened and improved by every graceful accompliſhment. Warmly attached to my father, ſhe found no relief from her ſorrows, as I have often heard her ſay, but in thoſe cares, and in that attention which it was neceſſary to pay to me in my infancy. As I grew up, I became the ſole object of my mother's ſolicitude, and ſhe transferred to me all the affection which ſhe had borne to my father. I was not ungrateful for all this kindneſs; and in my mother I found not only a parent

rent whom I reſpected, but a friend whom I loved; one to whom I was accuſtomed to unboſom my ſelf with perfect freedom and confidence. Except a few years, which on account of my education, we paſſed in town, we reſided chiefly at the family-ſeat in the country. As we ſaw but few company, much of our time was ſpent in reading, which indeed came to be our favourite amuſement. My mother's taſte in books coincided entirely with mine. Though we ſometimes read a little hiſtory, yet novels were our favourite amuſement; and though my mother poſſeſſed taſte enough to admire the elegance of a *Robertſon*, and the ſimplicity of a *Hume*, yet we read ſuch authors as a ſort of taſk, from which we returned with pleaſure to the delightful page of a *Richardſon*, or *Riccoboni*. In this charming ſolitude my days glided ſweetly along, and I never formed a wiſh to quit the ſociety of my beloved mother, or to change the condition of my life. Before I had finiſhed my eighteenth year, propoſals of marriage had been made to me by ſeveral gentlemen of rank and condition. As it had ever been the avowed principle of my mother, that in that important particular a woman ought to be left at perfect freedom, ſhe upon every ſuch occaſion declined to give any opinion, telling me, that as the happineſs of my life was to depend upon the choice I ſhould make, I had only to conſult the dictates and feelings of my heart. Thus left by the tenderneſs of my mother to the freedom of my own will, I found no difficulty in giving an anſwer to my ſuitors. Reſpectable as they might be, they could not bear a compariſon with thoſe characters which I had been accuſtomed to love and to admire in my favourite authors; and it had long been my fixed opinion, that without a certain hallowed ſympathy of ſoul, a ſacred union of hearts, there was a degree not of indelicacy only, but of criminality in forming the nuptial bond.

One day, as my mother and I were upon our way to pay a viſit at the houſe of a Lady in the neighbourhood,

bourhood, our road led us along the ſide of a river, whoſe high banks, covered with wood, formed a moſt romantic and delightful ſcene. While we were admiring the beauties of it, ſome accident ſcarred our horſes on the very brink of a ſteep precipice; and in all likelihood the conſequence would have proved fatal, had not a gentleman at that inſtant come to our aſſiſtance, and reſcued us at the hazard of his own life. Charmed with the ſpirit of our deliverer, I had now time to examine him with a little more attention. In the bloom of youth, he poſſeſſed one of the fineſt forms I ever beheld, with a countenance animated and intereſting in the higheſt degree. Perhaps the little adventure which introduced him to us, diſpoſed me to view him at that moment with a partial eye. Little accuſtomed as I was to conceal the emotions of my mind, he muſt have been blind indeed, if he did not perceive that I was pleaſed at finding he was going to the ſame houſe where my mother and I intended to pay a viſit. If the firſt appearance of the ſtranger pleaſed me, his addreſs, and manner, and converſation, charmed me ſtill more. In a word, Sir, I found in him all the graces of a *Lovelace*, all the virtues and accompliſhments of a *Grandiſon*, all the ſentiment and tenderneſs of a *Lord Oſſory*. Sir W. Denham (for that was his name) appeared to me the moſt amiable man I had ever ſeen. I need not trouble you with a recital of the progreſs of our acquaintance. Suffice it to ſay, that he made a complete conqueſt of my heart, and that I conſented to give him my hand.

Immediately after our marriage, we went to his family-ſeat in the country. There the tenderneſs and the attachment of my huſband ſeemed daily to increaſe. He lived but to gratify my wiſhes, and I fondly fancied myſelf the happieſt of woman-kind. Alas, Sir! what a cruel thing it is to have known felicity, and then to be plunged in wretchedneſs! I, Sir, am now as miſerable as once I was happy. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, I have loſt the affections

of

of my huſband. Of this I have hourly the moſt mortifying and the moſt unequivocal proofs. The firſt ſymptom I diſcovered of an alteration in his ſentiments, was the pleaſure I found he took in other ſociety, and in amuſements of which I could not partake. When his country neighbours come to viſit him, he will ſit a whole evening over his bottle with them, while I languiſh alone, neglected and forlorn. Nay, Sir, before we were many months married, he had the barbarity to leave me for a whole fortnight, which he ſpent in the Highlands, on a ſhooting party, as he called it. Not only does he prefer thoſe frivolous amuſements to me, but he even abandons my ſociety, on a pretence that the management of his affairs requires it. At this moment, he is at an eſtate he has in a diſtant country, where he ſays he will be detained by buſineſs for ſeveral weeks. What is buſineſs or affairs to me, who would with pleaſure have deſcended from a throne to make him happy!

I am perſuaded, Sir, you will enter into my diſtreſs, and feel the juſtice of my complaints. As my huſband is a conſtant reader of your paper, I hope that the picture of my ſituation may ſtrike him, and lead him to alter a line of conduct which I own I am unable longer to endure.

Yours, &c.

LOUISA DENHAM.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-two, I ſucceeded to a paternal eſtate of 2000*l.* Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I ſet out on my travels; and after making the Grand Tour, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-ſix, and found myſelf poſſeſſed of a fortune more than ſufficient for my wiſhes, with a ſound conſtitution, a diſpoſition to enjoy all the pleaſures of ſociety, and a heart ſuſceptible of friendſhip

friendſhip and attachment. Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Miſs Louiſa M——. Although accuſtomed to ſee and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being forcibly ſtruck with that of Miſs M——. Beauty, however, though it may dazzle for a moment, ſeldom makes a laſting impreſſion on one who had ſeen ſo much of the world as I had. But there was ſomething at once intereſting in the looks and engaging in the manners of Louiſa, that attracted me with an irreſiſtable charm. Even her artleſs ſimplicity, and her ignorance of the world, rather pleaſed from its novelty: accuſtomed to the *coteries* of Paris, and the ſociety of women whoſe converſation, ideas, and manners differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naivete* of Louiſa. In her obſervations there was a remarkable delicacy and juſtneſs of thought, often, it is true, accompanied with a degree of romantic wildneſs and enthuſiaſm, which, ſo far from diſpleaſing, ſerved rather to throw an additional charm around her.

I ſoon found that I was not indifferent to Miſs M——; and having paid my addreſſes to her, was honoured with her hand. For ſome time after our marriage, I was completely happy; and would have continued ſo, were it not for one ſingle weakneſs in my Louiſa, which has occaſioned much uneaſineſs to us both, and will, I fear, if not corrected, embitter all our future days. 'Tis of ſuch a ſort, Mr. Lounger, that I have no term by which to blame it; I can only deſcribe it by inſtances. When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occaſion. Although I ſometimes would rather have diſpenſed with their preſence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happineſs which I experienced in the converſation of my Louiſa; yet common civility required that I ſhould receive them with politeneſs. One day Sir George Hearty, an old

old friend of my father's, and ever warmly attached to the intereſt of our family, came to dine with me. As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averſe to any approach to exceſs in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glaſs extraordinary. When we roſe from table, I found my wife in her apartment diſſolved in tears. Aſtoniſhed and affected to the laſt degree, I enquired the cauſe with all the impatience of the moſt anxious ſolicitude. At length ſhe, with a look of melancholy that diſtreſſed me to the ſoul, ſaid, that ſhe found no happineſs in any ſociety but mine; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleaſure but in her's.

Not long after, I received a letter from the ſon of an Engliſh nobleman, with whom I had been educated at ſchool and at college, and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the ſtricteſt friendſhip, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when laſt in London, to ſhew him ſome parts of the Highlands of Scotland, and to paſs ſome time with him there in growſe-ſhooting. I immediately made the neceſſary preparations for this excurſion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to ſhow every mark of attention to the choſen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to haſten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain I obſerved that my Louiſa, ſo far from participating the joy I felt at the ſight of my friend, ſeemed to ſink in ſpirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occaſion.

I left her in a ſituation which diſtreſſed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I ſhould otherwiſe have found in the ſociety of my friend. I ſhortened our excurſion, although I ſaw it rather diſappointed him, in order to get home as ſoon as poſſible. Inſtead of being received by my Louiſa with that pleaſure which I experienced in ſeeing her after this ſhort abſence, I found her ſtill oppreſſed with that melancholy in which I had left

left her. It is needleſs, Sir, to detain you with a detail of further particulars. In a word, I find that my wife conſiders my partaking in any amuſement, joining in any ſociety, or engaging in the moſt neceſſary and eſſential buſineſs, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at firſt charmed me ſo much, and which her natural good ſenſe has not enabled her to reſtrain within due bounds, leads her to ſee every object through a medium very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. As ſhe is a reader of the *Lounger*, I beg you will favour us with a paper on the danger of encouraging this engaging ſort of deluſion, ſo apt to captivate a young and virtuous mind, but which I find, from fatal experience, leads to much miſery and diſtreſs.

Yours, &c.

W. DENHAM.

It might be ſuppoſed, that the *Lounger*, who has ſome how been led to confeſs himſelf a bachelor, would not be much diſſatisfied at receiving, in ſuch letters as the above and *Mr. Eaſy's*, a ſort of teſtimony of the inconveniencies of marriage. He muſt however declare, that they afford him no kind of ſatisfaction; nor indeed do the complaints of thoſe correſpondents induce him to think at all unfavourably of that ſtate in which they have found the embarraſſments they deſcribe. Want of judgment in our choice, or ridiculouſly ſanguine expectations from what we poſſeſs, will, in every article of life, produce diſappointment and chagrin; and the ſituation from which the greateſt felicity may be drawn, muſt neceſſarily be that from which moſt uneaſineſs may ſpring. But the relations of misfortune are generally

generally exaggerated. From *Mrs. Eaſy* I have received a letter, denying more than half of her huſband's aſſertions. My correſpondent *Alcander's* relation on the other ſide of the queſtion, meets with perfect credit from me. I myſelf know ſeveral couples as happy as his *Euphanor* and *Almeria*; it is probably owing to the truth of its recital, that his letter ſeems to me not ſo well calculated for the entertainment of my readers, as thoſe which perhaps borrow a little from fiction, to furniſh out their diſtreſſes. The epiſtles of to-day, in particular, I have taken the liberty to read to ſome of the moſt creditable of my married acquaintance, who are unanimous in declaring the diſtreſs of which they complain to be perfectly out of nature.

E. V.

N° 75.——SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1786.

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol diſporre del cuor delle donne a coſta della loro rovina.

GOLDONI.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, *Avignon, May* 1786.

YOU will perhaps be ſurpriſed at receiving a letter from this place; but if you poſſeſs that benevolence which from your writings one is led to aſcribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim ſome of your notice. My ſtory, I believe, will not be without its uſe; and if you know that ſort

ſort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in addreſſing a letter to my native country!——But I will not give way to feeling: I mean ſimply to relate; and ſituated as I am, baniſhed from the world, and loſt to myſelf, I can tell my ſtory—I think I can—— as that of a third perſon, in which though I may be intereſted, I will yet be impartial.

My father poſſeſſed a ſmall patrimonial eſtate in the county of ——, and married, in early life, a Lady whoſe birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the firſt, though it but ill ſuited the circumſtances of the latter. The conſequences were ſuch as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an extenſive ſtyle of life, which in a few years obliged him to ſell his eſtate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the diſtreſſes to which he might have been reduced; and after his death, my mother took up her reſidence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reverſion of my father's effects, aſſiſted by a ſmall penſion from government, which a diſtant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that ſober plan which neceſſity had now taught her to adopt.

Our ſituation, however, ſtill allowed her to mix ſomething of the genteel in my education; and the place in which we lived was inhabited by ſeveral families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expenſive life, and ſtill retained ſomewhat of that poliſh which former intercourſe with the faſhionable world had conferred. At the age of ſeventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accompliſhed; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wiſhed to know it, yet I poſſeſſed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumſtances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty I was, like other girls, ſomewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my

fortune and her's were to be made, and conſequently ſpared no poſſible pains to ſet it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and ſtations which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had intitled them. I think I heard thoſe inſtances with more indifference than my mother wiſhed I ſhould; and could not eaſily be brought to conſider all happineſs as centered in riches or in rank, to which her wiſhes and hopes were conſtantly pointed.

Theſe hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accompliſh. At the houſe of one of the genteeleſt of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the houſe introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and ſingular worth. Mr. M—— was paſt the meridian of life; he had the look and air of a man who had ſeen the world, and talked on moſt ſubjects with a degree of ſhrewd, and often ſarcaſtic obſervation, which met with much applauſe from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to pleaſe the younger. The enthuſiaſm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading ſometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as exiſting only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which ſenſe and experience neither looked to find in others, or ventured to indulge in ourſelves. In ſhort, my companions and I hated and feared him; and neither our averſion or our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good ſenſe and agreeable manners.

Theſe lectures were at laſt beſtowed with particular emphaſis on me, and, after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally propoſed to me by my mother as a huſband. He himſelf, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty aſſiduous in his attentions to me; and made many ſpeeches to my beauty, and proteſtations of his love, which

which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend whoſe gueſts we were, repreſented as the genuine expreſſions of the moſt ſincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed ſuch ideas as girls of my age generally do; and though I had no particular preference for any one elſe, I did not heſitate in refuſing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but diſguſt. My refuſal increaſed the ardour of my lover in his ſuit: to me he talked in common-place language of the anguiſh it cauſed him; to my mother he ſpoke in the language of the world, and increaſed his offers in point of ſettlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She perſuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happineſs of that ſtate which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myſelf and her of ſo comfortable an eſtabliſhment, was ſtrongly held forth; the good qualities and generoſity of Mr. M—— were expatiated on; thoſe ideas which I ventured to plead as reaſons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded.——At my time of life, unuſed to reſiſtance, fond of my mother, and accuſtomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, ſomewhat dazzled with the proſpect of the ſituation which this marriage would open to me; it is not ſurpriſing that my firſt reſolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M——.

For ſome time the happineſs they had promiſed ſeemed to attend me. My huſband was warm, if not tender in his attachments; my wiſhes for myſelf were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindneſs to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M——, I regarded, I eſteemed, I wiſhed to love him. On the birth of a ſon, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his aſſiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father careſſed him; and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

This happineſs, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. M—— was engaged, called him from thoſe domeſtic enjoyments which ſeemed for a while to have intereſted him, into more public life. We took up our reſidence in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the beſt company. Of his own ſociety I ſoon became to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began viſibly to decay, and by degrees he loſt altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and ſilent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to reſpect; whom it was ſcarce worth while to hate or to deſpiſe. I was conſidered as merely a part of his eſtabliſhment; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his ſide-board, or of his groom to take care of his horſes. Like them too, I was to miniſter to his vanity, by the ſplendor of my appearance; I was to ſhew that beauty of which he was maſter, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor, and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I ſometimes remonſtrated againſt this. His anſwers were firſt indifferent, and then peeviſh. Young, giddy, and fond of amuſement, I at laſt began to enjoy the part he aſſigned me, and entered warmly into that round of diſſipation, which for a while I had paſſed through without reliſh, and often with ſelf-reproach. My ſon, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a ſecond child. My ſociety was made up of the gay and the thoughtleſs; women, who, like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable ex rt on to make; b.t who, in the buſtle of idleneſs, were to loſe all

all thought, and in the forms of the world all honeſt attachment.

For a conſiderable time, however, a ſenſe of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, roſe up occaſionally to embitter my pleaſures, and to make me aſhamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it ſerved him but as a ſubject for ridicule. The reſtraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to repreſent as the effects of fanaticiſm and pedantry; and when I ſeemed ſurpriſed or ſhocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a ſneer at my former ſituation, and hinted, that but for him I had been ſtill the aukward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I ſhould be virtuous, as that word is uſed by the world; that I ſhould guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguiſhed. For a long time it was ſo. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidſt the levity, to call it no worſe, of manners which I ſaw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of faſhion, he ſeemed to wiſh me to participate. Still in the poſſeſſion of youth and beauty, I did not eſcape ſolicitations; but I repelled them with a degree of reſentment, which I often heard the very man whoſe honour is guarded treat as affectation in any woman who ſhould pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the Letters of Lord *Cheſterfield*, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, becauſe, even though it was rejected, ſhe would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had ſoon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as looſe in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almoſt as little pains to excuſe.

In ſuch circumſtances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof againſt the attacks

to which it was expoſed? With a huſband unequal in years, loſt to my affection, as I was caſt from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a huſband whoſe principles were corrupt, whoſe converſation was looſe, whoſe infidelity gave a ſort of juſtice to mine; ſurrounded at the ſame time by young men whoſe perſons were attractive, whoſe manners were engaging, whoſe obſequious attentions were contraſted with my huſband's neglect, and whoſe pretended adoration and reſpect were oppoſed to his rudeneſs and contempt: —Was it wonderful, that thus ſituated, expoſed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I ſhould forget firſt the reſtraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Reſigned as I now am to my ſituation, I can look on it as a kind interpoſition of Providence, that detection ſoon followed my firſt deviations from virtue, before I had loſt the feelings of ſhame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable diſtance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of baniſhment which the mercy of my huſband allotted me, I have met with ſome benevolent guides, who have led me to the only ſources of comfort for miſery and remorſe like mine; who have given me a ſtation in which, amidſt the obloquy of the world, amidſt the humiliation of repentance, I can ſtill in ſome degree reſpect myſelf; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juſter value of this life, to a ſincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I truſt improved, by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or reſentment; the injuries I have done my huſband I am willing to expiate (as alas! he knows I do) by penitence and by ſuffering; yet, for his own ſake, and for the warning of others, let me aſk him, If, for theſe injuries to him, and ſufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himſelf? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat,

peat, that I will not offer to apologiſe for my weakneſs or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more juſt, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whoſe perſon he bought, whoſe affection he deſpiſed, whoſe innocence he corrupted—whoſe ruin he has cauſed!

SOPHIA M——.

V.

No 76.——Saturday, July 15, 1786.

THIS day's Paper I devote to correſpondents. The firſt of the following letters I was particularly deſirous to inſert ſoon, as its ſubject is of that tranſient kind which might ſuffer from delay. In dreſs, as well as in character, there is often, in theſe times of change, "the *Cynthia* of the minute."

To the Author of the Lounger.

Sir, *Edinburgh, July* 6, 1786.

I Underſtand that gentlemen who formerly held the ſame ſort of office which you now exerciſe among us, were in uſe to appoint certain deputies, to whom they committed particular departments. As you, Sir, ſeem now to be ſo well eſtabliſhed in yours, that you may poſſibly think of following their example, I make bold to ſolicit an appointment, or, failing of that, your patronage at leaſt to an undertaking, of which this town ſeems to ſtand much in need, and for which, I flatter myſelf, I am tolerably well qualified.

One of your extenſive obſervation, Mr. Lounger, muſt have remarked, how defective we are in point of general or early information in dreſs, and how long it is before we accommodate ourſelves univerſally to that perfect ſtandard which the metropolis of England affords. We are often miſerably in the rear of the faſhion; and, except one or two favoured ladies, who have been accidentally in London, the bulk of our fine women don't get into the mode till it is quite upon the wane among our ſouthern neighbours. The *Oſtrich* head did not make its appearance here till half a ſeaſon after it had been worn in London. The other end of the oſtrich was ſtill later of reaching us. That was indeed partly owing to an accident; the firſt ſet (as it is a bulky article) was coming down by ſea in a ſhip that was wrecked, and a friend of mine, who had the merit of the firſt commiſſion, loſt conſiderably in bottomry on the veſſel. At this very moment, I ſee paſs my door a great many Brimſtone ribbons, though it is two months ſince my letters from London informed me they were quite out there. As long ago as the *Commemoration*, there were none but *Celeſtials* preſent, not a ſingle *Brimſtone* in the Abbey.

This inconvenience, Sir, might eaſily be remedied by a ſpeedier communication of intelligence between the capitals of England and of Scotland, more eſpecially if a public appointment were made of ſome perſon from whom ſuch intelligence could here be obtained, and who ſhould be anſwerable for its authenticity. 'Tis for this office, Mr. Lounger, I venture to propoſe myſelf. I have been at a good deal of pains, Sir, to eſtabliſh ſuch a correſpondence at London, and even at Paris, as I truſt will enable me to ſupply myſelf, not only with intelligence, but with *models* of every article of Dreſs, as ſoon as it grows into confirmed faſhion; and I will take care to exhibit at certain ſtated ſeaſons a ſet of *Paupées*, which I flatter myſelf will convey from my ſhop window a perfect idea of the reigning dreſs and undreſs

dreſs of the faſhionable world. At preſent the little figures which are ſtationed there are looked on merely as toys for children; but I hereby give notice, that, with your leave, Mr. Lounger, I ſhall on the firſt day of the enſuing race week, convert them to a more dignified as well as a more uſeful purpoſe; that they will then repreſent, on one ſide of my window, a ſet of faſhionably dreſſed gentlemen, and on the other a party of faſhionably dreſſed ladies.

There never, I imagine, Sir, was a period when ſuch a ſtandard was of ſo much importance in this country. The proportion of the value of dreſs to that of the wearer, particularly in the Fair Sex, is wonderfully increaſed of late years in Edinburgh. Of the firſt I think I am a tolerably good judge, and can eſtimate, I believe, within a few ſhillings, (ſuppoſing the underworks to be of the ordinary materials), the value of any lady's apparel. Of the value of the lady herſelf I do not pretend to be a judge: in ſome inſtances within my little experience, I have obſerved the eſtimate to differ conſiderably at two different periods, as it happened to be made by the lover or the huſband; at the firſt, they bore a premium, as we ſay in buſineſs; at the latter, there was rather a diſcount. But taking things at an average, I am told, our mothers and grandmothers were as precious in themſelves as our wives and daughters. But as for their covering, there is, in all ranks, a great increaſe of coſt, even in my time: for though the old *Points* and *Brocades* came high at firſt, they went through generations, like an entailed eſtate: our dreſs has as much the advantage in variety as in elegance; it does not outlaſt a lady's fancy. 'Twas but t'other morning I ſold ſome of my *Bloom of Roſes* to the wife of a grocer of my acquaintance, who looked at ſome of my toys from beneath a bonnet that muſt have ſtood her in a couple of guineas at the leaſt; yet were ſhe to be ſet up to auction—but I wiſh to avoid all perſonal reflections, Mr. Lounger.

You, Sir, who underſtand ſuch ſubjects, might perhaps wiſh to correct the diſproportion between apparel and ſtation, between the gaudineſs of dreſs, and the age and character of the wearer: I only pretend to regulate it according to the mode, or perhaps a little according to the complexion. In both I ſee the greateſt miſtakes at preſent. There is a lamentable neglect among us of all propriety in that matter. We are ill informed even of the names of the articles we wear. People cometo years of diſcretion ſcarce know the difference between a plain Hat and a *Lunardi;* and I have heard a lady, who I was told had a very good education, miſtake a *Parachute* for a *Fitzherbert*.

Beſides the knowledge of dreſs in the abſtract, Mr. Lounger, there is another branch of inſtruction, which lies, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, in the middle between your province and mine, that is, the art of making the moſt of one's ſelf in one's dreſs, after one has got it on. I believe, Sir, I can find an aſſiſtant who will undertake this department; who can teach the ladies the ſmart toſs ſuitable to the new-faſhioned turned-up hat, the languiſh of eye that is to be practiſed under the curtain of the *Lunardi*, and the hoydeniſh roll that becomes the *Laitiere;* and in the ſame way, who will ſhew the gentlemen the lolling air that ſuits the open waiſtcoat and ſlender ſwitch, and the fierce one that accords with the knotted neckcloth, and ſhort thick bludgeon. In the mean time, however, I ſhall content myſelf with exhibiting my figures in a quiet ſtate: if I meet with ſuitable encouragement, I may, with my friend's aſſiſtance, turn them into *Automata*, and teach them to go through their exerciſe after the moſt approved method.

I have the honour to be, with great reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

W. JENKIN.

I own

I own I was a little ſurpriſed at the ſtyle of Mr. Jenkin's letter, till, turning over the leaf, I found a poſtſcript, in which (after urging a plea of favour on account of the late impoſition of the perfumery-tax, which was to take place the very day his letter is dated) he candidly acknowledges, that the ſubſtance only of that letter is his own, but that his propoſal was put into ſhape by a neighbour and cuſtomer of his. I am perfectly ſatisfied of the uſefulneſs of his plan; and, as far as I may aſſume any juriſdiction in the matter, am extremely willing to inveſt him with the appointment in queſtion, provided the gentleman who wrote his letter continues to act as his ſecretary.

As to his propoſals of teaching young Ladies and Gentlemen the *exerciſe* of dreſs, I ſhall take time to conſider of it. At preſent I am rather inclined to believe it unneceſſary. I think he does my countrymen and countrywomen injuſtice in ſuppoſing them to require inſtruction in that particular. On ſome late field-days, or rather field-evenings, at which I happened to be preſent, I have ſeen ſome of them go through their evolutions in a very maſterly and miſtreſsly manner.

The ſecond letter was left at my Editor's, as the ſhop-boy informed Mr. Creech, by a ſhort round-faced gentleman, who ſeemed, when he gave it in, to be very much out of humour.

To

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Can't help complaining to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have ſeen taken notice of, at leaſt not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatiſe on Converſation.

Here in the coffee-houſe I frequent (and you, for aught I know, may have often witneſſed the thing in your proper perſon) is one Mr. *Glib*, who is the greateſt *queſtioner* I ever met with in the whole courſe of my life. This, however, though plague enough of itſelf, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, Sir, not content with the queſtion, always takes the anſwer upon him likewiſe; ſo that it is impoſſible to get in a word. I ſhall illuſtrate my meaning by giving you, *verbatim*, his converſation this morning. He came in wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath; but he was ſcarcely ſeated when he began as uſual: "Mercy on us! how hot it is! Boy, fetch me a "glaſs of Port and water. Dr. *Phlogiſton*, did you "obſerve what the thermometer ſtood at this morn-"ing? Mine was at 76 in the ſhade.—Well, this "has cleared my throat of the duſt a little.—What "a duſt there is in the New Town! Gentlemen, "were any of you in Prince's-Street ſince breakfaſt? "I went to call on a friend who lives at the farther "ſide of the Square, and I had like to have been "ſmothered.—Sir John, how were you entertained "at the play laſt night? *Mrs. Pope's* playing was "admirable. Were not you amazed at the thinneſs "of the houſe? But faſhion, not taſte, rules every "thing. Give the woman but a croud within, and "a ſqueeze at the door, and they don't care a pin "for the excellence of the entertainment.—Captain

"*Paragraph*,

"*Paragraph*, how long is it ſince the poſt came in? "I got my paper about an hour ago.—When is it "thought Parliament will riſe? I have a letter that "ſays the 12th.—Mr. *Mc Blubber*, you are a High-"lander, what is your opinion of thoſe encourage-"ments to the fiſhery? I have no great notion of "building towns; find the birds, ſay I, and they "will find neſts for themſelves.—Mr. *Rupee*, (you "have been in India), what do you ſay to this im-"peachment? I am inclined to think it will come "to nothing.—Pray, what is the exact definition of "a *buſſe?* I underſtand it to be a package for dia-"monds, as a *rouleau* is for guineas.—Ha! is not "that Mr. Hazard walking yonder, who came yeſ-"terday from London? Yes it is, I know him by "his gait.—Sir, is my cane any where near you? "Oh! yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, "how much did I owe the houſe ſince yeſterday? "Eighteen-pence. Here it is."

Now, Mr. Lounger, you muſt be ſatisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, againſt people who wiſh to have ſome ſhare in the converſation. The moſt unconſcionable queriſts, if they keep within their own department, are content-ed with half the talk of the company: Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modeſtly helps himſelf to both pieces. When he has ſet the fancy agog, and one's tongue is juſt ready to give it vent, pop, he comes between one and the game he has ſtarted, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, Sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreaſonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one ſhould play at *ſhuttlecock* alone, or take a game at *piquet*, one's right hand againſt one's left, or ſit down with three *dead men* at *whiſt*.—I ſhould never have done, were I to ſay all I think of its abſurdity.

I am a married man, Mr. Lounger, and have a wife and three grown up daughters at home. I am a pretty conſtant frequenter of the coffee-houſe, where I go to have the pleaſure of a little converſation; but

but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning as he does at preſent, never to have done aſking queſtions, and never to allow any body but himſelf to anſwer them, I may juſt as well ſtay at home.

Yours, &c.

GABRIEL GOSSIP.

Before I ſtir further in this matter, Mr. Goſſip will be kind enough to inform me, whether it would ſatisfy him, if Mr. Glib were allowed to aſk queſtions, and he, Mr. Goſſip, to anſwer them, for all the reſt of the coffee-houſe.

Z.

N° 77.——SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1786.

Species Virtutibus ſimiles. TAC.

BESIDES the great incitements to depravity or ill conduct which paſſion and intereſt hold forth, there are other temptations to vice, other apologies for the want of virtue, which, as they leſs ſhock the ingenuous feelings of our nature, are perhaps fully as dangerous as motives which apparently are of a much more powerful kind. We are often led aſtray by habits, which in ſingle actions ſeemed unimportant or venial; we are ſeduced by opinions, to which a ſort of plauſible fallacy gives the ſhew of reaſon. Sometimes we hide our errors and our weakneſs under the veil of virtue, and aſcribe to ourſelves the merit of good qualities from circumſtances, which, if juſtly conſidered,

conſidered, ſhould cover us with blame. At other times we are contented to wear the livery, though we are not in the ſervice of Virtue, and pride ourſelves on ſpeaking her language, though we do not conform our actions to her precepts.

I happened lately to ſpend a day in company with a gentleman whoſe appearance prepoſſeſſed me much in his favour, and whoſe converſation and deportment did not leſs conciliate my good opinion. There was a certain delicacy in his remarks, which beſpoke an uncommon elegance of mind; a warmth in his ſentiments, which ſeemed to flow from a high principle of diſintereſtedneſs and generoſity. After he was gone, I could not help expreſſing myſelf very warmly in his commendation, which the friend at whoſe houſe we were did not join in ſo cordial a manner as I expected. When I preſſed him a little on that ſcore, he told me that *Woodfort* (ſo the gentleman was called) had long been a ſubject of his ſpeculation on human character and conduct. "Woodfort, "(ſaid he), in manner and converſation, is always "the elegant and intereſting man you ſaw him. Nay, "he poſſeſſes, I believe, in reality, thoſe feelings "which he knows ſo well how to expreſs. I have "frequently found him weeping at the peruſal of a "tender novel, and have ſeen him ſtruggling to keep "down the emotions of his heart at the repreſentation of a tragedy. You ſaw how his eye kindled "at the recital of a benevolent or a generous deed, "and at that moment I am perſuaded that Woodfort "was benevolent, was generous. Yet, in real life, "(for I have had the beſt opportunities of knowing "it), Woodfort's feeling and generoſity unaccountably forſake him. Scarcely ever has he been known "to relieve the diſtreſſes he is ſo willing to pity, or "to exerciſe the generoſity he is ſo ready to applaud. The tenants on his eſtate are ſqueezed for "rents higher than their farms can afford; his debtors are haraſſed for payments, in circumſtances "which might often plead for mitigation or delay.—

"Nay,

"Nay, I know ſome of his pretty near relations, for "relief of whoſe neceſſities I have applied with ſuc- "ceſs to others, after having in vain ſolicited Wood- "fort's aſſiſtance to relieve them."

I confeſs I did not thank my friend for thus undeceiving me, and felt ſomething painful in being obliged to retract an opinion which it had afforded me ſo much pleaſure to form. But afterwards, when I had time to recover from this little ſhock to my feelings which my friend's information had given, I began, like him, to ſpeculate on this ſeeming contrariety of character; and though that of Woodfort may perhaps appear ſingular, I am afraid that, in a certain degree, there are not wanting many inſtances of a ſimilar kind; and that, if we look around us with obſervation, we ſhall frequently diſcover men who appear to feel, nay, who really feel, much tenderneſs at the tale of woe, and much applauſe at the recitals of generoſity, who yet, in real conduct and in active life, ſeldom diſcover either much generoſity or much ſenſibility.

To account in ſome meaſure for this appearance, it may be obſerved, that when a repreſentation is given of fictitious diſtreſs, it is done in ſuch a manner, and with ſuch circumſtances accompanying it, as have the moſt powerful tendency to affect the heart. In a tragedy, where the object is to move, or in a novel, where the author means to produce the ſenſation of pity, every circumſtance which can produce that effect is collected, and every thing which can diminiſh it is carefully removed. Thus a repreſentation is given of characters and ſituations, which, though not unnatural, ſeldom exiſt; the detached parts may frequently be ſeen; but all the incidents united together, attended with thoſe circumſtances in which they are held out, and accompanied with none of a different or diſcordant ſort, are ſeldom beheld in real life. The mind, therefore, may be affected with a fictitious ſtory, or a tale of woe, when it will not be affected with a real event occurring in common life; becauſe

becauſe that real event cannot be perceived in all thoſe ſtrong colours, and mingled with all thoſe attracting circumſtances, with which a romantic ſtory may be wrought up. Some circumſtances may occur which will diminiſh our intereſt in the perſons who really ſuffer, while there may be others wanting which would increaſe our ſympathy with their ſituation. Thus Woodfort may be exceedingly moved by a well-written novel, founded on the oppreſſion of the rich and powerful over the poor and humble; yet, in the caſe of his own tenants, he may not be affected with their hardſhips. He may perſuade himſelf it was their own indolence which produced their diſtreſs; he may quote inſtances of landlords who had bettered the condition of their tenants by raiſing their rents; and ſet up ideas of public improvement againſt the feelings of private compaſſion.

It may be obſerved further, that when a fictitious ſtory of diſtreſs is told, or when a melancholy event happens, which has no connection with ourſelves, there is no interfering intereſt or inclination of our own to diminiſh our pity or our ſenſibility. The mind is led to give the ſenſations that are excited their full ſway, and to indulge in them to their utmoſt extent. Obſervers upon human nature have frequently remarked, that the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs gives a melancholy pleaſure to the mind. Perſons of ſenſibility are well acquainted with this pleaſure; and when a ſtory of diſtreſs is ſet before them, they feel much enjoyment from indulging in it. The mind in this ſituation dwells and feeds upon its object, and every tender emotion is called forth. But when a real event happens in life, with which we ourſelves may be in ſome reſpect connected, inſtead of dwelling upon it, or nouriſhing the feeling of diſtreſs which it produces, we may endeavour to avoid it, and to ſhut it out from our thoughts, becauſe its indulgence may interfere with ſome other favourite feeling or inclination. Woodfort, though affected with the repreſentation of diſtreſs, produced by

by poverty or want in thoſe with whom he had no connection, was not affected with that of his own relations, probably becauſe it hurt his mind to think that he had relations who were poor; and he therefore thruſt the ſubject from his thoughts, as people ſhun thoſe ſcenes in which they once delighted, if they recall misfortune, or record diſgrace.

It muſt alſo be remarked, that the indulgence in that ſenſibility which ariſes from the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs, is apt to produce and to flatter a conſcious vanity in the mind of the perſon who gives way to ſuch indulgence. This vanity turns and reſts upon itſelf, and without leading to action, it foſters a ſelfiſh and contracted approbation of our own feelings, which is catched hold of, and ſerves as a kind of ſubſtitute in place of the conſciouſneſs of real goodneſs.

It ought likewiſe to be attended to, that the ſenſations which ariſe from the indulgence in repreſentations, or tales of diſtreſs with which we ourſelves are unconnected, require no ſort of exertion; the mind repoſes quietly upon the contemplation of the object, without being called forth to action; but when the diſtreſs of others occurs in real life, if we are to relieve it, ſome exertion is neceſſary, and ſome action of our own muſt be performed. Now, a man may take pleaſure in the paſſive feelings of ſenſibility, (if that expreſſion may be uſed), when he will avoid every thing which requires active exertion. Hence the mind may be open to the feelings of compaſſion and tenderneſs, may take delight in indulging them, and by that means acquire great acuteneſs of ſenſibility, when it may harden and ſhut itſelf againſt every object, where the giving way to the feelings which ſuch object produces requires real activity and exertion.

To this it may be proper to add, that the very indulgence in the paſſive feelings of ſenſibility has a tendency to produce indolence, langour, and feebleneſs, and to unfit the mind for any thing which requires

requires active and firm exertion. While the mind contemplates diſtreſs, it is acted upon, and never acts; and by indulging in this contemplation, it becomes more and more unfit for action: the paſſive feeling of compaſſion may increaſe, but the power requiſite to relieve will diminiſh. On the other hand, a man who has not the ſame degree of ſenſibility, or the ſame diſpoſition to indulge in the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs, may, by the poſſeſſion of a firmer mind, and greater habits of activity, perform many more benevolent and generous actions. The more the paſſive habit of compaſſion is indulged without the active*, the weaker will the diſpoſition to activity become: but on the other hand, though by the exertion of the active habit the paſſive may be diminiſhed; yet by a frequent repetition of benevolent acts, the mind will become more and more diſpoſed to repeat them, and will find the performance more and more eaſy. He whoſe nervous ſenſibility could not bear the ſight of a wound, would, in ſuch a caſe, be incapable, were he otherwiſe qualified, to aſſiſt in its cure; while a perſon of leſs delicate feelings, and who is leſs affected with the ſore, will be both more able and more willing to lend his aid in giving relief.

If the above obſervations be well founded, may we not conclude, that there is often much danger, in the education of children, of ſoftening their minds too much, of rendering them too ſuſceptible to general repreſentations of diſtreſs, and of affecting them too frequently and too deeply by fictitious tales of woe. The mind thus affected, may be inſenſible to the proper impreſſion, when the influence of romantic deception is removed, and when real objects of diſtreſs, unattended with the colours in which Noveliſts and Poets exhibit them, are placed before it. Accuſtomed to be affected with objects only that are removed from ourſelves, and where there can be no

* See Butler's Analogy.

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competition with our own intereſts, we may be unmoved when our own intereſts or other inclinations interfere. In uſe to indulge ſolely in *feeling*, we may ſhrink from the labour of active benevolence, and find in the experience of real life, that the very habit of indulging in the contemplation of diſtreſs, though it may add to our natural ſenſibility, yet, by fatiguing and exhauſting the mind, will give it a feebleneſs, a languor, and an imbecillity, which is inconſiſtent with every vigorous and every proper exertion. While therefore a certain degree of ſenſibility ought to be cultivated, we ought at the ſame time to be upon our guard not to puſh it too far; and habits of action ought carefully to be intermixed with our habits of contemplation. We ought ever to have impreſſed on our minds the ſentiments of one of the moſt illuſtrious men that ever lived; of a man who united the moſt ſublime views of contemplation, with the moſt ſplendid exertions of activity, in the greateſt theatre that hiſtory has exhibited to our view; of *Marcus Aur Antoninus*, that "neither "virtue nor vice conſiſt in paſſive ſentiment, but in "action;" "ὐδὲ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ κακία ἐν πάσει, ἀλλὰ ἐνεργείᾳ."

No. 78.—Saturday, July 29, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

ONE of your earlieſt correſpondents gave us an account of a worthy Baronet, a relation of his, who ſpent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this

this may not be uſeful, it ſeems to me a very harmleſs way of paſſing one's days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My huſband, *Mr. Buſtle*, always does things firſt, and then thinks of them afterwards.

One of the moſt important concerns of his life, I muſt own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days acquaintance at the houſe of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a viſit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Buſtle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happineſs of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happineſs or beſtowing much attention on us. He is of ſo active a ſpirit, ſo buſy, ſo conſtantly employed, that pleaſures of a domeſtic or a quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

His father was a careful œconomical man, and left him in a very comfortable ſituation, with a large eſtate, a ſet of thriving tenants, a good houſe, a well-laid out farm, and a well-ſtocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the ſaying is, but to draw in our chairs and ſit down. But ſitting, however much at his eaſe, was not my huſband's way. He ſoon made a great deal of buſineſs, though he had found none. It was diſcovered, that the principal apartments of our houſe were too low; ſo it was unroofed, to have ſome feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered platform put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant's houſes, in which too, all the time we were in it, ſomething or other was a-doing; ſo that the carpenter's hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had ſcarce got back to our own houſe again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform: ſo he had the pleaſure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different conſtruction; for the

the view of the river was ſtill to be preſerved. But next year my huſband diſcovered that a plantation was neceſſary on a particular knoll; ſo the view of the river we had paid ſo much for, was ſhut out by a clump. The garden was the next ſubject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down, to have it rebuilt on a new plan; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dreſſed, but unfortunately we have loſt all our fruit. The ſame thing happened by our acquiſition of a new pigeon houſe, which, notwithſtanding the well-known ſuperſtition of its boding the death of the wife, my huſband ventured to build. Luckily I ſurvive the omen; but we have ſcarcely had a pigeon-pie ſince. In point of ornamental alterations, the ſame variety has taken place: We had firſt a ſmooth green lawn, though at the expence of cutting down ſome of the fineſt timber in the country; we then got a ſerpentine ſhrubbery, which within theſe two years has been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

While he was beautifying his houſe and grounds, Mr. Buſtle was not inattentive to the improvement of his eſtate. After getting a new ſurvey made of it by a very fine gentlemen who came from your town in a poſt-chaiſe and four, he ſat down one morning with a plan before him, a ſcale and a pair of compaſſes in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raiſed the rents of it 200 per cent. as Mr. Quadrant was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf. Preſently all our former tenants were turned out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Buſtle, for what reaſon I know not, had marked in his rent-roll with a X, and a new ſet put into poſſeſſion, who, as Mr. Quadrant ſaid, knew the *capabilities* of ground. Then there was ſuch a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in ſhort, was turned topſy-turvy: but what won't people do to get rich?

rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not anſwered with all the exactneſs we expected.—The eſtate indeed, as our old ſteward told me, was conſiderably increaſed in its rent; "but a-well-a-day! "my Lady," ſaid he, "it nets nothing." So Mr. Buſtle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for ſeveral years. He has got ſome of the old tenants back again; but a conſiderable part of his eſtate he has reſerved in his own hands, of which he ſays he will treble the produce, by turning it into a ſheep-walk. During this period, likewiſe, he has made ſeveral attempts to diſcover coal; and about three years ago, narrowly miſſed being worth 10,000*l.* a year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine.—Theſe are Mr. Buſtle's ſerious occupations: his amuſements are no leſs various, and he is equally ardent in his purſuit of them. He is a hunter, a ſhooter, and an angler; breaks his own horſes, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the moſt expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

To do him juſtice, however, he is by no means ſelfiſh, either in his buſineſs or his pleaſures. If any of his neighbours has an eſtate to be ſold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a houſe to be built, a horſe to be broke, or a pointer to be made, Mr. Buſtle will ride half a dozen miles at any time to give them his aſſiſtance and advice.

Unfortunately his own family are almoſt the only perſons of whom he does not buſy himſelf in the management and ſuperintendance. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give ſome little education at home; for my huſband was always ſo occupied, either with his own affairs, or the affairs of other people, that though I often preſſed him to ſend them to ſome place where they could acquire the accompliſhments ſuitable to their ſex and rank in life, he always delayed the meaſure till ſomehow or other the opportunity was loſt. As for our three boys, they have coſt me many an uneaſy moment. They were ſent to an academy in Yorkſhire, to graſs, as my huſband

huſband phraſed it, at firſt, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at graſs they continued till within theſe few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance of health and ſtrength to be ſure, but without a word of language that could be underſtood, in their mouths, or a ſingle idea worth the having, in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, ſome knowledge, of which their father has made conſiderable uſe ſince their return, and with which he appears ſo well pleaſed as to have little thoughts of ſending them any where elſe. I have heard him declare with much exultation, that he would back them at riding a horſe, trowling for a pike, or trimming a cock, againſt any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

He finds the more occaſion for their aſſiſtance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himſelf chiefly to the buſineſs of the public, having taken a very ſtrong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman, who had been long in the commiſſion of the peace, has thrown the buſineſs of that department chiefly on Mr. Buſtle, who now does little elſe but ſtudy law-caſes, convene meetings about highways, turnpikes, bridges, and game-licences, and ride all over the county, diſpenſing juſtice, redreſſing wrongs, removing nuiſances, and puniſhing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerneſs of his nature has ſometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had ſtored up on the theory of it. Beſides receiving ſeveral incendiary letters, which he did not value a ruſh, and even I ſhould have had the courage to deſpiſe, there are two or three actions of aſſault and falſe impriſonment raiſed againſt him, for acts done in the courſe of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like ſome others formed with the beſt intention in the world, exactly the reverſe of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever ſince he began putting

them in execution. There have been ſuch bickerings amongſt the Gentlemen about widening of roads, removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and puniſhing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are ſcarce in ſpeaking terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic meaſure of Mr. Buſtle, have, I underſtand, privately ſtirred up and ſupported thoſe law-ſuits in which his public ſpirit has involved him. Theſe I cannot help being uneaſy about, as of very ſerious conſequence to his fortune and family; but he himſelf ſeems not to regret them in the leaſt. He aſſures me he ſhall carry them all with coſts, and talks rather with ſatisfaction of going to town to aſſiſt in their management. If you ſhould happen to meet with him, Mr. Lounger, I ſhould be happy, for my part, if you could teach him ſomewhat of your love of eaſe and indolence. I have many reaſons for wiſhing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a ſaying of his father's, which I have heard the ſame old ſteward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Buſtle would never pay any regard to it: "When things "are as well as they are, he's a fool who tries how "they may be."

I am, &c.

BARBARA BUSTLE.

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No 79.——Saturday, Aug. 5, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

My father was a country-clergyman, a man of worth and probity, and who had the reputation both of learning and abilities. Being his eldeſt child, and, as he, perhaps partially, thought, of no unpromiſing capacity, it was his pleaſure to inſtruct me in various branches of knowledge, to which he judged my underſtanding was equal, and to cultivate my taſte by an early acquaintance with the beſt authors in our own language. Prepoſterous acquiſitions, Mr. Lounger, for perſons in my ſtation of life!——He died about three years ago, leaving my mother and four children, with no other fund for their maintenance than that ſlender penſion which in this country is provided for the widows and children of the clergy. There were indeed about 150 ſermons of my father's compoſition, together with many other manuſcripts relating to church-hiſtory and antiquities; from all which my mother for ſome time had formed to herſelf many golden expectations: but on offering them for ſale to a bookſeller, he refuſed to give more than Five Pounds for the whole parcel, and ſhe rather choſe to retain them in her own hands.

To relieve her of part of the burden of her family, a gentleman, who was a diſtant relation of my father's, was kind enough to take charge of the education of one of my brothers; and as I was now ſeventeen, and, beſides the leſs uſeful acquiſitions I have mentioned, was moderately ſkilled in moſt of the ordinary accompliſhments of my ſex, it coſt ſome deliberation,

beration, whether I ſhould look out for the place of a lady's waiting-maid, or aſpire to the more honourable occupation of a mantua-maker. While my plan was yet undetermined, the ſame gentleman who had taken my brother under his protection, wrote to my mother, informing her, that an elderly lady of rank, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, was in ſearch of a young perſon, to reſide with her rather as a companion than as a ſervant; and that he had no doubt, if that eſtabliſhment was agreeable to me, it would be in his power to procure it for me. He repreſented *my Lady Bidmore* (the lady in queſtion) as a mighty good ſort of woman; and though he owned ſhe had ſome particular whims, he doubted not that I could eaſily accommodate myſelf to them, as they did not proceed from any fault of temper, but a ſingularity of taſte, which a lady of great fortune might eaſily be excuſed for indulging herſelf in. In ſhort, Sir, my mother and I judged this opportunity not to be neglected; and within a few days, our good friend acquainting us that he had arranged every thing for my reception, I ſet off for town in the ſtage-coach, to wait on my Lady Bidmore in the capacity of her gentlewoman or humble friend.

It is proper, Sir, to inform you, that this lady owed her birth to a decayed tradeſman of this metropolis, and her education to a charity-ſchool. At the age of eighteen, ſhe had gone to reſide with a relation in London, where it was her good fortune to engage the affections of an eminent pawn-broker. With him ſhe lived thirty years; and being left a widow, with a fortune, as was ſaid, of 20,000*l.* ſhe ſoon after received the addreſſes of Sir Humphry Bidmore, Knight, alderman and grocer, then in the 70th year of his age. After a year and a half, Sir Humphry dying without children, her Ladyſhip loſt a very affectionate huſband, but gained an addition of 15,000*l.* to her fortune. On her marriage with the Knight, ſhe had ſold the good-will of her ſhop and warehouſe; a tranſaction that, now ſhe

was a ſecond time a widow, ſhe never ceaſed to repine at; and ſhe has often been heard to regret, that ſince her dear Sir Humphry was to die, it was a thouſand pities he did not do it a twelvemonth ſooner. As it was, however, to no purpoſe to reflect on what could not be amended, and as her title of *Ladyſhip* was indeed an obſtacle to her reſuming a profeſſion for which both genius and inclination had eminently qualified her, ſhe made up her mind to her change of ſituation, and determined to paſs the remainder of her days with eaſe and dignity in her native country.

To this Lady's houſe I repaired immediately on my arrival in town. If it is not always right to ſuffer ourſelves to be influenced by impreſſions, it muſt be allowed that we often find the features of a character pretty ſtrongly delineated on its outſide. I was no ſooner announced, than her Ladyſhip, who happened to be ſtanding, ſeated herſelf with great gravity in her arm-chair; and beckoning me to approach, began to ſurvey me with one of thoſe ſearching looks which I ſuppoſe the famous *Juſtice Fielding* (bating that he was blind) would have employed to ſcan the countenance of a young thief. My face happening luckily to give no offence, her next attention was beſtowed on my dreſs: every article of which ſhe not only examined with her eyes, but her fingers, feeling the ſtuff of my gown, and holding my apron between her and the light, to obſerve the quality of the gauze and the texture of the lace. "Is this ſuit your own, child; or have you borrowed it for the occaſion?"—"My own, Ma'am."—"So much the worſe. Why this is a lace at twelve "ſhillings the yard: Was there ever ſuch extravagance! But perhaps you had it cheap at an old-"cloathes ſhop. Tell the truth, child; for I abominate liars." I began now to ſee a little into her character, and reſolved to take no offence. In fact ſhe had gueſſed the real hiſtory of the apron, which I had bought that morning in my way to her Ladyſhip's houſe; and I owned it was ſo, and that I had

I had it at a third of the value. "Why, that's right "again, child. I like you the better for that:— "'Tis a good thing to be ſharp at a bargain. Such "pennyworths as I have had in my day!—And "now that I can't buſtle ſo well as I once could, a "body like you may be uſeful.—Was you ever at a "ſale—a *rouping* you call it in this country?" "No, "Madam; I came to town only laſt night."—"Why "then you ſhall go with me to a ſale to-morrow. "Let me ſee;—(taking out a little memorandum-"book). Tueſday, *Lady Fanſtick's:* Tea and table "china.—Wedneſday, *Mrs. Griſkin's:* Kitchen-"furniture.—Thurſday, *Mr. Gimcrack's:* An-"tiques, books, and pictures: I don't underſtand "them things.—Friday, *Mrs. Thrifty's:* Bed and "table linen, feather-beds and blankets, damaſk in "the web, eider-down quilts, chintz curtains and "chairſlips: Ay, there will be ſome rare bargains: "every thing of the beſt ſort I warrant it. Poor "Thrifty! ſhe went to the devil through pure œco-"nomy.—Saturday, The elegant furniture of a "gentleman juſt going abroad: A mere bite of "*Vamp* the Auctioneer's—his own old trumpery." —Thus ſhe went on; and I found her Ladyſhip had made a regular entry in her books, for ten ſucceſſive days, of every ſale there was to be in town. "Why ſure, Madam," ſaid I, "your Ladyſhip does not mean "to attend all the ſales you mentioned?"—"Yes, I "do mean it, and as many more every week, if I can "find them.—How elſe do you think I could paſs "my time? Tell me now what was your favourite "occupation.—How did you ſpend your time in "the country?"—"Time, Madam, never lay heavy "on my hands. I aſſiſted my mother in the care of "her family, and at my leiſure hours amuſed my-"ſelf with reading and writing."——"Why, that's "right:—ſo you ſhall do here. You ſhall help me "in the family-matters; and for reading and writ-"ing, you ſhall read all the newſpapers, and write "down the advertiſements of all the ſales. But

"come," said she, "I must shew you what is to be "your household occupation."

Her Ladyship then conducted me through her house; and here I beheld a *museum* of a new and most extraordinary nature. Her Ladyship occupied a large old house, every room of which was so completely filled with furniture, that it was impossible to find one's way from one end to the other, without winding through a labyrinth of chests of drawers, commodes, cabinets, and boxes, which occupied the whole floors, walls, and even windows. Yet in this apparent confusion there was much order and regularity; for each room had its distinct class of articles, to which it was exclusively appropriated. But the two apartments which her Ladyship considered as the most valuable of her museum, and which she never suffered to be entered but in her own presence, were her china-room and wardrobe. In the former were piles of plates and dishes, and pyramids of cups and saucers, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In one quarter was a rampart of tureens and soup-dishes, in another an embattlement of punch-bowls, candle-cups, and porringers. The dark blue of *Nankeen* was contrasted with the ancient red of *Japan*, the production of *Dresden* was opposed to the manufacture of *Sevres*, and the mock Saxon of *Derby* to the mock Indian of *Staffordshire*. In the ornamental porcelaine, the eye was completely lost in a chaos of pagodas, wagging headed mandareens and bonzes, red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons. In the other apartment, the wardrobe, was reposited every article of female apparel that had been in use during the last sixty years. To attempt an enumeration is utterly impossible; for in the two years I have been with her Ladyship, I have not yet learnt half the names of these wonderful accoutrements. As the most exact order was observed in arranging the different articles of dress, it might even have amused you, Mr. Lounger, as a philosopher, to have marked the various fluctuations of fashion in the habits of

our

our whimſical ſex, and the fantaſtical covering in which we have choſen, at different periods, to diſguiſe our natural ſhapes. Here, Sir, you might obſerve the gradual progreſs of the hoop, both in its increaſe and wane, the alternate elevation and depreſſion of the ſtays, the ſtages of gradation from the ſtiff jacket and farthingale to the ſack, and from the negligee to the polonaiſe; the regular ſucceſſion of laced hoods, caps, mobs, French night-caps and Robin Grays; the progreſs of bonnets from the Quaker to the Shepherdeſs and Kitty Fiſher, and thence to the Werter, the Lunardi, and Parachute.

Her Ladyſhip was now pleaſed to inform me of thoſe ſervices ſhe expected from me as her attendant and companion; and leſt I ſhould ſcruple at the ſeverity or menial nature of any of my taſks, ſhe took care to inform me, that I was to be but an aſſiſtant to herſelf in every one of them. They conſiſted in cleaning and ſweeping out the ſeveral apartments, airing the feather-beds and blankets, turning and ranging the ſuits of linen; pinching, plaiting and folding the different articles in the wardrobe; waſhing, duſting, and blowing the china; rubbing and poliſhing with bees-wax the chairs, tables, and cabinet-work, and ſcouring the kitchen-furniture. In theſe two laſt departments, however, we were to have the additional aid of the cook and chamber-maid.

Early next morning (her Ladyſhip always riſes at five o'clock) I entered upon office; and being furniſhed with an apron and ſtomacher of blue flannel, went to work upon the tables and chairs, and in this I acquitted myſelf ſo much to her Ladyſhip's ſatisfaction, that ſhe declared me a good clever girl; and added, that ſhe had ſeldom ſeen a better hand at the rubber and hard-bruſh. At eight we had tea and buttered toaſt, her Ladyſhip mixing a table-ſpoonful of brandy in every cup, which ſhe ſaid was good againſt wind in the ſtomach; and after breakfaſt ſhe walked out, leaning on my arm, to the before-mentioned auction of china at Lady Fanſtick's.

Here, Sir, I had an opportunity of obſerving the importance of her Ladyſhip's character, who no ſooner made her appearance, than the auctioneer, laying down a lot which he was juſt going to knock off, called out for a chair to Lady Bidmore, and, courteouſly making a ſign to the company to give way, beckoning to her Ladyſhip to take her ſeat at his right hand. Then handing to her the Lot, which he called a round tureen, he deſired her Ladyſhip to obſerve the ſtrength and ſolidity of the manufacture, and the beauty of the colouring. After a ſhort examination, and ringing it, to try if it was without flaw, ſhe returned it into the auctioneer's hands, declaring it a piece of true *Dragon*. Hereupon two or three additional bidders ſtepped into the field; and the lot, which was a few minutes before going at ten ſhillings, ſold for twenty-five. Her Ladyſhip was now conſulted on every article that was expoſed, either by handing it down to her inſpection, or by turning it to the ſide whence ſhe could have a proper view of it; and her opinion was ſometimes given in a few deciſive words, and ſometimes expreſſed by a ſignificant nod or wink to the auctioneer. Theſe deciſions were generally indeed much more to his ſatisfaction than that of the reſt of the company, many of whom curſed her Ladyſhip for enhancing their bargains; and one gentleman, with more plainneſs than politeneſs, ſwore, he believed there was roguery in the buſineſs, and that the old pawn-broker was either ſelling her own goods, or had poundage on every article in the ſale. Theſe reflections her Ladyſhip (from being quite accuſtomed to them) heard with the utmoſt indifference; and ſhe bought herſelf many of the capital lots. She returned home in great ſpirits; and we ſpent the afternoon in diſpoſing to advantage her new purchaſes, which occaſioned ſome alteration of arrangement in the china-room, and gave us ſufficient occupation for the greateſt part of the evening.—Such is the hiſtory of the firſt day I paſſed in her Ladyſhip's ſervice; and ſo uniform is the tenor of her

her life, that the hiſtory of one day is as good as that of a thouſand.

Hitherto, Sir, I have informed you of nothing in her Ladyſhip's character, or mode of living, to which a perſon in my independent circumſtances might not have endeavoured, even cheerfully, to accommodate herſelf. Nor am I ſure that what I have yet to inform you of will be ſufficient to juſtify me in the opinion of *all* your readers, for the reſolution I have taken, of quitting her Ladyſhip's ſervice; at a time too when I ſtand ſo high in her favour, that ſhe has repeatedly declared ſhe could not live without me. Be that as it may, I owe it in juſtice to myſelf, to inform you of the cauſe of my diſſatisfaction with my preſent ſituation.

I had very early obſerved in her Ladyſhip's diſpoſition, that ſelfiſhneſs we often remark in low minds; a ſenſibility limited to their own pains and pleaſures, with a total unconcern for thoſe of others. It was however only by degrees I came to diſcover to what lengths this principle was capable of extending. I am now diſpoſed to believe there are perſons whoſe nature partakes not in the ſmalleſt degree of the humane or benevolent affections.

In the courſe of my attendance on her Ladyſhip at thoſe ſales which ſhe daily frequents, I have occaſionally witneſſed ſcenes which none but the moſt obdurate natures could have beheld with unconcern. An auction of the effects of a private perſon is frequently the moſt melancholy of ſpectacles. It is the ſignal of the diſſolution of a family, the breaking up of all the tendereſt ties of human nature: And it often happens, that in thoſe ſcenes poverty is ſuperadded to calamity. I attended her Ladyſhip one day lately to a ſale in the houſe of Mr. S———, who, about a month before, had loſt a moſt amiable wife, the mother of five children. He had been unfortunate in buſineſs, and loſing with this event all reſolution to ſtruggle with the world, he had determined to retire with his family to a diſtant part of the country. Amidſt the confuſion of the houſe, there

was one room in which the children were kept, under the care of a maid-ſervant. Lady Bidmore, prying in the ſpirit of a harpy into every corner, entered this room, having in her hand a ſmall dreſſing-box, which ſhe had juſt bought. A beautiful boy, of four years of age, ran up to her, and endeavoured to ſeize the box: "That's my Mamma's," ſaid he—"you ſhall not carry it away; 'tis my own Mam-"ma's."——"Mamma, my dear," whiſpered the maid, "has no uſe for it."—"Hold your peace, "little Mr. Prat-apace," cried my Lady Bidmore, "'tis my box now, and I have paid pretty well for "it. Nurſe, young maſter muſt have a whipping, "to teach him better manners."—

Her Ladyſhip has many poor relations, among the reſt two ſiſters, who have numerous families. One of theſe is a widow, whom having once accommodated with the loan of ten pounds, which ſhe was unable to repay, this circumſtance furniſhes, at preſent, an excuſe for allowing her and her family to ſtarve. The other having the misfortune to be married to a ſpendthrift and a drunkard, it would be an unworthy uſe of her Ladyſhip's money, to ſupply his extravagance and debaucheries. Thus, while in my Lady's repoſitories I have counted the complete furniſhings of twenty-beds, her two ſiſters have ſcarce a blanket to cover them: and while they are, to my knowledge in one ſingle cheſt, thirty pieces of uncut nankeen, there are ſix of her nephews at this moment running the ſtreets without breeches. Theſe, however, are her Ladyſhip's heirs, unleſs ſupplanted by ſome favourite like myſelf. For ſhe has repeatedly aſſured me, I ſhall find a proof of the ſtrength of her affection in her will.—Silly girl that I am, to forego thoſe brilliant expectations! Yet ſuch is the misfortune of ſome feelings, with which I believe I was born, and ſome principles, which have been ſtrengthened in me by an erroneous ſyſtem of education.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

ALICE HEARTLEY.

No 80.——Saturday, Aug. 12, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Dic mihi cras iſtud, Poſthume, quando venit?
Mart.

SIR,

I Flatter myſelf you will not think me unworthy of your correſpondence. Moſt of the members of my family have taken the liberty of communicating the particulars of their ſituation, or of praying redreſs of their grievances from the authors of the periodical works of the time; and a certain dark-complexioned relation of mine has had a petition to yourſelf laid before the public in your 53d number. I think, Mr. Lounger, I may ſay without much arrogance, I am not leſs deſerving of your favour than her. She, I know, pretends to have ſometimes aſſiſted you in your labours; but it is to me you look for their reward.

Of that relation, Mr. Lounger, ſince I have mentioned her, I may firſt complain. She was naturally of a ſerious, and rather melancholy caſt. But of late a faſhionable life has quite altered her diſpoſition. She has become intolerably light-headed, gay, as her friends call it, and allows her affairs to get into the greateſt confuſion and diſorder; all of which it falls upon me to re-eſtabliſh and put to right again. Her gaiety, when carried the ridiculous length to which in town ſhe frequently puſhes it, is the occaſion of much ſadneſs to me; her feſtivity gives me many a head-ach; her extravagance has frequently threatened me with a jail; and her impertinence brought me in danger of my life.

I am,

I am, generally ſpeaking, indeed, the moſt unfortunate perſon in the world in regard to my predeceſſors. They got a thouſand things upon truſt, which they have left me to anſwer for. With all ranks and conditions of men, I am conſtantly the Scape-goat for every thing that is amiſs, the Bail for all miſdemeanors, the Security in all obligations. My burdens are now become ſo intolerable, that I am reſolved (through your channel, if you will allow me) to rid myſelf of them at once, and to take out a *Commiſſion of Bankruptcy* in the Lounger. What ſort of diviſion my circumſtance will allow, you will pleaſe to ſignify to the principal claſſes of my creditors in your next paper.

Tell ſuch of them as may look for me at court, that I do not hold myſelf bound for above one ſhilling in the pound of the promiſes and notes of hand of my anceſtors. With ſome people in place there, I have pretty long accounts to ſettle; but to theſe I know they do not pay much attention, for a very good reaſon indeed, that the balance is generally againſt them.

Let that claſs who frequent courts of law know, that I will not pretend to clear above a tenth part of the incumbrances that are there laid upon me. In all the courts, I muſt leave the other nine parts to be ſettled by my ſucceſſors. In chancery, I don't know whether my great-great-grandſon will be able to diſcharge them.

Be ſo kind as to acquaint the Projectors of various denominations, who are ſo deep in my books, that I cannot anſwer above one in a thouſand of the draughts they will probably make upon me. Nay, I will frankly tell them, that it is likely they may loſe more than even the money they were made to advance for me. But as moſt of them expected uſurious intereſt, their loſſes do not touch me very nearly.

I muſt inform thoſe Lovers who have truſted me, that they are of all my creditors the moſt likely to be offended with me. They are indeed in a

very ſingular ſituation with regard to the ſecurities of mine in their poſſeſſion. If they receive payment, it is a hundred to one but they will be undone by it.

My bonds to Beauties muſt ſuffer a very great diſcount. They are indeed of ſuch a nature, that preſcription ſoon bars them; and moſt of them are ſo conceived, that coverture or marriage in the obligee renders them abſolutely void.

Authors will be often diſappointed in the claims they pretend to have upon me. I never receive a fiftieth part of the books that modern writers deſire their bookſellers to ſend me. In order, however, to conciliate your favour, Sir, I will give you my promiſe, (though it is but fair to confeſs that I ſometimes forgot my promiſes), that the *Lounger* ſhall make one of my library.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

TO-MORROW.

I HAVE lately received ſeveral letters on the ſubject of the Stage, and, among others, one ſigned *Nerva*, cenſuring in very ſtrong terms that boiſterous and noiſy kind of applauſe which, in the midſt of the moſt affecting paſſages of a tragedy, the bulk of a Britiſh audience are diſpoſed to indulge in. It ſeems to have been written during the time of *Mrs. Pope*'s late performance in our theatre, whoſe tones of pity and of tenderneſs, my correſpondent complains, were often interrupted or rendered inaudible by the drumming of ſticks and the clapping of hands in the pit and gallery. He was the more ſtruck with the impropriety, he ſays, from his being accompanied by a gentleman, a native of Italy, though enough a proficient in our language to underſtand the play. He deſcribes "the ſurpriſe and "horror of the ſuſceptible *Albani*," (ſo it ſeems the

the ſtranger is called), accuſtomed as he had been to the decorum of the Italian ſtage, to find, inſtead of ſilent and involuntary tears, the roar and riot with which our audience received the moſt pathetic ſpeeches of one of the beſt of our tragedies.

"On Sunday," continues my correſpondent, "Albani and I went to church. The plainneſs of "the edifice, and the ſimplicity of our worſhip, "ſtruck him much; yet he was pleaſed with the "decency which prevailed, and charmed with the "diſcourſe." "I am ſurpriſed," ſaid he, as we walked home, "that ſo elegant a preacher is not a "greater favourite with the public."——"You are "miſtaken," I replied, "he has long been their fa-"vourite."—"Nay," ſaid he, "do not tell me ſo; "you ſaw they did not give him a ſingle mark of "applauſe during the whole diſcourſe, nor even at "the end."—"I laughed, Mr. Lounger, and ſo per-"haps will you; but I believe you will find it dif-"ficult to aſſign any good reaſon, why ſilence, atten-"tion and tears, which are thought ample appro-"bation in the one place, ſhould be held inſuffici-"ent in the other; or why that boiſterous applauſe "which is thought ſo honourable in the Theatre, "ſhould be thought a diſgrace to merit in the Pul-"pit or at the Bar."

I cannot however perfectly agree with my correſpondent in this laſt obſervation. At the Bar, indeed, the clapping of hands, and the beating the floor with people's ſticks, might do well enough; but at the bar it is a rule, never to make a noiſe for nothing. In the Church, to ſay nothing of the indecency of the thing, diſturbances of that kind are perfectly averſe to the purpoſe for which many grave and good Chriſtians go thither.

In the Playhouſe, beſides the preſcriptive right which the audience have now acquired to this ſort of freedom, I think that part of the houſe by which it is commonly exerciſed have much to plead in its defence. The boxes frequently contrive to drown

drown the noiſe of the ſtage, and it is but fair that the pit and gallery ſhould in their turn drown the noiſe of the boxes.

My correſpondent ſeems to allow this ſort of applauſe at the repreſentation of Comedy, or at leaſt of Farce; and indeed I am inclined to think, that in ſome of our late Farces, a very moral uſe may be made of it, as the leſs that is heard of them by the boxes the better. The cudgels of the audience, of the barbarity of which Nerva complains ſo warmly, cannot be better employed, except perhaps they could be applied to recompenſe the merit of the author, inſtead of the talents of the actors. Moral writers on the ſubject of the Stage, uſed to vent their reproaches againſt the Comic authors of the laſt age, who mixed ſo much indecency with their wit. The cenſure does not exactly apply to the *petite piece* writers of our days; for they keep ſtrictly to the unity of compoſition, and mix no wit with their indecency. I fairly confeſs, that I have been obliged to abate ſomewhat of the ſeverity of my former opinion with regard to the wicked wits of the old ſchool, and am content to go back to *Wycherly* and *Congreve*, having always thought, with my friend Colonel Cauſtic, that if one muſt ſin, it is better to ſin like a gentleman. Beſides, a very dull or a very innocent perſon may poſſibly miſs the alluſion of a free ſpeech, when it is covered with the veil of wit or irony. But the good things of our modern Farce-mongers have nothing of diſguiſe about them; the diſhes they are pleaſed to ſerve up to us are not garlicked ragouts, but regouts of garlic. I was much pleaſed with the anſwer which I heard a plain country-gentleman give to another in the pit ſome weeks ago, who obſerved to him, that the farce was droll and laughable enough, but that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in it. I don't know what you may think *double*, ſaid he, in reply; but in my mind, it was as plain *ſingle entendre* as ever I heard in my life.

V.

Nº 81.——Saturday, Aug. 19, 1786.

THE Love of Fame, "that laſt infirmity of "noble minds," though it may ſometimes expoſe its votaries to a certain degree of blame or of ridicule, is in the main a uſeful paſſion. In the preſent age, I have often thought, that, inſtead of being reſtrained, a love of fame and of glory ought to be encouraged, as an incitement to virtue, and to virtuous actions. From various cauſes, which I mean not at preſent to inveſtigate, this paſſion ſeems to have loſt its uſual force; it has almoſt ceaſed to be a motive of action; and its place ſeems now to be ſupplied by a ſordid love of gain, by which men of every rank, and of every ſtation, appear to be actuated. In the Camp, as upon Change, *profit* and *loſs* is the great object of attention. When a young ſoldier ſets out on an expedition againſt the enemies of his country, he does not now talk ſo much of the honour and reputation he is to acquire, as of the profit he expects to reap from his conqueſts. Accordingly we have ſeen gallant officers metamorphoſed into ſkilful merchants, who, though they had ſpirit enough to expoſe themſelves to "the "cannon's mouth," were very much diſpoſed to ſeek ſomething there more ſolid than "the bubble "Reputation."

The Roman triumph, which to us wears ſo barbarous an appearance, was intended to excite this love of glory; and if we may judge from conſequences, it was a wiſe and uſeful inſtitution. In our own country, it rarely happens that diſtinguiſhed military merit is allowed to paſs unnoticed and unrewarded. There is ſomething indeed ſo dazzling in the glory of a hero, that, when not reſtrained by motives of jealouſy or of envy, we are apt rather to heighten than to detract from it. If, therefore, it be

be true, that our fleets and armies have of late made a leſs diſtinguiſhed figure than in former times, it certainly cannot be attributed to any want of public honour or public applauſe.

But there is a ſpecies of merit leſs brilliant, though not perhaps leſs uſeful or leſs praiſe-worthy, which often is diſregarded by the world, and in general intitles its poſſeſſor to little attention while alive, and to little fame after his death. There is a ſort of military ſpirit and honour which is ſometimes oppoſed to the ſame qualities in a civil ſenſe; and a young man, when he puts on his uniform, often thinks himſelf exempted from the obligation to certain duties which he allows to be commendable enough in the ſons of peace. A want of attention to his own intereſt, or the intereſt of thoſe connected with him, a degree of diſſipation and extravagance equally hurtful to both, are held as venial offences in a ſoldier, whoſe buſineſs is to march and to fight, but who is not bound to think or to feel. Yet true nobleneſs of mind is every where the ſame, and may be equally ſhown in the honourable dealings of private life, as in the moſt ſplendid exertions of ſpirit or of valour. As the Hiſtorian of character and manners, (in which light a periodical author, to be of any uſe at all, muſt be conſidered), I am happy when I have an opportunity of recording any example of that more humble merit which other annaliſts have no room to celebrate. In this view, I was much pleaſed with an anecdote I was told t'other day, of General W——, one of Queen Anne's Generals. It is not, however, as a ſoldier, (although he poſſeſſed great profeſſional merit) that I wiſh to introduce General W—— to my readers.

Mr. W—— obtained an enſigncy in the army when rather more advanced in life than moſt of the captains of the preſent times, who make ſo fine a figure upon all occaſions, in their green, red, and white feathers, and whoſe heads, at every aſſembly, rival thoſe of our moſt faſhionable ladies. From the

the time Mr. W—— joined his regiment, he was diſtinguiſhed for an unwearied attention to the duties of his ſtation. When he appeared in public, or upon duty, his dreſs and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private, even his brother-officers were for ſome time ignorant. He did not meſs with them, and he partook of none of their expenſive pleaſures and amuſements. At length it was diſcovered, that he fared worſe, and lived on leſs, than any private ſoldier in the regiment. The good ſenſe and the known ſpirit of Mr. W—— preſerved him from the ridicule and contempt with which this diſcovery might otherwiſe have been attended. His merit as an officer meanwhile recommended Mr. W—— to the notice of his ſuperiors; he was promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After ſerving with diſtinguiſhed reputation under King William, Mr. W—— went to Flanders, in the beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, in the courſe of which he was promoted to the rank of General, and obtained the command of a regiment. Although his income was now great, he ſtill lived with the utmoſt parſimony; and even thoſe who eſteemed him the moſt were obliged to allow that his love of money (which they conſidered as a ſort of diſeaſe) exceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his tranſactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never led him to commit injuſtice.

In one of the laſt years of the war, General W—— and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent. About the middle of winter his officers were aſtoniſhed at receiving an invitation to dine with their Colonel for the firſt time. Moſt of the principal officers in the garriſon received with equal ſurpriſe a ſimilar invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to the General's houſe, where they were received with a kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding

ceeding from a mind at eaſe, and ſatisfied with itſelf, more engaging to the feelings of our gueſts than the moſt finiſhed politeneſs. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind were placed upon the table; and as the general knew that ſome of his gueſts did not diſlike their glaſs, he puſhed the bottle briſkly about. The company were more and more aſtoniſhed; at length ſome of them took the liberty to expreſs what all of them felt. "I do not wonder at "your ſurpriſe," ſaid General W——, "and in "juſtice to myſelf, I muſt take this occaſion to ex- "plain a conduct which hitherto muſt have appeared "extraordinary to all of you. You muſt know, "then, that I was bred a linen-draper in London. "Early in life I ſet up in buſineſs, which for ſome "time I carried on with ſucceſs, and to a conſidera- "ble extent. At length, by various misfortunes, "I was obliged to ſtop payment. I called my cre- "ditors together, and laid my affairs before them; "and though they loſt very conſiderably, they were "ſo ſatisfied with my conduct, that they immediate- "ly gave me a full diſcharge, and ſome of them "even urged me to engage in buſineſs anew. But "I was ſo diſheartened with my former ill ſucceſs, "that I could not think of hazarding myſelf in the "ſame ſituation again. At length I reſolved to go "into the army, and by the intereſt of one of thoſe "creditors, who was ſatisfied of the fairneſs of my "conduct, and who pitied my misfortunes, obtain- "ed an enſigncy. But though my creditors were "ſatisfied, I was far from being ſo. The idea that "they had ſuffered by me dwelt upon my mind, and "I felt that I could enjoy nothing while my debts "remained unpaid. Happily I have at length ac- "compliſhed that object. The laſt packet from "England brought me a full acquittance from my "creditors of all I owed them, principal and inte- "reſt. Till now I poſſeſſed nothing which in juſ- "tice I could call my own. Hitherto you have "ſeen me act as a rigid ſteward for others; now I

"muſt

" muſt intreat that my friends will aſſiſt me to en-
" joy an income far beyond my wants."

I believe my readers will agree with me in thinking that the conduct of General W—— was truly noble. Of mens actions in public life it is difficult to form a juſt eſtimate. The Statesman may be applauded for meaſures which are not his own, and a General or an Admiral may be indebted for all his fame to a lucky accident, which, " without his ſtir," has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. But General W——'s merit was all his own, and ought to be rated the higher for this reaſon, that it was not of that ſplendid kind which figures moſt in the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of excellence and worth, is certainly the pleaſanteſt, if not the beſt and moſt effectual mode of inſtruction. To cite oppoſite examples in our own time, by way of contraſt to this inſtance in the reign of Queen Anne, would be an ungrateful taſk. I may mention, however, in order to take off the idea of that diſtinction which ſome men have arrogated to themſelves, from a contempt of the obligations of juſtice, that the pre-eminence which rank or high life formerly uſed to claim in that reſpect, is now in a great meaſure loſt. Now-a-days there are tradeſmen who diſſipate their own money, and waſte that with which others have intruſted them, with all the *ſangfroid* of the beſt bred people of faſhion; and we may meet with more than one man of ſpirit behind a counter, who can cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

R.

N° 82.——SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1786.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de ſon crime.
CREBILLON.

THE effect of moral inſtruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by ſome grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indiſputable proof of their unimportance. Among thoſe, ſay they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ableſt and moſt perſuaſive guides, how few are there whoſe future conduct has anſwered to the inſtruction they received, or the maxims which were ſo often repeated to them. Natural diſpoſition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the ſermon that perſuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who liſtens or who weeps.

Yet though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the diſcourſe or the ſtory are uſeleſs and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and thoſe which conſtantly aſſail will prevail over others which ſeldom occur. Paſſion therefore will ſometimes be obeyed when reaſon is forgot, and corrupt ſociety will at length overcome the beſt early impreſſions. But the effects of that reaſon, or of thoſe impreſſions, we are not always in condition to eſtimate fairly. The examples of their failure are eaſily known, and certain of being obſerved; the inſtances of ſuch as have been preſerved from ſurrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and ſtrike us leſs when they are traced.

Formal

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner ſo ungracious as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who ſays, I am to inſtruct and to warn, with a face of inſtruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tireſome, or fear as unpleaſant. A more willing and a deeper impreſſion will be made when the obſervation ariſes without being prompted, when the underſtanding is addreſſed through the feelings. It was this which ſtruck me ſo forcibly in the ſtory of *Father Nicholas*. I never felt ſo ſtrongly the evils of diſſipation, nor ever was ſo aſhamed of the ſhame of being virtuous.

It was at a ſmall town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumſtances had induced me to take up my reſidence for a few weeks. They had ſome pictures which ſtrangers uſed to viſit. I went with a party whoſe purpoſe was to look at them: mine in ſuch places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the ſhifting ſcene which prompts obſervation, we ſee in ſuch ſecluded ſocieties a ſort of ſtill life, which nouriſhes thought, which gives ſubject for meditation. I confeſs however I have often been diſappointed; I have ſeen a group of faces under their cowls, on which ſpeculation could build nothing; mere common place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Moſt of thoſe in the convent I now viſited were of that kind: one however was of a very ſuperior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a diſtance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark *Rembrandt* ſhade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impoſſible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntary no doubt, to a picture of

of our Saviour bearing his croſs; the ſimilarity of the attitude, and the quiet reſignation of the two countenances, formed a reſemblance that could not but ſtrike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whiſpered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the moſt rigid to himſelf, and the kindeſt to other men. To the diſtreſſed, to the ſick, and to the dying, he is always ready to adminiſter aſſiſtance and conſolation. No body ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an intereſt, or requeſt good offices which he refuſed to grant: yet the auſterity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the ſtricteſt rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one ſuppoſes him to feel any touch of humanity." The ſubject ſeemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthuſiaſtic: it ſunk into my heart, and I could not reſt till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not uſual," ſaid he, "my ſon, for people at your age to ſolicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why ſhould you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulneſs ſpring up around you; why ſhould you ſeek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleaſures, I am not inſenſible to the charities of life. I feel your kindneſs, and wiſh for an opportunity to requite it."——He perceived my turn for letters, and ſhewed me ſome curious MSS. and ſome ſcarce books, which belonged to their convent: theſe were not the communications I ſought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the ſtory of his ſorrows, the cauſe of his auſterities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling

kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a ſmall picture, which I took to be that of the bleſſed Virgin. I ſtood behind him, uncertain whether I ſhould wait the cloſe of his devotional exerciſe, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his ſtifled groans. A mixture of compaſſion and of curioſity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kiſſed twice, preſſed it to his boſom; and then gazing on it earneſtly, burſt into tears. After a few moments, he claſped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering ſome words which I could not hear, drew a deep ſigh, which ſeemed to cloſe the account of his ſorrows for the time, and riſing from his knees, diſcovered me. I was aſhamed of my ſituation, and ſtammered out ſome apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.——"Alas! (ſaid he), "be not deceived; theſe are not the tears of devo- "tion; not the meltings of piety, but the wring- "ings of remorſe. Perhaps, young man, it may "ſtead thee to be told the ſtory of my ſufferings "and of my ſins: ingenuous as thy nature ſeems, it "may be expoſed to temptations like mine; it may "be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of "virtue betrayed, of falſe honour, and miſtaken "ſhame."

My name is *St. Hubert*; my family ancient and reſpectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I loſt my father before I knew the misfortune of loſing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the eſtimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having paſſed with applauſe through the ordinary ſtudies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother

mother ſent me to Paris, along with the ſon of a neighbouring family, who, though of leſs honourable deſcent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaſerre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumſtances which promiſed ſucceſs in that line, my mother and her friends had deſtined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchaſe of a charge for me when I ſhould be qualified for it. Delaſerre had a ſovereign contempt for any profeſſion but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inſpiring me with the ſame ſentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had ſerved, the inſolent ſuperiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my baſhfulneſs. From nature I had that extreme ſenſibility of ſhame, which could not ſtand againſt the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his ſuperior effrontery; and the beſt-eſtabliſhed principles of my mind would ſometimes yield to the impudence of aſſuming ſophiſtry, or of unbluſhing vice. To the profeſſion which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and ſober manners were naturally attached; having once ſet down that profeſſion as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally diſhonourable. I was aſhamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and deſpiſed. Delaſerre enjoyed my apoſtacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At ſchool he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of diſtinction to which he had aſpired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his ſuperior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of ſuperior dignity and ſhow; the cockade in his hat inſpired a confidence which my ſituation did not allow; and, bold as he was in diſſipation and debauchery, he led

me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had firſt trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindneſs ſupplied me with the means of thoſe pleaſures which my companions had induced me to ſhare, if pleaſures they might be called, which I often partook with uneaſineſs, and reflected on with remorſe. Sometimes, though but too ſeldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other ſide; I was ſelf-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by ſtealth; while the time and money which I had ſo employed, I boaſted to my companions of having ſpent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the reſtraints of conſcience. But the dangerous connections I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaſerre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his deſire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's houſe in Picardy, where he was to ſpend a day or two in his way. "I "will introduce you," ſaid he in a tone of pleaſantry, becauſe you will be a favourite; my couſin "*Santonges* is as ſober and preciſe as you were when "I firſt found you." The good man whom he thus characteriſed poſſeſſed indeed all thoſe virtues of which the ridicule of Delaſerre had ſometimes made me aſhamed, but which it had never made me entirely ceaſe to revere. In his family I regained the ſtation which in our diſſipated ſociety at Paris, I had loſt. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural diſpoſition to goodneſs; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more intereſting aſſiſtant to it. After my experience of the few of her ſex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaſerre, however, found them inſipid and tireſome. He left his kinſman's the third morning after his arrival, promiſing as ſoon as his regiment

giment ſhould be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, ſaid he, we exiſt merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the preſence of Emilia de Santonges. But why ſhould I recall thoſe days of pureſt felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! For not long after ſhe was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that aſſiduity which was due to his friendſhip, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the ſkill of his phyſicians, were fruitleſs. He died, and left his daughter to my friendſhip. It was then that I firſt dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to aſk, if ſhe thought me worthy of comforting her ſorrows? Emilia was too innocent for diſguiſe, too honeſt for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the ſame time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happineſs; and I may ſay without vanity, ſince it is now my ſhame, that the ſince wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deſerve the bleſſings he enjoyed.

[*To be continued.*]

Z.

No 83.——Saturday, Sept. 2, 1786.

Continuation of the Story of Father *Nicholas*.

In this ſtate of peaceful felicity we had lived ſomething more than a year, when my Emilia found herſelf with child. On that occaſion my anxiety was ſuch as a huſband who doates upon his wife may be ſuppoſed to feel. In conſequence of that anxiety, I propoſed our removing for ſome weeks to *Paris*, where ſhe might have abler aſſiſtance than our province could afford in thoſe moments of danger which ſhe ſoon expected. To this ſhe objected with earneſtneſs, from a variety of motives; but moſt of my neighbours applauded my reſolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchaſed the eſtate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was ſuch, that no body who could afford to go to Paris would think of truſting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and abſolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's conſent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at laſt conſented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For ſome time I ſcarce ever left our Hotel: It was the ſame at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of thoſe ſcenes, tender and intereſting as they were, ſpread a ſort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual ſociety, by which the company of any third perſon could ſcarcely be brooked. My wife had ſome of thoſe ſad preſages which women of her ſenſibility often feel in the

the condition ſhe was then in. All my attention and ſolicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I "ſhall not live," ſhe would ſay, "to reviſit *Santon-* "*ges*: but my Henry will think of me there: In "thoſe woods in which we have ſo often walked, "by that brook to the fall of which we have liſten- "ed together, and felt in ſilence what language, "at leaſt what mine, my Love, could not ſpeak."— The good Father was overpowered by the tenderneſs of the images that ruſhed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a ſhort ſpace he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

—"Pardon the emotion that ſtopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of ſo gentle a kind; the images her ſpeech recalled ſoftened my feelings into ſorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confeſſion of my remorſe."

The anxiety of my Emilia was at laſt diſſipated by her ſafe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderneſs we gazed with inexpreſſible delight. Emilia ſuckled the infant herſelf, as well from the idea of duty and of pleaſure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurſe to be truſted. We propoſed returning to the country as ſoon as the re-eſtabliſhment of her ſtrength would permit: Mean time, during her hours of reſt, I generally went out to finiſh the buſineſs which the truſt of my deceaſed friend had devolved upon me.

In paſſing through the *Thuilleries*, in one of thoſe walks, I met my old companion *Delaſerre*. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I ſcarce expected from my knowledge of his diſpoſition, or the length of time for which our correſpondence had been broke off. He had heard, he ſaid, accidentally of my being in town, but had ſought me for ſeveral days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the moſt afraid of meeting.

ing. I had heard in the country of his unbounded diſſipation and extravagance; and there were ſome ſtories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingneſs to believe them in people whom the corruption of the world had not familiariſed to baſeneſs; yet I found he ſtill poſſeſſed a kind of ſuperiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuſe, by forcing myſelf to think him leſs unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expreſſing his cordial ſatisfaction at the preſent happineſs I enjoyed, he preſſed me to ſpend that evening with him ſo earneſtly, that though I had made it a ſort of rule to be at home, I was aſhamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company conſiſted only of Delaſerre himſelf, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the croſs of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the moſt agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingneſs with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different ſort of party where I was going, made me feel the preſent one doubly pleaſant. My ſpirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that conſtraint I was prepared for, roſe in proportion to the pleaſantry around me, and the perfect eaſe in which I found myſelf with this old officer, who had information, wit, ſentiment, every thing I valued moſt, and every thing I leaſt expected in a ſociety ſelected by *Delaſerre*. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleaſure, an invitation from the Colonel to ſup with him the evening after.

The company at his houſe I found enlivened by his ſiſter and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impreſſed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When ſilent, there was a certain ſoftneſs in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expreſſion which her converſation gave,

it

it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unuſed as I was to the little gallantries of faſhionable life, I rather wiſhed than hoped to make myſelf agreeable to her. She ſeemed however, intereſted in my attentions and converſation, and in hers I found myſelf flattered at the ſame time and delighted. We played, againſt the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wiſhed. Had I been as rich as Delaſerre, I ſhould have objected to the deepneſs of the ſtakes: but we were the only perſons of the company that ſeemed uneaſy to our ſucceſs, and we parted with the moſt cordial good humour. *Madame de Trenville*, (that was the widow's name), ſmiling to the Colonel, aſk'd him to take his revenge at her houſe, and ſaid, with an air of equal modeſty and frankneſs, that as I had been the partner of her ſucceſs, ſhe hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of ſharing a leſs favourable fortune.

At firſt my wife had expreſſed her ſatisfaction at my finding amuſement in ſociety, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my abſence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almoſt every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the ſame, ſhe could not help expreſſing by her countenance her diſſatisfaction at my abſence. I perceived this at firſt with tenderneſs only, and next evening excuſed myſelf from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it uſed to be: thoughtful, but afraid to truſt one another with our thoughts, Emilia ſhewed her uneaſineſs in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an aſſumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaſerre called, and ſaw Emilia for the firſt time. He rallied me gently for breaking my laſt night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my

wife inſiſted on my keeping. Her couſin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wiſh Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have ſtaid, but for the ſhame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaſerre was merry on the occaſion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the ſubject of marriage. 'Twas the firſt time I felt ſomewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and ſat later than formerly; but I was to ſhew myſelf not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I loſt conſiderably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I ſaw Emilia next morning, whoſe ſpirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did ſo. Delaſerre came to take me to his houſe to dinner. He obſerved as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-eſtabliſh her," ſaid I.—"Do you leave Paris?" ſaid he.—"In a few days."—"Had I ſuch motives for remaining in it as you "have."—"What motives?"—"The attachment "of ſuch friends; but friendſhip is a cold word: "the attachment of ſuch a woman as *de Trenville.*" I know not how I looked, but he preſſed the ſubject no farther; perhaps I was leſs offended than I ought to have been.

We went to the Lady's houſe after dinner. She was dreſſed moſt elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had ſeen her. The party was more numerous than uſual, and there was more vivacity in it. The converſation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the inſipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite ſpirit by Delaſerre, and moſt of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth,

mirth, and ſometimes looked at me as if the ſubject was too ſerious for her to be merry on. I was half aſhamed and half ſorry that I was going to the country; leſs uneaſy than vain at the preference that was ſhewn me.

[*To be concluded in the next Number.*]

Z.

N° 84.——SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1786.

Concluſion of the Story of Father *Nicholas*.

I Was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to ſcreen myſelf from a diſcovery that might have ſaved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my viſits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of ſome perplexing incidents that had ariſen in the management of thoſe affairs with which I was intruſted. Her mind was too pure for ſuſpicion or for jealouſy. It was eaſy even for a novice in falſehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able aſſiſtant in Delaſerre, who now reſumed the aſcendency over me he had formerly poſſeſſed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakneſs, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that juſt at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters

for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, propoſed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his ſleep. The young painter was pleaſed with the idea, provided ſhe would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the ſake of ſurpriſing me with the picture when it ſhould be finiſhed. That ſhe might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a ſort of ſatisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my abſence.

She knew not what, during that abſence, was my employment. The ſlave of vice and of profuſion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the moſt artful and worthleſs of women, and loſing the fortune that ſhould have ſupported my child and hers, to a ſet of cheats and villains. Such was the ſnare that Delaſerre and his aſſociates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generoſity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that ſhe was every way the victim of her affection for me. My firſt great loſſes at play ſhe pretended to reimburſe from her own private fortune, and then threw herſelf upon my honour, for relief from thoſe diſtreſſes into which I had brought her. After having exhauſted all the money I poſſeſſed, and all my credit could command, I would have ſtopped ſhort of ruin; but when I thought of returning in diſgrace and poverty to the place I had left reſpected and happy, I had not reſolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in deſperation, mortgaged the remains of my eſtate, and ſtaked the produce to recover what I had loſt, or to loſe myſelf. The event was ſuch as might have been expected.

After

After the dizzy horror of my ſituation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me ſuch a reception as ſuited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falſehood, and of that ruin to which ſhe had been employed to lead me, flaſhed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which ſhe received with the coolneſs of hardened vice, of experienced ſeduction. I ruſhed from her houſe, I knew not whither. My ſteps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I ſtopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had ſhrunk back ſome paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unſpeakable horror, and my knees ſmote each other. It was night, and the ſtreet was dark and ſilent around me. I threw myſelf down before the door, and wiſhed ſome ruffian's hand to eaſe me of life and thought together. At laſt the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy croſſed my diſordered mind, and a guſh of tenderneſs burſt from my eyes. I roſe, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up ſoftly to my wife's chamber. She was aſleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child ſleeping on her boſom, and its little hand graſping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She ſmiled through her ſleep, and ſeemed to dream of happineſs. My brain began to madden again; and as the miſery to which ſhe muſt wake croſſed my imagination, the horrible idea roſe within me—I ſhudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myſelf!—I ſtretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclaſped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle preſſure wrung my heart; its ſoftneſs returned; I burſt into tears: but I could not ſtay to tell her of our ruin. I ruſhed out of the room, and, gaining an obſcure hotel in a diſtant part of the town, wrote a few diſtracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence ſhould wipe out my offences,

and

and my induſtry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which ſhe had never offended. Having ſent this, I left Paris, on the inſtant, and had walked ſeveral miles from town before it was light. At ſun-riſe a ſtage coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to *Breſt*. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and ſat in ſullen and gloomy ſilence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with ſeveral other paſſengers, regardleſs of food, and incapable of reſt. But the ſecond day I found my ſtrength fail, and when we ſtopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the paſſage of the inn. I was put to bed, it ſeems, and lay for more than a week in the ſtupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greateſt care and humanity, and when I began to recover, the good old man miniſtered to my ſoul, as he had done to my body, that aſſiſtance and conſolation he eaſily diſcovered it to need. By his tender aſſiduities I was now ſo far recruited as to be able to breathe the freſh air at the window of a little parlour. As I ſat there one morning, the ſame ſtage-coach in which I had arrived, ſtopped at the door of the inn, when I ſaw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The ſight overpowered my weakneſs, and I fell lifeleſs from my ſeat. The incident brought ſeveral people into the room, and amongſt others the young man himſelf. When they had reſtored me to ſenſe, I had recollection enough to deſire him to remain with me alone. It was ſome time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aſpect, after much heſitation, and the moſt ſolemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful ſequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The ſhock which my letter gave, the ſtate of weakneſs

neſs ſhe was then in had not ſtrength to ſupport. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant periſhed with her. In the interval of reaſon preceding her death, ſhe called him to her bed-ſide; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her laſt breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveneſs to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I ſurvived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn ſtate in which my diſeaſe had left me. My heart was too weak to burſt; and there was a ſort of palſy on my mind that ſeemed inſenſible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before ſaved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that ſpot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever ſince remained. My ſtory is unknown, and they wonder at the ſeverity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by ſuffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its ſight. Bleſſed be God! I have attained the conſolation I wiſhed—Already, on my waſting days a beam of mercy ſheds its celeſtial light. The viſions of this flinty couch are changed to mildneſs. 'Twas but laſt night my Emilia beckoned me in ſmiles; this little cherub was with her"!——His voice ceaſed—he look on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow croſſed the paleneſs of his cheek. I ſtood awe-ſtruck at the ſight. The bell for Veſper's tolled—he took my hand—I kiſſed his, and my tears began to drop on it.—"My ſon," ſaid he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleaſing to recall my ſtory:—If the world allure thee, if vice enſnare with its pleaſures, or abaſh with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

Z.

No 85.——Saturday, Sept. 16, 1786.

Non adeo inhumano ingenio ſum, Chærea,
Neque tam imperita, ut quid amor valeat neſciam.
Ter.

"WHY," ſays one of my correſpondents, who writes in a fair Italian hand, and ſubſcribes herſelf *Imoinda*, "Why have you ſo little of Love in "the Lounger?" I anſwer, becauſe there is ſo little of it in the world. "Love," ſays an author, who is probably of Imoinda's acquaintance, "Love, "the paſſion moſt natural to the ſenſibility of youth, "has loſt the plaintive dignity he once poſſeſſed, for "the unmeaning ſimper of a dangling coxcomb; "and the only ſerious concern, that of a dowry, is "ſettled even among the beardleſs leaders of the "dancing ſchool*." It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to ſee the propriety of mingling in love-affairs the *utile dulci*; which may be tranſlated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the Lady.

The preſent age, amidſt all its acquirements and all its poliſh has loſt a good deal of that ſpirit of gallantry, and delicate reſpect for the ladies, which former times poſſeſſed. If we trace the hiſtory of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the preſent leſs heroic times, we ſhall find it gradually declining till now that there is little more than a mere ſovereignty of form, but ſcarce any thing of the empire of ſentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for Play, which is almoſt the only amuſement (if it may not rather be called a buſineſs) which intereſts the faſhionable world, has perhaps,

* Man of Feeling.

perhaps, of all circumſtances, the moſt direct and powerful tendency to level the ſupremacy of the ſex, and to ſtifle the feelings of reſpectful and delicate affection. Beſides that the paſſions it excites are of that ungentle kind which "ſcarce the little loves," there is, at a Whiſt or a Pharaoh table, a ſort of buſineſs and money-tranſaction with the ladies, which neceſſarily abates the prerogative of ſex, and aboliſhes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourſe of ordinary life, the late founder of a ſchool of politeneſs recommended a certain indifference or *nonchalance* of manner, as the characteriſtic of a well-bred man. The ſyſtem has ſince his time flouriſhed and prevailed in a moſt extenſive degree; and, like all other ſyſtems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal further by the diſciples, than it is probable their maſter intended. "Nous avous changé tout cela," ſays the *Mock-Doctor* of *Moliere*, when his patient's father ventured to ſuppoſe that the heart lay on the left ſide of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord *Cheſterfield* has made a change ſtill greater; the heart is ſtruck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the reſorts of faſhionable, or of diſſipated life, that Love has loſt his votaries. In the walk of Letters, in the haunts of Meditation, the ſtudies of modern times tend alſo to exclude his power. The modern diſcoveries in natural hiſtory, and in the mechanical arts; the reſearches into the various properties of matter, which the chymiſt and the naturaliſt have puſhed to ſo extraordinary a length, however uſeful to the purpoſes of life, are unfavourable to that enthuſiaſm which formed the lover and the poet. The "ſhadowy tribes of mind" are much leſs cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to ſober reaſon, and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic ſhades was wont to dream majeſtic things, and to weave the myrtle garland for his miſtreſs, now watches

watches the progreſs of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonſtration. Poetry is almoſt extinguiſhed among us: and its decline may not unfairly be ſuppoſed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from cauſes of a ſimilar kind.

Of all the "penſive cares of life," none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than thoſe of a delicate and virtuous love. The inſpiration of its melancholy ſoars above the groſſneſs of vice, and the meanneſs of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender diſtreſſes humanize and ſoften the heart: and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate ſtate is the ſtrongeſt incentive to great and noble atchievements.

I have been led into this train of reflection, from the peruſal of an elegant little Poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correſpondent. My readers, I am perſuaded, will hold themſelves indebted to me for its inſertion. The muſe of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in uſe to trick herſelf out in artificial ornaments, to load her language with epithet, and to twiſt her expreſſion with inverſions. The verſes of my correſpondent are free from that defect; he breathes the artleſs ſentiments of ingenious love, and clothes them in a ſuitable ſimplicity of language.

Z.

ODE *to a* LADY *going abroad.*

FAR, far from me my *Delia* goes,
And all my pray'rs, my tears, ar vain;
Nor ſhall I know one hour's repoſe,
Till Delia bleſs theſe eyes again.

Companion

Companion of the wretched, come,
Fair Hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly preſence gilds the gloom,
While happier ſcenes in proſpect ſmile.

Oh! who can tell what Time may do?
How all my ſorrows yet may end?
Can ſhe reject a love ſo true?
Can Delia e'er forſake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is ſeen,
No ſign of future ſweetneſs ſhows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And ſpreads the bluſhes of the roſe.

Then come, fair Hope, and whiſper peace,
And keep the happy ſcenes in view,
When all theſe cares and fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Delia bleſs a love ſo true.

II.

Hope, ſweet deceiver, ſtill believ'd,
In mercy ſent to ſooth our care:
Oh! tell me, am I now deceiv'd,
And wilt thou leave me to deſpair?

Then hear, ye Powers, my earneſt pray'r,
This pang unutterable ſave;
Let me not live to know deſpair,
But give me quiet in the grave!

Why ſhould I live to hate the light,
Be with myſelf at conſtant ſtrife,
And drag about, in nature's ſpite,
An uſeleſs, joyleſs, load of life?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long bleſt in friendſhip, bleſt in love,
And may ſhe never think on me.

III. But

III.

But if, to prove my love ſincere,
The fates a while this trial doom;
Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear,
Nor leave me till my Delia come;

Till Delia come, no more to part,
And all theſe cares and fears remove,
Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whoſe looks beguile,
Whoſe ſmile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting ſmile,
And brighten up life's wint'ry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;—
Delia, reſtore me to my friends,
Reſtore me to myſelf again.

N° 86.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1786.

I Happened to ſpend ſome days lately in the country, at the houſe of a gentleman diſtinguiſhed in the republic of letters, and whoſe converſation is at all times in the higheſt degree inſtructive and entertaining. On my road home from his houſe, my whole thoughts were taken up with the agreeable entertainment I had received from his company, and I was employed in treaſuring up in my mind the many uſeful obſervations that had fallen from him. When I arrived in town, the firſt perſon I met with was

was my old acquaintance *Sympoſius*. Sympoſius is what is called a good bottle-companion; that is, one who thinks none, talks little, and drinks a great deal. He is much in company, and good company too: becauſe he keeps his ſeat quietly, has a ſteady hand at decanting a bottle, never forgets where the toaſt ſtands, never interrupts a ſtory except by filling a bumper, can make punch, brew negus, and ſeaſon a *devil*. With this combination of qualities, Sympoſius is oftener ſeen at good dinners than any man in town; and were it not for the liquor he conſumes, would be as harmleſs as e'er a bottle-ſlider at the table. At ſome houſe of my acquaintance he had heard of my country-excurſion, and where I had paſſed my time. "You are a happy man," ſaid he, "in poſſeſſing an intimacy and friendſhip ſo va-"luable as that of Mr. ——. I was once accident-"ally at his houſe: he had the fineſt batch of wine "of any man in the county. I never drank ſuch "Old Hock in my life."

I could not help ſmiling at Sympoſius's idea of a valuable friendſhip: and yet, when I conſidered the matter a little more cloſely, I began to think that in moſt men the ſame diſpoſition might be traced, to value others according to the ſtandard of themſelves; to form their opinions and their attachments from circumſtances as partial, though not ſo ridiculous, as the friendſhip of Sympoſius for the cellar of Mr. ——.

I had not long parted with Sympoſius, when I met with my old college-companion Dr. *Syntax*. He was, when I knew him firſt, a tutor at one of the univerſities, which he left on the death of a relation in India, who bequeathed him a conſiderable annuity for life. When at the univerſity, he was remarkable for his ſkill in the Latin language, and ſtill conſiders the knowledge of that tongue as the only thing which can conduct a man to eminence. I remember to have had ſome converſation with him about a gentleman, who, in his younger years, was

one

one of Syntax's pupils. This gentleman had been bred to the bar; and after having figured in his profeſſion, he became a member of the legiſlature, and was conſidered as one of the ableſt ſpeakers in the houſe in which he ſat. "Yes," ſaid my learned friend, "I always knew the lad would do well. "When he was under my care, he wrote Latin "verſes faſter than any boy I ever knew, and com-"poſed the beſt diſcourſe I ever read upon *Patavi-"nity.*" I took care not to let Syntax know that the firſt thing his pupil did, was to endeavour to *forget* almoſt all he had learned from his maſter, and that to this he principally aſcribed his ſucceſs in life.

But it is not only amongſt men of learning that this narrowneſs of opinion is to be met with. It is to be found in all profeſſions, and in every ſituation. *Diticus* is a man of fortune, and indeed he has this merit, that it has been principally made by himſelf. To men whoſe wealth is of their own acquirement, it naturally appears of the higheſt value, as the Iſraelites worſhipped the golden image they had made. Diticus ſuppoſes that the poſſeſſion of wealth conſtitutes the great happineſs of life. In this, perhaps, however falſe the ſuppoſition, Diticus is not ſingular; but he carries the matter a good deal farther, and thinks that wealth confers not only every bleſſing, but every talent and accompliſhment. He thinks meanly of the ſenſe, the learning, or the taſte of any man who walks on foot, a little better of one who rides a horſeback, but his idea of ſupreme excellence is confined to the perſon who lolls in his coach-and-ſix. When you ſee Diticus with a ſtranger, you may judge of the weight of his purſe from the degree of complaiſance and attention which Diticus pays to his opinions. Diticus would not for the world be thought to be intimate with a poor man; and avoids as much as poſſible being ſeen with perſons ſuſpected of poverty; and if he ſhould be ſo unlucky as to encounter with any of them, he takes care to ſhow by his behaviour, in what re-

pute

pute he holds their abilities and underſtanding. If he has a rich man at his table, he ſends him a larger ſlice of his mutton than to any other perſon, as if his ſtomach were proportionably capacious as his purſe; if he is engaged in a party at cards, he chuſes the wealthieſt man of the ſet for his partner, as if riches could give ſkill in the game. I dined t'other day with Diticus, when, upon his telling me a ſtory that appeared not a little improbable, I expreſſed ſome difficulty to give credit to it; Diticus, with great earneſtneſs, aſſured me it was moſt certainly true: for he had heard it from a gentleman of 3000*l.* a-year.

The character of *Valens* is very different from that of Diticus, but he is guided by principles equally abſurd. Valens has the good fortune to be poſſeſſed of a hale robuſt conſtitution. Valens is not only ſenſible of the advantage ariſing from this circumſtance, but prizes it ſo highly as to think it communicates every other advantage; and that the want of it is connected with every thing that is mean and unworthy. Valens never ſees a man with broad ſhoulders, brawny legs, or an open cheſt, but he looks upon him with reſpect, and wiſhes to become his friend; while he ſtarts back with horror from, and avoids, as he would do a thing contaminated, a man who has the appearance of a weak and ſickly conſtitution. In ſhort, good health with Valens is like the cruſt of loaf bread, which Peter told his brothers was the ſtaff of life, in which was contained the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, partridge, plumb-pudding, and cuſtard. As Valens is a man of ſome education, he has formed a theory, in order to juſtify his conduct and principles. If you attempt to reaſon with him, he will tell you, that health muſt be the foundation, not only of good morals, but of every thing elſe that is valuable; that without a robuſt conſtitution, no man can poſſeſs firmneſs and intrepidity of mind, or give that application and attention which is requiſite for the

the purpoſes of life; that it is health alone which can give cheerfulneſs, and its attendants, good-will and benevolence to others; that without health a man becomes peeviſh, chagrined, moroſe, and diſcontented, diſpleaſed with himſelf, and unfriendly to all the reſt of mankind. When he has a mind to be more diffuſe, as he is a man of ſome humour, he will tell you, that John Knox could never have brought about the Reformation, had he not been a man of ſtrong make and firm conſtitution; that Marlborough would never have been able to ſtem the power of France, had he not been of that figure of body which gives ſtrength and vigour to the mind; that Cicero's long neck produced that feebleneſs of ſoul, which threw ſuch a cloud over his other qualities; and that, had not Alexander the Great been a man of ſmall ſtature, he would not only have conquered the world, but have been able to hand down the empire he had won undivided to his ſucceſſors.

The character of *Pallidus* forms an exact counter part to that of Valens. Pallidus inherited from nature a feeble conſtitution: and the effeminate education which he received from his doting parents, who had no other child, did not tend to correct or to ſtrengthen it. As Pallidus's ſtate of health is very different from that of Valens, ſo he has formed a ſyſtem directly oppoſite. Pallidus is conſtantly telling you, and he is *uneaſy* if you do not believe him, that it is only men of delicate conſtitutions who can be ſuſceptible of the delicacies of virtuous feelings; that men who are robuſt and hardy, acquire a ferociouſneſs and a hardneſs of mind which deſtroys all the finer principles of the ſoul. Pallidus is at times eloquent upon the ſubject; he will run you over a long liſt of names of men who have been confeſſedly allowed to be poſſeſſed of the fineſt genius; and concludes with aſſuring you, it was the extreme delicacy of their health that gave birth to their exquiſite ſenſibility of mind, which exerted itſelf in thoſe diſplays of imagination and of ſcience which have rendered them

them immortal. Pallidus is exceedingly fond of the ſociety of the ladies, and courts their company; but he was never known to be attached to a woman remarkable for the goodneſs of her conſtitution, who was able to bear fatigue, or to ſhare thoſe exerciſes which require bodily ſtrength. Pallidus has ever in his mouth that remark of Dean Swift's, "That he "never knew a woman who was good for any thing, "that had a conſtant flow of health and good ſpirits." Nay, Pallidus carries the matter ſo far, that he cannot endure to ſee a female eat with an appetite; and would no more allow his ſiſter or his niece to aſſociate with a woman of good ſtomach, than with one of a tainted reputation.

In all theſe characters, I perceived, upon a little reflection, the ſame leading propenſity to bring the happineſs, the excellence, or the defects of others, to our own ſtandard; and I am perſuaded, were we narrowly to examine thoſe around us, we ſhould find among the buſy, the idle, the ambitious, or the diſſipated, the ſame colouring of objects, according to their own prevailing taſte or humour; and that, though the examples might not found ſo ludicrouſly, the principles would ſtill be found the ſame, would ſtill, in the eye of a philoſopher, be the *Old Hock* of Sympoſius.

A.

No 87.——Saturday, Sept. 30, 1786.

——— Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.

Hor.

THAT there is Nobody in town, is the obſervation of every perſon one has met for ſeveral weeks paſt; and though the word *Nobody*, like its fellow-vocable *Everybody*, has a great latitude of ſignification, and in this inſtance means upwards of threeſcore thouſand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this ſeaſon, a very great blank in one's accuſtomed ſociety. He whom circumſtances oblige to remain in town, feels a ſort of impriſonment, from which his more fortunate acquaintance have eſcaped to purer air, to freſher breezes, and a clearer ſky. He ſees, with a very melancholy aſpect, the cloſe window-ſhutters of deſerted houſes, the ruſted knockers, and moſſy pavement of unfrequented ſquares, and the few diſtant ſcattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyfulneſs of the reapers, and the ſhout of the ſportſman enlivening the fields; and within doors, the hours made jocound by the feſtivity of aſſembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the ſong.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almoſt conſtantly to a town, yet no body is more enthuſiaſtically fond of the country than I; and amidſt all my baniſhment from it, I have contrived ſtill to preſerve a reliſh for its pleaſures, and an enjoyment of its ſports, which few who viſit it ſo ſeldom are able to retain. I can ſtill weave an angling-line, or dreſs a fly, am at leaſt a hit-and-miſs man

man a ſhooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a *View-Holla*, or the encouraging *Hark forward!* to a cautious hound. But though theſe are a ſet of capacities which mark one's denizenſhip to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confeſs I am more delighted with its quieter and leſs turbulent pleaſures. There is a ſort of moral uſe of the country which every man who has not loſt the rural ſentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its ſcenes inſpire, a ſimplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and intereſtedneſs of the world. There is in the country a penſive vacancy (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) of mind, which ſtills the violence of paſſion, and the tumults of deſire. One can hardly dream on the bank of ſome nameleſs brook, without waking a better and a wiſer man. I early took the liberty of boaſting to my readers, that, as a *Lounger*, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this diſpoſition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the *Eolian harp*, ſteals on my ſoul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that ſooths while it inſpires. Not a blade that whiſtles in the breeze, not a weed that ſpreads its ſpeckled leaves to the ſun, but may add ſomething to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not ſure if, in the regret which I feel for my abſence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landſcapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my diſpoſition, that of travelling in my eaſy-chair, of tranſporting myſelf, without ſtirring from my parlour, to diſtant places and to abſent friends, of drawing ſcenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groupes of fancy, or the ſociety of remembrance. When I have ſometimes lately felt

the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffeehouse where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea, (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old Lady's, a relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others shewed that they had once been more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker-seat fronting the south was placed for the accommodation of the old Lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old Lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade,

caſcade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the houſe. When hay-making or harveſt was going on, my godmother took her long ſtick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thriſt in the ſuperintendency, as the viſit generally coſt her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors ſhe had ſo able an aſſiſtant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man-ſervant was her miniſter, the father of my *Peter*, who ſerves me not the leſs faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he held many ſubordinate offices) had originally enliſted with her huſband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his ſervant abroad, and attended him during his laſt illneſs at home. His beſt hat, which he wore a-Sundays, with a ſcarlet waiſtcoat of his maſter's, had ſtill a cockade in it.

Her huſband's books were in a room at the top of a ſcrew ſtair-caſe, which had ſcarce been opened ſince his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-preſs in the parlour. It conſiſted, as far as I can remember, of ſeveral volumes of ſermons, a Concordance, *Thomas a' Kempis*, Antonius's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and a tranſlation of *Boethius*; the original editions of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Cowley's* Poems, *Dryden's* Works, (of which I had loſt a volume ſoon after I firſt came about her houſe). *Baker's* Chronicle, *Burnet's* Hiſtory of his own Times, *Lamb's* Royal Cookery, *Abercromby's* Scots Warriors, and *Niſbet's* Heraldry.

The ſubject of the laſt-mentioned book was my godmother's ſtrong ground; and ſhe could diſentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote;

and her ſtories, though ſometimes long, were never tireſome; for ſhe had been a woman of great beauty and accompliſhment in her youth, and had kept ſuch company as made the drama of her ſtories reſpectable and intereſting. She ſpoke frequently of ſuch of her own family as ſhe remembered when a child, but ſcarcely ever of thoſe ſhe had loſt, though one could ſee that ſhe thought of them often. She had buried a beloved huſband and four children. Her youngeſt, Edward, "her beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his anceſtors. His picture, done when a child, an artleſs red and white portrait, ſmelling at a noſegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedſide, and his ſword and gorget were croſſed under it. When ſhe ſpoke of a ſoldier, it was in a ſtyle above her uſual ſimplicity; there was a ſort of ſwell in her language, which ſometimes a tear (for her age had not loſt the privilege of tears) made ſtill more eloquent. She kept her ſorrows, like the devotions that ſolaced them, ſacred to herſelf. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle ſhade only, like the ſleckered clouds of ſummer, that increaſe, not diminiſh, the benignity of the ſeaſon.

She had few neighbours, and ſtill fewer viſitors; but her reception of ſuch as did viſit her was cordial in the extreme. She preſſed a little too much perhaps; but there was ſo much heart and good will in her importunity, as made her good things ſeem better than thoſe of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her gueſts, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of moſt exhibitors of good dinners, becauſe the cookery was generally directed by herſelf. Their ſervants lived as well in her hall, and their horſes in her ſtable. She looked after the airing of their ſheets, and ſaw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who roſe betimes, would never ſuffer any body to mount his horſe faſting.

The

The parſon of the pariſh was her gueſt every Sunday, and ſaid prayers in the evening. To ſay truth, he was no great genius, nor much a ſcholar; I believe my god-mother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but ſhe received from him information of another ſort; he told her who were the poor, the ſick, the dying of the pariſh, and ſhe had ſome aſſiſtance, ſome comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dreſſed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited, (for ſhe was ſomewhat finical about the neatneſs of her perſon), ſitting in her ſtraight-backed elbow-chair, which ſtood in a large window ſcooped out of the thickneſs of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glaſs, the ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren. On the outſide waved a honey-ſuckle tree, which often threw its ſhade acroſs her book, or her work; but ſhe would not allow it to be cut down. "It has ſtood there "many a day," ſaid ſhe, "and we old inhabitants "ſhould bear with one another." Methinks I ſee her thus ſeated, her ſpectacles on, but raiſed a little on her brow for a pauſe of explanation, their ſhagreen-caſe lay between the leaves of a ſilver-claſped Family-Bible.——On one ſide, her bell and ſnuff-box, on the other her knitting apparatus in a blue damaſk bag.——Between her and the fire an old Spaniſh pointer, that had formerly been her ſon Edward's, teaſed, but not teaſed out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.——All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its buſineſs. In town I may have ſeen ſuch a figure; but the country ſcenery around, like the taſteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would loſe in any other ſituation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little reliſh on the portrait. I know it is an egotiſm in me to talk of its value; but over this diſh of tea, and in ſuch a temper of mind, one is given to egotiſm. It will be only adding another to ſay, that

when I recall the rural ſcene of the good old Lady's abode, her ſimple, her innocent, her uſeful employments, the afflictions ſhe ſuſtained in this world, the comforts ſhe drew from another; I feel a ſerenity of ſoul, a benignity of affections, which I am ſure confer happineſs, and I think muſt promote virtue.

Z.

No 88.——Saturday, Oct. 7, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

IN a late Paper you have given to the Public, you preſented us with the character of a gentleman poſſeſſed of ſenſibility and delicacy of feelings, but deſtitute of virtuous exertion. Allow me to introduce to your readers the character of another, conſiderably different, the view of which may not perhaps be altogether without its uſe, and may make ſome addition to the number of original portraits you have given to the public.

Dormer is a man who is not only free from vice but who is poſſeſſed of a conſiderable regard for virtue; and yet when his character comes to be conſidered attentively, it will be found defective in many very important reſpects. Dormer's great object is the Public Good, and to this he dedicates his whole time and labour.

Part

Part of the year he lives in the country; and when there, he is conſtantly occupied in contriving ſchemes for the advancement of agriculture and the improvement of manufactures. He has written a number of little treatiſes upon thoſe ſubjects, and his houſe is conſtantly filled with thoſe pamphleteers and projectors, who, like him, talk of nothing but the good of their country. At county meetings he never fails to attend, and there he conſtantly ſupports or oppoſes ſome ſcheme, as beneficial or pernicious to the public good. When any plan is propoſed which by theoretical deduction it can be ſhown may poſſibly be attended with ſome general advantage, but which will certainly be very hurtful to ſome individuals, Dormer is ſure to give it his warmeſt approbation and ſupport. His conſtant maxim is, that the intereſt of individuals ſhould never be put in competition with that of the public. From a ſteady adherence to this maxim, he thinks nothing of demoliſhing houſes, rooting out incloſures, or diſpoſſeſſing tenants. I have known him, for the purpoſe of ſtraightening a highway only a few feet, pull down a houſe, by which a widow and a numerous family of children were turned out to the open air.

The ſame love of public utility attends Dormer when he comes to town. He views with admiration the public works which are going on, and viſits with great ſatisfaction the different improvements. He talks with apparent philanthropy of the rapid progreſs this country is making, and bleſſes himſelf for having lived at a period of ſo great advancement.

He ſays, it ever ſhall be his object to contribute as much as a poor individual can to every thing which is of national importance. Actuated by ſuch motives, he is a good ſubject to government; and one of his favourite tenets is, that the powers that are ſhould be implicitly ſubmitted to. To every magiſtrate, and every perſon in public office, he

pays the moſt paſſive obedience; and when once a law is enacted, he is for enforcing it without mitigation, though it ſhould produce the ruin of the moſt innocent individuals. At a Circuit, he conſtantly waits upon the Judges, values himſelf on the reſpect and attention he pays them; and on all occaſions is for inflicting rigorous puniſhments on the perſons convicted of crimes, without paying regard to any alleviating circumſtances in their caſe.

I do not wiſh to find fault with theſe, or at leaſt with all of theſe particulars in Dormer; nor do I mean to ſay that he is not ſincere, or that his conduct does not proceed from a real concern for the good of the public. But when I allow this, I allow him all he is intitled to—That he has a regard for the public intereſt.—This is the whole merit of his character.

But are there not private virtues, are there not private intereſts and attachments, that are as important, as neceſſary to conſtitute a virtuous character, as a regard for the public intereſt? And ought general conſiderations of utility to ſuperſede the attention to every thing elſe? In the conduct of Dormer they certainly do.

His love for the public is ſuch, that he pays no attention to his family; the public engroſſes him to ſuch a degree, that he has no time for private friendſhip, or for the exerciſe of private virtues. His wife and daughters are unattended to at home; and his ſon, an excellent young man, is deſpiſed by him, becauſe he does not like public meetings, and does not chuſe to buſtle for the good of his country. No one can tell of any charitable deed performed by Dormer; of any perſon in diſtreſs relieved by his generoſity. To give this relief would be contrary to his principles, as he holds charity and generoſity to be baſtard virtues; he ſays, that if there were no charity, there would be no idleneſs.

By unavoidable misfortunes in trade, a couſin of his, of the faireſt and beſt character, was reduced in

in his circumſtances. Dormer was applied to for his name to a ſubſcription for this gentleman's relief and that of his family; but he refuſed; ſaid he thought it was wrong to try to keep them in a genteel ſtyle; that the loweſt ſtation in ſociety is the moſt uſeful; and that, in his opinion, the ſons ſhould be bred mechanics, and the daughter put out to ſervice.

I have already ſaid, that I do not mean to deny that Dormer is ſincere in what he profeſſes, in having the real good of the public at heart; but yet this admiſſion which I have made muſt be taken with ſome allowance. His regard for the public, the concern which he takes in projects of advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and public works, does not ſo much proceed from a feeling of the happineſs which this advancement will produce, as from a love of theory, of what is calculated to promote that theory, from a fondneſs for order, and for every thing conſpiring to one great and general end. Were his view directed by a concern for the happineſs produced by his plans, he would in ſome caſes allow the comfort of individuals to enter into his regards.

A very ingenious philoſopher, who poſſeſſes a ſingular power of illuſtration, joined to an uncommon depth of thinking, in ſpeaking of the reaſon why utility pleaſes, has remarked, "That the fitneſs, the "happy contrivance of any production of art, is "often more valued than the very end for which it "was intended; and that the exact adjuſtment of "the means for attaining any conveniency or plea"ſure, is frequently more regarded than that very "conveniency or pleaſure, in the attainment of which "their whole merit would ſeem to conſiſt."

"When a perſon," continues this author, "comes "into his chamber, and finds the chairs all ſtanding "in the middle of the room, he is angry with his "ſervant; and rather than ſee them continue in that "diſorder, perhaps takes the trouble himſelf to ſet "them all in their places, with their backs to the

"wall. The whole propriety of this new ſituation "ariſes from its ſuperior conveniency in leaving the "floor free and diſengaged. To attain this con- "veniency, he voluntarily puts himſelf to more "trouble than all he could have ſuffered from the "want of it, ſince nothing was more eaſy than to "have ſet himſelf down upon one of them, which "is probably what he does when his labour is over. "What he wanted, therefore, it ſeems, was not ſo "much this conveniency, as that arrangement of "things which promotes it; yet it is this conveni- "ency which ultimately recommends that arrange- "ment, and beſtows upon it the whole of its pro- "priety and beauty.

"A watch, in the ſame manner, that falls behind "above two minutes in a day, is deſpiſed by one "curious in watches. He ſells it perhaps for a cou- "ple of guineas, and purchaſes another at fifty, "which will not loſe above a minute in a fortnight. "The ſole uſe of watches, however, is to tell us "what o'clock it is, and to hinder us from breaking "any engagement, or ſuffering any other inconveni- "ency, by our ignorance in that particular point. "But the perſon ſo nice with regard to this machine, "will not always be found either more ſcrupulouſly "punctual than other men, or more anxiouſly con- "cerned upon any other account to know preciſely "what time of day it is. What intereſts him is "not ſo much the attainment of this piece of know- "ledge, as the perfection of the machine which "ſerves to attain it."

The ſame author afterwards obſerves, that it is a ſimilar principle which frequently ſerves to recommend thoſe inſtitutions that tend to promote the public welfare.

Something of this kind may afford the key to Dormer's character. In all his ſchemes, in all his projects, it is not ſo much the end which he has in view, as the mode of producing that end. For this

he ſacrifices the happineſs of individuals; nay, the aggregate happineſs of a whole ſociety does not fill or intereſt his mind ſo much, as the fitneſs of the meaſure by which, after many hardſhips and oppreſſions, that object may be produced.

I am, &c.

T. L.

If the account which is given by my correſpondent of Dormer's character be a juſt one, and I am perſuaded, by my own obſervation, that it is not out of nature, ſeveral uſeful leſſons may be learned from it. We may be taught the danger of ſuffering attention to one part of our conduct to ſwallow up our regard for every other; we may perceive the hazard of allowing notions of public utility to extinguiſh private virtues. Theſe laſt are indeed indiſpenſably neceſſary to conſtitute the perfection of any character, and to all of us, except a very few, are the only virtues within our reach.

It may be told thoſe men, *who, like Dormer*, arrogate to themſelves the praiſe of public ſpirit, and look down with contempt on the humbler virtue of ſuch as are occupied in the private concerns of life, that they are not quite ſo remote from ſelfiſhneſs as they would ſometimes have the world to believe. The theories of Dormer are as much his children, as that ſon and daughter, whom perhaps he will call it virtue to diſregard, in his violent attention to the good of his country; and when he canvaſſes with ſucceſs at county-meetings for the family of his projects, he feels as much ſelfiſh ſatisfaction, and much more ſelfiſh vanity, than if he obtained a penſion for his wife, or an appointment for his unfortunate relation. From Dormer's, and other ſuch oſtentatious characters, we may learn, that there may be often much

much pretenſion to virtue, and even ſome virtuous conduct, without much humanity, or much virtuous feeling.

P.

No 89.——Saturday, Oct. 14, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I Read with infinite ſatisfaction your 87th Number, on the Pleaſures of the Country, and the moral uſe of that "rural ſentiment," the effects of which you know ſo well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were deſcribing in town, I was witneſſing in the country. I have juſt returned from an excurſion into a diſtant county, "a hundred miles from town, its inhabi-"tants, and its buſineſs." 'Twas at the houſe of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been preſſingly invited theſe ſeveral years paſt, to ſpend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air, and unwholeſome ſtreets, the buſtle, cares, and diſſipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulneſs, and ſobriety of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent houſe, his every thing, in ſhort, that great wealth (for he is a man of a very large eſtate) could beſtow and taſte (for every body talked of his and Mrs. L——'s taſte) could adorn. I pictured

pictured his groves, his lawns, and his waterfalls, with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country-scenery which you seem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls, whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London) as the wood nymphs of the scene. All this "rural sentiment" I set out with; and the sight of my friend's country-seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country-life people lead at *L—— Hall.*

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly Dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother, a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These, with your humble servant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visitors from the neighbourhood; Mr. L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival, I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up by times to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house door locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beside myself stirring in the house; for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up

up at cards till five in the morning. By the intereſt of this young friend, I at laſt procured the key, and was let out. I ſtrolled the way of the ſtable, of which I found the entry much eaſier than the exit from the houſe, the door being left very conveniently open. The horſes from town had not been quite ſo well entertained as the ſervants; for they were ſtanding with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their ſkins. But this was too much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleaſanter occupation than a curry-comb.

Having rubbed down a favourite poney, which I had brought to the country for an occaſional ride, and locked the ſtable-door, I turned down a little path that led to the ſhrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inſcriptions, that there were men-traps and ſteel-guns, for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to reſtrict myſelf to a walk amidſt the duſt of the high road till ten, when, on my return to the houſe, I found no leſs duſt within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfaſting parlour was put in order. By one of the ſervants, whom, from his ſurly look, I ſuppoſe to be a loſer of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfaſt for ſome of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found ſome of the company aſſembled accordingly. The Dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herſelf, but had chocolate in their different apartments: it ſeems they could not be made up, as one of the young Ladies expreſſed it, ſo early: Their daughters ſeemed to have been made up in haſte, for they came down in rumpled night-caps, and their hair in a brown paſte upon their ſhoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the ſecond tea-pot; their heads were in diſorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the reſt of the company had gone

to

to bed. The maſter of the houſe entered the room when breakfaſt was nearly over: he aſked pardon of his brother Senator and the Clergyman for being ſo late; but he had been detained, he ſaid, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his eſtate. "Did you "ride or walk, Sir!" ſaid I. Mr. L—— ſmiled. "I walked only to the eaſy chair in my library; I "always view my farm upon paper: *Mr. Capabili-* "*ty*, my governor in theſe matters, drives through "it in his phaeton, and lays down every thing ſo "accurately, that I have no occaſion to go near "it."

Breakfaſt ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-ſhooting; but the weather was ſuch as to ſcare any but hardy ſportſmen; ſo they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the ſenior gentlemen except myſelf. I propoſed to betake myſelf to the library; but I found an unwillingneſs in our hoſt to let me take down any of the books, which were ſo elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in ſuch beautiful order, that it ſeemed contrary to the etiquette of the houſe to remove any of them from the ſhelves; but there was a particular ſelection in the parlour, which the company was at liberty to peruſe; it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the Liſt of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Regiſter, a file of the Morning Herald, Boſwell's Tour, the Faſhionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the laſt Collection of Farces.

Mrs. L——, and her friend the Dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard or the whiſt party, and had finiſhed my ſtudies in the parlour, they did me the honour to admit me of their *converſazione*. It conſiſted chiefly of a diſſertation on ſome damaſk and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately beſpoke from the metropolis, and a diſpute about the age of

a *ſulky*

a *ſulky* ſet of china ſhe had bought laſt winter, at a ſale of Lord *Squanderfield*'s. In one of the pauſes of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to aſk the two Ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The Dowager ſaid, ſhe never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me ſhe had not walked ſince ſhe caught a ſore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The converſation was interrupted by the arrival of the young Ladies, with half a ſcore of packing-boxes, juſt received by a ſhip from London. Theſe changed the current of the diſcourſe to the ſubject of dreſs, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding ſlippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice, as well as theory of thoſe branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the Dowager's eldeſt daughter, and the Major. They had ſpent about two hours at their toilets: yet the hurry of the Major appeared, by his man having forgot to put in the falſe ſtraps to his buckles; and of the young Lady, from one cheek being at leaſt half a ſhade redder than the other. The Ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having diſcuſſed the prices of different ſets of burghs at one end of the table, and the qualities of ſeveral race-horſes and game-cocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may ſerve for the hiſtory of moſt of thoſe I ſpent there. We had, however, our Sabbath-day's employment, and our Sabbath-day's gueſt, as well as your god-mother. The firſt Sunday after my arrival, being a rainy one, Mrs. L——, and moſt of our party accompanying her, went to the pariſh-church. The Engliſh clergyman would not conſent to ſo wicked a thing

thing as going to a Preſbyterian place of worſhip, and therefore ſtaid at home, to look over a party at picquet in the Dowager's dreſſing-room between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but ſhall never do ſo profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the ſervice, and during the ſermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the ſhells. The Major only was more ſeriouſly employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it muſt be confeſſed, ſome of them afforded no unfavourable ſubjects.

The parſon of the pariſh, like your old Lady's, was always a Sunday-viſitor at L——— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his ſecond brother, and had the honour of inſpiring them both with a moſt ſovereign contempt and deteſtation of learning. He, too, like your godmother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies he related the little ſcandalous anecdotes of the pariſh, and gave his former pupils intelligence of ſeveral coveys of partridges. Himſelf afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a *Butt* to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's wit. To their father he was extremely uſeful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toaſt ſtood. In ſhort, he ſeemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to inſtil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the houſe think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L——— Hall, the arrival of an elderly Baronet from town, an old club-companion of Mr. L———'s, added one other rural idea to the ſtock we were already in poſſeſſion of; I mean that of eating, in which our new gueſt, *Sir William Harrico*, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfaſt we had a diſſertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the reviſal of

of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dreſſing muſhrooms, overſaw the compoſition of the grouſe-ſoup in perſon, and gave the veniſon a reprieve to a certain diſtant day, when it ſhould require the exactly proper *fumet* for the palate of a connoiſſeur.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is the train of "rural ſen-"timent" which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the muſhroom ragout, and have eat ſtinking veniſon there as eaſily as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noon-day with as much ſatisfaction in a crowded ſtreet, as in view of Mr. L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouſe in *Prince's-Street* might have afforded me information as to chintz and damaſk chair-covers; and your ingenious correſpondent *Mr. Jenkin* could have ſhewn me a model of the neweſt-faſhioned buckle on the foot of ſome of his little ſcarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature Ladies of his window. In ſhort, I am inclined to believe, that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithſtanding the labours of the *Lounger*; that I might have ſaved myſelf three days journey, the expence of a poſt-chaiſe, and a ſix weeks loſs of time; and, what was perhaps more material than all the reſt, I might have preſerved that happy enthuſiaſm for country-pleaſures which you ſeem ſtill to enjoy, and which, in the leſs-informed days of my youth, I alſo was fortunate enough to poſſeſs.

I am, &c.

URBANUS.

V.

No 90.——Saturday, Oct. 21, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

THOUGH, from my rank in life, being a tradeſman's daughter, left an orphan at ſix years old, I had little title to know any thing about ſenſibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were ſeveral young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about theſe things. By the ſame young ladies I was made acquainted with your Paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the *Lounger* to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers publiſhed ſome time ago, we met with *Mrs. Alice Heartly's* account of an old lady with whom ſhe lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connection with one ſo deſtitute of all tender ſentiment as my Lady *Bidmore*. I had ſoon after occaſion to congratulate myſelf on a very different ſort of eſtabliſhment, having been recommended by my young patroneſſes to a lady, who uſed frequently to viſit at their houſe, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, ſhe uſed to ſay, to acknowledge her weakneſs on that ſide) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phraſe, a perfect martyr of the moſt acute and delicate ſenſibility. At our houſe I ſaw her once in the greateſt diſtreſs imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myſelf, for my tenderneſs about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young

young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my ſhoulder, and pick little crumbs out of my mouth. I ſhall never forget Mrs. *Senſitive's* crying out, "Oh! how I envy her the ſweet little creature's "kiſſes!" It made me bluſh to hear her ſpeak ſo; for I had never thought of kiſſes in the matter.

That little circumſtance, however, procured me her favour ſo much, that, on being told of my ſituation, ſhe begged I might, as ſhe was kind enough to expreſs it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard ſo much of her tender-heartedneſs and her feeling; as ſhe was very rich, having been left a widow, with the diſpoſal of her huſband's whole fortune: as ſhe had no body but herſelf in family, ſo that it promiſed to be an eaſy place; all theſe things made me very happy to accept her offer; and I agreed to go home to her houſe immediately, her laſt attendant having left her ſomewhat ſuddenly. I heard indeed the very morning after I went thither, that her ſervants did not uſe to ſtay long with her, which gave me ſome little uneaſineſs; but ſhe took occaſion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty and want of feeling, having turned them all off for ſome neglect or ill uſage of her little family, as ſhe called it. This little family, of which I had not heard before, conſiſts of a number of birds and beaſts, which it is the great pleaſure of Mrs. Senſitive's life to keep and to fondle, and on which ſhe is conſtantly exerciſing her ſenſibilities, as ſhe ſays. My chief employment is to aſſiſt her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs. Senſitive's is not ſo eaſy a taſk as I at firſt had flattered myſelf it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, ſome of the ladies of which are almoſt always lying in, a monkey, a flying ſquirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jack-daw, an owl, beſides half a hundred ſmaller birds, bul-finches, canaries, linnets, and white ſparrows. We have

have a dormouſe in a box, a ſet of Guineapigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; beſides out-penſioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainſcoting, to viſit us at breakfaſt and dinner time. All theſe I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmoſt care and aſſiduity; not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to waſh the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the inſtruction of the canaries and goldfinches, and to ſpeak to the parrots and jack-daw for theirs; but I muſt accommodate myſelf, as my miſtreſs ſays, to the feelings of the ſweet creatures; I muſt contribute to their amuſement, and keep them in good ſpirits; I muſt ſcratch the heads of the parrots; I muſt laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs. Senſitive ſays, ſhe can underſtand their looks and their language from *ſympathy*; and that ſhe is ſure it muſt delight every ſuſceptible mind to have thus an opportunity for extending the ſphere of its ſenſibilities.

She ſometimes takes an opportunity of extending ſomething elſe with poor me. You can hardly ſuppoſe what a paſſion ſhe gets into, if any thing about this family of her is neglected; and when ſhe chuſes to be angry, and ſpeak her mind to me a little loud or ſo, her favourites, I ſuppoſe from ſympathy too, join in the remonſtrance, and make ſuch a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jack-daw, and the monkey, there is ſuch a barking, ſqualling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Senſitive's ears are not ſo eaſily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr. Lounger, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Chriſtians of the family. She has no pity on us, no ſympathy in the world for our diſtreſſes. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy beſides myſelf; and I aſſure you it does not fare near

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ſo well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milk-woman ſay, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Senſitive himſelf was not treated altogether ſo kindly as ſome of his Lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it ſeems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman ſays, ſhe never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs. Senſitive inſiſted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, becauſe ſhe ſaid it could not ſleep a-nights, from the coldneſs of the climate in this country. Yet ſhe often talks of her dear Mr. Senſitive, and weeps when ſhe talks of him; and ſhe has got a fine tomb ſtone raiſed over his grave, with an epitaph full of diſconſolates, and inconſolables, and what not. To ſay truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindneſs and tender regrets; but we are none of us willing to purchaſe her favour at that rate.

As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to ſuffer to come near her; ſhe ſays ſhe cannot bear to hear their lamentable ſtories, for that they tear her poor feelings to pieces. Beſides, ſhe has diſcovered, that moſt of them really deſerve no compaſſion, and many ſenſible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her againſt giving way to her ſenſibility in that way: becauſe, in ſuch caſes, the compaſſion of individuals is hurtful to ſociety. There are ſeveral poor relations of her huſband's, who, if it had not been for a ſettlement he made in her favour a ſhort while before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greateſt part of his fortune, to whom ſhe never gave a ſhilling in her life. One little boy, her huſband's godſon, ſhe conſented to take into the houſe; but ſhe

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turned him out of doors in leſs than a week, becauſe of a blow he gave to *Fidele*, who was ſtealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almoſt tempted to ſteal bread and butter too. Mrs. Senſitive is an œconomiſt, though ſhe ſpends a great deal of money on theſe naſty dogs and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the ſaying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this ſcore; and the boy ſays, he will only ſtay till he is a little bigger. As for me, ſhe is pleaſed to ſay, that I am of an order of being ſuperior to the others; and ſhe ſometimes condeſcends to reaſon with me. She would perſuade me, Sir, that it is a ſin to eat the fleſh of any bird or beaſt, and talks much of a ſet of philoſophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beaſts and birds; and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the ſhape of a gooſe or turkey. And ſhe ſays, how delightful ſhe would be in the ſociety of thoſe naked philoſophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then ſhe coaxes me, and ſays, that I have fine feelings too: but indeed I have no ſuch feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is ſuch a grumbling about me.——And as for people being changed into birds and beaſts, I think it is Heatheniſh, and downright againſt the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough ſometimes to hear her fancies about it: and I can't help having my fancies too; as t'other morning, when the great horned owl ſat at table by her, on the chair which ſhe has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Senſitive uſed to occupy, and the poor creature looked ſo grave, and ſat as ſilent as mum-chance;—but then ſhe was ſo kind to the owl! I don't know what her ſquirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into ſome odd cor-

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ner or other. 'Twas but yeſterday I got a ſad ſcold for offering to ſqueeze it when it had crept, Lord knows how far, up my petticoats: and my miſtreſs was in ſuch a flurry, for fear I ſhould have hurt it. She lets it ſkip all about her without ever ſtarting or wincing, for all her feelings are ſo fine. But theſe fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wiſh to get into the ſervice of ſome perſon who has them of a coarſer kind, that would be a little more uſeful. If Mrs. Heartly therefore continues in her reſolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's on account of that old Lady's want of feeling, I would be very much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard-bruſh; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it will be perfect paſtime only, in compariſon of my mornings cleaning out Mrs. Senſitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmere, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philoſophers; and if any other ſet have taught her, that people are changed into Commodes, Cheſts of Drawers, or Bed-ſteads, it ſignifies very little, as we ſhall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or ſuppers.——I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

N° 91.——Saturday, Oct. 28, 1786.

It is the obſervation of an elegant author *, "That there is a ſublime and tender melancholy, "almoſt the univerſal attendant of genius, which is "too apt to degenerate into gloom and diſguſt "with the world." I have frequently had occaſion to mark the juſtice of this obſervation; and it is with much regret that I have ſometimes ſeen men of taſte, and delicacy of feeling, have a tendency to indulge in habits of gloom, deſpondency, and diſreliſh of the world. There is a certain ſtandard of virtue and propriety, which a man of delicacy is apt to form in his own mind, but which, in the common events of the world, is rarely to be met with;—there are certain ideas of elevated and ſublime happineſs which a man of a highly cultivated mind has a diſpoſition to indulge, which it is hardly poſſible can be realized. When, therefore, a perſon of this diſpoſition comes abroad into the world, when he meets with foliy where he expected wiſdom, falſehood in the room of honour, coarſeneſs inſtead of delicacy, and ſelfiſhneſs and inſenſibility where he had formed high ideas of generoſity and refinement, he is apt to fall under the dominion of melancholy, and to ſee the world in a gloomy point of view. Such a man, if he is not at pains to guard againſt it, runs ſome riſk of contracting a degree of habitual diſguſt at mankind, and becoming miſanthropical to a certain extent.

It will not, however, be that ſpecies of miſanthropy which takes delight in the miſeries of mankind; on the contrary, it will be a feeling of diſguſt ariſing

* Dr. Gregory.

from diſappointed benevolence, mingled with pity and compaſſion for the follies and weakneſſes of men. I doubt much if there exiſts in the world a complete *miſanthrope*, in the darkeſt ſenſe of that word, a perſon who takes pleaſure in the wretchedneſs of others. If there does, it is impoſſible to conceive ſufficient deteſtation at ſuch a character. But the miſanthropy of which I ſpeak is of a much ſofter kind, and borders nearly on the higheſt degree of *philanthropy*. It ſeems indeed to be the child of philanthropy, and to proceed from too much ſenſibility, hurt by diſappointment in the benevolent and amiable feelings.

It is a common and a juſt remark, that where a ſtrong friendſhip has ſubſiſted, if that friendſhip is once broken by the fault of either party, it is difficult to prevent a certain degree of hatred and diſguſt from taking place. The more ſuſceptible the two perſons were of the ſtrong attachments of friendſhip, the more warmly and the more cloſely they were once united, ſo much the more difficult does it become to bring about a re-union or reconcilement. The ſanguine and romantic opinions they had formed of one another's worth, and the diſappointment which both or either of them feel from the behaviour of the other, inflicts a wound with rankles in the ſoul, and prevents all future confidence. The ſame conduct in another perſon not ſo dear, with whom there was not ſo cloſe an union, would have been paſſed over, and made little impreſſion; the former diſtant and cold acquaintance would have gone on as uſual, and forgiveneſs would eaſily have taken place.

Somewhat ſimilar to the ſituation of a perſon who has been diſappointed in the conduct of one from whom he expected much happineſs and much friendſhip, is that of him who, having conceived warm and elevated notions of the world, has been diſappointed in all theſe better expectations. The world, with its purſuits, will appear in an unfavourable light; he will be apt to quit its ſociety, and to indulge in ſolitude

litude his gloomy reflections. His diſlike of the world, however, will be of a calm and gentle kind; it will rather be pity than hatred; though he may think ill of the ſpecies, he will be kind to individuals: he may diſlike man, but will aſſiſt John or James.

Shakeſpeare, from whoſe writings much knowledge of the human heart is to be acquired, has preſented us, in ſeveral of his characters, with a hiſtory of that melancholy and miſanthropy I have deſcribed above.

Of the character of Hamlet, one of my predeceſſors * has given a delineation which appears to me to be a juſt one. Naturally of the moſt amiable and virtuous diſpoſition, and endued with the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, he is unfortunate; and his misfortunes proceed from the crimes of thoſe with whom he was the moſt nearly connected, for whom he had the ſtrongeſt feelings of natural affection. From theſe circumſtances, he is hurt in his ſoul's tendereſt part; he is unhinged in his principles of action, falls into melancholy, and conceives diſguſt at the world: yet amidſt all his diſguſt, and the miſanthropy which he at times diſcovers, we conſtantly perceive, that goodneſs and benevolence are the prevailing features of his character; amidſt all the gloom of his melancholy, and the agitation in which his calamities involve him, there are occaſional outbreakings of a mind richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. Had Hamlet poſſeſſed leſs ſenſibility, had he not been ſo eaſily hurt by the calamities of life, by the crimes the perſons with whom he was connected, he would have preſerved more equanimity, he would not have been the prey of dark deſponding melancholy; the world and all its uſes would not have appeared to him "ſtale, flat, and

* Mirror, No 99, 100.

" unprofitable; an unweeded garden that grows to " ſeed, poſſeſſed merely by things rank and groſs in " nature."

In the play of " *As you Like it*," there is brought upon the ſtage a perſonage of a more fixed and ſyſtematic melancholy than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's melancholy and diſguſt with the world, is occaſioned by the particular nature of the misfortunes he meets with. But in *Jaques* we ſee a ſettled and confirmed melancholy, not proceeding from any misfortune peculiar to himſelf, but ariſing from a general feeling of the vanity of the world, and the folly of thoſe engaged in its purſuits. His melancholy is therefore more ſettled than that of Hamlet, and is in truth more deeply rooted. He takes no ſhare in the enjoyments of life, but abandons ſociety, and lives in ſolitude. Hamlet, wounded to the heart by the misfortunes which befal him, and irritated by the crimes of others, feels more poignantly at the time. The feelings of Jaques are more general, and therefore the more calm, but from that very cauſe are deeper and more fixed. It is to be obſerved, however, that the melancholy and miſanthropy of Jaques, like that of Hamlet, proceeds from exceſs of tenderneſs, from too much ſenſibility to the evils of the world and the faults of mankind. His moralizing on the poor ſequeſtered ſtag, is a moſt beautiful illuſtration of his tenderneſs, and of his nice perception and ſorrow for the follies and vices of men;—as his compariſon of the world to a ſtage affords a highly finiſhed picture of the eſtimation in which he holds human life.

In " *Timon of Athens*," we are preſented with a character in many reſpects different from that of Hamlet or Jaques. Here we have miſanthropy of a much darker hue. Soured with diſappointment; fallen from the height of proſperity into the loweſt ſtate of adverſity; deceived by flattering friends: forſaken by the buzzling attendants on wealth and greatneſs, Timon conceives diſguſt at the world and its

its enjoyments; and that diſguſt produces hatred and averſion at mankind. Yet even here it is obſervable, that with all Timon's miſanthropy, there is a great mixture of original goodneſs and benevolence. At his firſt outſet in life he was unſuſpicious, and wiſhed to contribute to the happineſs of all around him. "Being free himſelf, he thought all others ſo." Diſappointed in the opinion he had formed of the world, and ſhocked with the ingratitude he met with; "brought low," as he is ſaid to be, "by his own "heart, undone by goodneſs," he becomes a prey to deep gloom and miſanthropy; but with all his miſanthropy, he preſerves a ſenſe of honour and of right.

It is to be admitted, however, that as Timon's is a character much inferior to, and much leſs amiable than that of Hamlet or of Jaques, ſo his miſanthropy is of a much blacker and more ſavage nature. Hamlet's miſanthropy ariſes from a deep ſenſe of the guilt of others;——Jaques's from a general impreſſion of the follies and weakneſſes of the world; Timon's is produced by a ſelfiſh ſenſe of the ingratitude of others to himſelf. His diſguſt at the world, therefore, is not mixed with the ſame gentleneſs and amiable tenderneſs which is diſplayed by the other two; and he poſſeſſes as much miſanthropy of the blackeſt ſort as it is poſſible for human nature to arrive at. Shakeſpeare indeed holds him forth as a perſon altogether bereft of reaſon. He ſeems to have thought, that ſuch a degree of miſanthropy as Timon is deſcribed to be poſſeſſed of, was inconſiſtent with the uſe of that faculty.

In the criticiſm on Hamlet which I before quoted, it is obſerved, that amidſt all his melancholy and gloom, there is a great deal of gaiety and playfulneſs in his deportment. The remark is certainly juſt, and it may be extended to the other characters of Shakeſpeare above taken notice of. Notwithſtanding the ſettled dejection of Jaques, he is deſcribed as poſſeſſing an uncommon degree of humour.

He himſelf tells us, "he is often wrapped in a moſt "humorous ſadneſs." The account which he gives of the motley fool he met with in the foreſt, and the deſcription of the ſeven ages of human life, are lively inſtances of this ſtrong feature in his character.

Even Timon, black as his melancholy appears, is not without an humour in his ſadneſs. The joke put on him by his worthleſs friends, in inviting them to dinner when he had none to give them, the converſation between him and Apemantus, and the laſt ſcene with the Poet and Painter, are ſufficient confirmation of this remark.

The diſpoſition in all theſe characters to a certain degree of jocularity and ſportiveneſs, is far from being unnatural. On the contrary, I am diſpoſed to think that ſomething of this kind takes place in every every perſon who is under the influence of melancholy. There is no doubt that the mind may be ſo much overwhelmed, as to be incapable of reliſhing any degree of ſportiveneſs or of gaiety; but when the firſt paroxiſms of grief are over, when the violent effects of overwhelming diſtreſs, which cannot long continue, have ſubſided, and when the mind has aſſumed a tone perhaps equally diſtreſſing, but more laſting and calm, and even more thoughtful, there is no time when the effect of a joke will be more eaſily perceived, or better underſtood.

This may perhaps be accounted for, by a few obſervations on the ſtate of the mind in ſuch circumſtances, with which I ſhall conclude the preſent Paper.

A perſon under the influence of melancholy, or indeed of any paſſion whatever, and frequently become a ſpectator of his own mind *; muſt often be led to view his own feelings in the light in which they will appear to others. Viewing them in this light, and in the ſituation of perſons not under the

* See Theory of Moral Sentiment.

ſame

ſame prejudice, they may appear to him very differently from what is his own habitual impreſſion; and in this ſituation he may entertain ſomewhat of a diſpoſition to ſmile at himſelf, and to admit of a joke even at his own expence. The gentleneſs of Hamlet's ſpirit made him anxious to accommodate himſelf, and bring down his own feelings to a level with thoſe of the perſons around him; and therefore, on all occaſions, even in the deepeſt melancholy, he engages in pleaſantry of converſation; he even ventures to joke with Horatio on his mother's marriage, which was the great cauſe of all his ſorrow.

If, as ſome philoſophers have maintained, ridicule ariſes from contraſt, there is no ſituation, provided we are capable of perceiving ridicule at all, in which the ridiculous will appear in a ſtronger point of view, than when the mind is under the dominion of melancholy. The very ſituation muſt heighten the contraſt. The circumſtance of *Cromwell* and his aſſociate bedaubing one another's faces with ink, while they were in the act of ſigning the warrant for the death of the King; or that of Lord *Lovat* with the ſuds on his beard kiſſing *Hogarth*, who had come to ſteal a drawing of him the day before his execution; would have been childiſh at any other time.

When a perſon is in a melancholy frame of mind, ſuch a melancholy as leads him to view the world and all its purſuits in a gloomy point of view, this is apt to produce a ſort of elevation above the world, and an indifference about every thing that is going on in it. The great and the low, the rich and the poor, the buſy and the idle, are all ſeen with equal unconcern, as paſſing thro' a few years to that period, when all their projects will be buried in the grave.

Diveſne, priſco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
De gente, ſub dio moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur.——

Such a perſon may feel ſome gratification in letting himſelf down from the melancholy eminence from which he views human life; and, conſidering all its occupations as frivolous alike, it will rather flatter than hurt his pride, to join in the trifling jeſt or idle merriment.

He who is under the preſſure of grief, under the influence of ſorrow, occaſioned by ſome calamity, may at times feel a ſort of gratification in eſcaping from his own mind, and from the dominion of his melancholy. To uſe the words of an author who has a peculiar talent at expreſſing the nice feelings of the human heart: "There is a certain kind of "trifling, in which a mind not much at eaſe can "ſometimes indulge itſelf. One feels an eſcape, as "it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with "lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant "boy, who goes to play for a few minutes, while "his maſter is aſleep, and throws the chiding for "his taſk upon futurity."

Such a diſpoſition of mind, however, with all that intereſt which it exerts in us, with all the privileges it may claim, and all the pleaſantry it may at times enjoy, is nevertheleſs deeply to be regretted in others, and anxiouſly to be avoided in ourſelves. I muſt the more earneſtly warn my readers againſt the indulgence of this ſort of melancholy diſpoſition; becauſe, in its firſt ſtages, there is ſomething gratifying, ſomething which flatters and captivates: But if allowed to grow into a habit, it unhinges every better faculty of the mind; it deſtroys the uſefulneſs, and blaſts the enjoyment of life.

A.

N° 92.——Saturday, Nov. 4, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

A Correſpondent of yours has deſcribed the uneaſineſs he feels from a wife of a romantic turn of mind. It is my misfortune to be yoked to a huſband who would have pleaſed that Lady to a T, but who is a perpetual diſtreſs to me; who teaſes me from morning to night with what he calls ſentiment; and talks for ever of ſomething which he terms fineneſs of mind.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the ſouth of Scotland, who, early in life, married a Lady who brought him no fortune indeed, but ſoon enriched him with four ſons and five daughters, of whom I am the eldeſt. By the aſſiſtance of a great man, whoſe intereſt in the country my father had eſpouſed, my brothers were ſoon ſhipped off to India, and ſome other far-off places, to ſhift for themſelves, and puſh their fortune as they beſt could. It was more difficult to diſpoſe of us. My mother propoſed to breed ſome of us to buſineſs, to put us in a way, as ſhe ſaid, of earning an honeſt livelihood for ourſelves. The pride of my father could not ſubmit to this propoſition, and he thought it better that we ſhould ſtarve like gentlewomen deſcended from an ancient family.

We were accordingly kept at home in the old and crazy manſion houſe, where we received ſuch an education as my mother, aſſiſted by our pariſh-miniſter, (who happened to be a relation of hers), could give us. As to my father he was ſo much

occupied in managing his farm, and in labouring to make the two ends of the year meet, that he had little leiſure to beſtow any attention upon us. If at any time he addreſſed himſelf to me and my ſiſters, it was to check any thing that appeared to him like extravagance in our dreſs, to recommend œconomy and attention to houſehold affairs, and to praiſe thoſe happy times when men were not ſcared from marriage by the extravagance of wives; and when, of courſe, every daughter of a reſpectable family was ſure of a good huſband as ſoon as ſhe was brought from the nurſery.

A continual flow of animal ſpirits, and a cheerful diſpoſition, enabled me to ſupport this life, without feeling much uneaſineſs, or much deſire to change my ſituation. When I had entered my twentieth year, a female relation of my father's, who reſides chiefly in town, honoured us with a viſit. She was pleaſed to expreſs much ſatisfaction with my looks and appearance, blamed my father for not ſending me to town; and ſaid, that were I once properly introduced into the world, I might be certain of a good marriage. Theſe obſervations were accompanied with a warm invitation to paſs the next winter at her houſe, where ſhe told my father it would coſt him nothing but a mere trifle for my cloathes, and that he might think himſelf very happy to be able to diſpoſe of a daughter at ſo eaſy a rate.

Theſe arguments at length prevailed, and it was agreed that I ſhould attend my couſin to town. I will fairly own, Sir, that I felt a certain degree of uneaſineſs at the thoughts of being expoſed, as it were, to ſale, and condemned to give my hand to the higheſt bidder. My parents, it was plain, ſent me to town with no other view than that I might find a huſband there; and when I took leave of them, I could eaſily ſee they laid their account that I was not to return without one.

Theſe

These reflections were soon lost amidst the gaiety and hurry of a town-life; I enjoyed its pleasures and amusements without thinking of consequences; and would have forgotten the object of my journey, had not my prudent kinswoman recalled my attention to it from time to time, and inculcated, in terms sufficiently strong, the absolute necessity of changing my state.

Meanwhile the season passed away; and though I met with a sufficient degree of attention at all public places, and though my cousin spared no pains to set me off to the best advantage, nothing like a serious proposal of marriage ever was made.

Such was the natural lightness of my spirit, and easiness of my disposition, that, without much difficulty, I reconciled myself to the idea of returning to my father's; and nothing gave me any disquietude, but the thoughts of continuing a burden on him. But the solicitude of my cousin, who had in a manner undertaken to dispose of me, increased daily, and afforded me, I must confess, rather amusement than uneasiness. When she saw me led out to dance by a younger brother, she could not conceal her chagrin; and from her manner and conversation, a person unacquainted with her motive might have been led to think, that there was something baneful in the touch of a man who did not possess a certain fortune.

While matters wore this unpromising aspect, and the period fixed for my return to the country approached, we went with a party to the theatre, to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons play in the tragedy of the Gamester. The distress of Mrs. Beverly soon engaged my attention so completely, that it was some time before I observed, that, by an accidental change of places in the box, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and whom I had never seen before, was placed by me. He seemed deeply affected by the play; and after it was over, addressed to me some observations on the piece and the performers. He appeared to be pleased with a remark

or

or two which I happened to make on the play, praiſed the feeling I had ſhown during its repreſentation, and then entered more deeply into the ſubject of plays and of feelings. I cannot ſay that I underſtood all he ſaid; but either he did not perceive my ignorance, or kindly wiſhed to inſtruct me; and ſo continued talking till it was time to retire.

When we got home, my couſin obſerved, that I had been well placed that evening. "Mr. *Edwards*," ſaid ſhe, "is not one of thoſe young, giddy, extravagant fops whom one generally meets with at public places. He has lately ſucceeded to a large fortune by the death of an elder brother, and the world ſays he is looking out for a wife. He is juſt the ſort of man I ſhould wiſh for you, and I have engaged him to dinner on Monday next; ſo I deſire you may be at home."

The imagination of my good kinſwoman dwelt conſtantly on Mr. Edwards, whom ſhe ſeemed to conſider as my laſt ſtake, and many a good advice I received as to my conduct and behaviour on this important Monday. "Mr. Edwards," ſaid ſhe, "is a ſedate, ſenſible man; you muſt not therefore talk at random, and laugh, as you ſometimes do. You muſt, above all, be attentive to him, and do not engage in any idle talk with the reſt of the company." When the day came, my couſin attended my toilet in perſon; and, had I been going to a birth-day-ball, could not have beſtowed more pains than ſhe did in dreſſing me out in the manner that appeared to her moſt likely to make an impreſſion on the devoted Mr. Edwards.

You may well believe that I was much entertained with this anxiety to pleaſe a perſon I had ſeen but once, and who I could not ſuppoſe had ever beſtowed one thought on me. When the company aſſembled, I found that, in the ſelection ſhe had made, my couſin had done me ample juſtice. The females were either old or uncommonly plain in their appearance. By ſome manœuvre I was placed next to Mr.

Mr. Edwards at dinner; but there, the ridicule of my own ſituation added to my natural flow of ſpirits, and forgetting all the prudent advices I had received, I yielded without reſerve to the diſpoſition of the moment, and was highly amuſed with the looks I from time to time received from the head of the table, which though unobſerved by the reſt of the company, were to me ſufficiently intelligible.

My artleſs unpremeditated manner was however more ſucceſsful than my couſin expected, or I could foreſee. Mr. Edwards repeated his viſits, and after ſome time offered me his hand in the moſt reſpectful and delicate manner. In marrying Mr. Edwards I did no violence to my own inclinations. Though I cannot ſay that I loved him, I eſteemed his character; I was grateful for the diſtinctions with which he had honoured me, and I was firmly determined to diſcharge all the duties of a wife.

Soon after our marriage, he carried me on an excurſion to England; and as he wiſhed, he ſaid, to enjoy my converſation without interruption, we travelled alone. For the firſt day or two I endeavoured to amuſe him as I beſt could, by talking of the country, the towns through which we paſſed, the gentlemen's ſeats we ſaw, and ſuch like common topics. One day, however, he at once ſtruck me dumb, by aſking, whether I was moſt pleaſed with *Marrivaux* or *Riecoboni?* I was at length obliged to confeſs, that I did not know the meaning of his queſtion. "Gracious Heavens," exclaimed he, "have you "never, *Matilda*, (for ſo he always calls me, though "I have told him a thouſand times that I was chriſ-"tened Martha), peruſed the delightful pages of "theſe celebrated authors?" In a word, Sir, had I told him that I had never read the ſcripture, he could not have teſtified more aſtoniſhment.

Our jaunt was ſhortened, and we hurried into the country, that I might, without interruption, apply myſelf to the ſtudy of the French language, without which my huſband plainly inſinuated that I could never

never be a companion for a rational creature. To this I had no objection; and I reſolved, by aſſiduous application, to make up for the deficiencies in my education. But this will not ſatisfy my huſband, and I now plainly perceive, that were I as accompliſhed as any of my ſex, it would not mend the matter one bit. If I happened to be in good humour when he is in a grave fit, (which, to ſay the truth, he frequently is), he aſcribes it to want of attachment, and tells me, that if I felt that ſympathy of ſoul, in which true happineſs conſiſts, I could not behave in that manner. If I receive my friends and neighbours with common attention, he ſays, that if I loved like him, I could not dedicate ſo much of my time to the gratification of others. If I quit him to look after my houſehold-concerns, he talks of vulgar cares and unfeeling ſolicitudes; though, at the ſame time, with all his ſentiment and refinement, he is by no means indifferent to the pleaſures of the table; and it was but yeſterday, that he was out of humour the whole day, becauſe the mutton was over-roaſted, and the cook had put too much garlic into an omelet.

Under favour, Sir, I have been ſometimes led to ſuſpect, that the unhappineſs of my huſband proceeds from a certain degree of ſelfiſhneſs, which he has not been at pains to reſtrain within due bounds. I would willingly, however, do every thing in my power to remove his uneaſineſs, but find myſelf altogether at a loſs how to act. His diſtreſſes are ſo various, and often of ſo peculiar a nature, that when I exert myſelf the moſt to pleaſe him, I frequently give him the greateſt pain. In this hard ſituation I at length reſolved to apply to you for advice and aſſiſtance; which will much oblige,

Your conſtant reader,

MARTHA EDWARDS.

All this comes of not marrying a younger man. Had Miſs Martha (or Matilda, ſince her huſband will have it ſo) wedded one of the young gentlemen of the preſent mode, ſhe would have found him perfectly indifferent as to what feelings ſhe poſſeſſed, or what authors ſhe read; but he would probably have aſked ſome preliminary queſtions about her fortune, which Mr. Edwards ſeems to have overlooked. As to the niceties of the table, that is a feeling common to both ſchools, in which the new indeed rather ſurpaſſes the old: that ſtudy therefore I would recommend to Mrs. Edwards. The codes of "ſentiment and firmneſs of mind" are ſo voluminous, that I know not how to deſire her to undergo a courſe of them; but it will not be difficult for her to make herſelf miſtreſs of *Hannah Glaſſe*.

R.

No 93.——Saturday, Nov. 11, 1786.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agreſtes.

Virg.

One of the great pleaſures of a periodical Eſſayiſt ariſes from that ſort of friendly and cordial intercourſe which his publication ſometimes procures him with worthy and reſpectable characters. The receipt of the following letter has added to the liſt of my acquaintance a gentleman whoſe perſon indeed I am ignorant of, but whoſe ſentiments I reſpect, whoſe ſorrows I revere, and whoſe feelings I am perſuaded many of my readers (even in theſe days, which he holds not very ſuſceptible of ſuch emotions) will warmly participate.

To

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I, As well as your correſpondent *Urbanus*, was very much pleaſed with your late Paper on the moral uſe of the country, and the portrait of the excellent Lady it contained. I am an old man, Sir, but, thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your deſcription recalled to my memory ſome worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which, I am inclined to believe, I ſhould find it a little difficult, were I even diſpoſed to look out for them, to ſupply now. At my time of life, friends are a treaſure which the fortunate may have preſerved, but the moſt fortunate can hardly acquire; and, if I am not miſtaken in my opinion of the preſent race, there are not many friendſhips among them which I would be ſolicitous to acquire, or they will be likely to preſerve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudencies I complain; I know theſe muſt always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having ſome things of that ſort to bluſh for. No, Mr. Lounger, it is their prudence, their wiſdom, their foreſight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world ſo early, and have ſo few of the weakneſſes of feeling or of fancy! To this cauſe I impute the want of that rural ſentiment which your correſpondent Urbanus ſeems to ſuppoſe is baniſhed only from the country-retreats of town diſſipation, from the abodes of faſhionable and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleaſures of a city into ſcenes deſtined for rural ſimplicity

plicity and rural enjoyments. But in truth, Sir, the people of the country themſelves, who never knew faſhionable life or city-diſſipation, have now exchanged the ſimple-hearted pleaſures which in my younger days were common amongſt them, for ideas of a much more ſelfiſh and intereſted ſort. Moſt of my young acquaintance there (and I ſpend at leaſt eight months of the year in the country) are really arrived at that prudent way of eſtimating things which we uſed to be diverted with in *Hudibras*:

" For what's the value of a thing,
" But as much money as 'twill bring?"

Their ambition, their love, their friendſhip, all have this tendency; and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendſhip, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which ſome worldly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally obſervable on the other hand.

On ſuch a diſpoſition, Mr. Lounger, what impreſſion is to be made by rural objects or rural ſcenery. The viſions which theſe paint to fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by ſelfiſh and intereſted indifference. 'Tis with regret rather than reſentment that I perceive this ſort of turn ſo prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or thoſe with whom I am connected. I have now, alas! no child of my own in whom I can either lament ſuch a failing, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myſelf happy, Sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am ſtill ſuſceptible of ſuch impreſſions as thoſe which your 87th Number imputes to rural contemplation. At this ſeaſon above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now, in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation, and the glow of maturity is paſt, when the fields put on a ſober, or rather a ſaddened appearance,

ance, I look on the well-known ſcenery around my country dwelling, as I would on a friend fallen from the pride of proſperity to a more humble and a more intereſting ſituation. The withering graſs that whiſtles on the unſheltered bank; the fallen leaves ſtrewed over the woodland path; the ſilence of the almoſt naked copſe, which not long ago rung with the muſic of the birds; the flocking of the little tribes that ſeem mute with the dread of ills to come; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the ſoft low ſong of the red-breaſt from the houſehold ſhed; this penſive landſcape, with theſe plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a grey October ſky, which we look on with the thoughts of its ſhortened and ſtill ſhortening light; all this preſſes on my boſom a certain ſtill and gentle melancholy, which I would not part with for the pleaſure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

You ſay truly, in one of your late Papers, that poetry is almoſt extinguiſhed among us: it is one of my old-faſhioned propenſities, to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its deſcriptions, to be affected by its ſentiments. I find in genuine poetry a ſort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expreſſion could not give vent; I ſee in its deſcriptions a picture more lively and better compoſed than my own leſs diſtinct and leſs vivid ideas of the objects around me could furniſh. It is with ſuch impreſſions that I read the following lines of Thompſon's Autumn, introductive of the ſolemn and beautiful apoſtrophe to philoſophic melancholy.

" But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
" Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
" Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
" Of every hue, from wan-declining green
" To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
" Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
" And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

" Mean-

" Meantime, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
" Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
" Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
" The gentle current; while illumin'd wide
" The dewy ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
" And thro' their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
" Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
" For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
" To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
" And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
" To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
" To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace,
" And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent walks."

About this time three years, Sir, I had the misfortune to loſe a daughter, the laſt ſurvivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderneſs, who cloſed a life of the moſt exemplary goodneſs, of the moſt tender filial duty, of the warmeſt benevolence, of the moſt exalted piety, by a very gradual, but not unperceived decay. When I think on the returning ſeaſon of this calamity, when I ſee the laſt fading flowers of autumn, which my *Harriot* uſed to gather with a kind of ſympathetic ſadneſs, and hear the ſmall chirping note of the flocking linnets, which ſhe uſed to make me obſerve as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midſt of this rural ſcenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accompliſhments, on her early and unceaſing attentions to myſelf, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her reſignation during the progreſs of her diſorder, her unſhaken and ſublime piety in its lateſt ſtages; when theſe recollections fill my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the ſeaſon, and the ſenſe of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of ſadneſs and of compoſure, of humility and of elevation of ſpirit, which I think, Sir, a man would ill exchange

change for any degree of unfeeling pruduce, or of worldly wiſdom and indifference.

The attachment to rural objects is like that family-affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preſerves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilection for theſe relations and friends, is weakened or loſt in the general intercourſe of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are ſo common, ſo unappropriated to ourſelves, and are ſo liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any cloſe or permanent connection with them. In the country, we remember them unchanged for a long ſpace of time, and for that ſpace known and frequented by ſcarce any but ourſelves. "Methinks I ſhould hate," (ſays a young Lady, the child of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I loſt), "methinks I ſhould hate to have been born in a town. "When I ſay my native brook, or my native hill, "I talk of friends, of whom the remembrance warms "my heart." When the memory of perſons we dearly loved is connected with the view of thoſe objects, they have then a double link to the ſoul. It were tender enough for me to view ſome ancient trees that form my common evening-walk, did I only remember what I was when I firſt ſported under their ſhade, and what I am when I reſt under it now; but it is doubly tender, when I think of thoſe with whom I have walked there; of her whom but a few ſummers ago I ſaw beneath thoſe beeches, ſmiling in health, and beauty, and happineſs, her preſent days lighted up with innocence and mirth, and her future drawn in the flattering colours of fancy and of hope.

But I know not why I ſhould trouble you with this recital of the ſituation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I ſhould have written to you at all, except that I catched a ſort of congenial ſpirit from your 87th Number, and was led by the letter

ter of Urbanus, to compare your deſcription of a perſonage in former times, with thoſe whoſe ſentiments I ſometimes hear in the preſent days. I am not ſure that theſe have gained in point of ſubſtance, what they have loſt in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if addreſs, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our ſhare, we ſhall not account ourſelves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we poſſeſſed we were ſtill equal to thoſe around us. But if we have narrowed the ſources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment, if we have debaſed the powers or corrupted the purity of the mind, if we have blunted the ſympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have loſt ſome of that treaſure which was abſolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative eſtimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the intereſts of this world, to ſhut out from our ſouls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkneſs of affliction, and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. Lounger, (for, like an old man, I muſt come back to myſelf), I feel reſtoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my deareſt child.

I am, &c.

ADRATUS.

Z.

N° 94.——Saturday, Nov. 18, 1786.

Vos lene conſilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis.

Hor.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

THOUGH you, and other writers of your ſort, are conſtantly recommending benevolence and ſocial affection, as not only the moſt laudable, but as the happieſt diſpoſitions of mind; yet I confeſs I am inclined to doubt at leaſt one half of the propoſition. The care we take of our neighbours is oftner praiſed than rewarded, and ſometimes it has the misfortune to meet neither with approbation nor recompence. That I have ſome reaſon to ſay ſo, Mr. Lounger, I fancy you will be inclined to allow, when I tell you how it has fared with myſelf.

I was, from my earlieſt years, diſpoſed to think more of other people's advantage than of my own. When at ſchool, I was the great prompter both of ſtudy and of amuſement, though I was no wiſe remarkable for excelling in the one, or enjoying the other. I ſhewed the firſt boys of our claſs the eaſieſt way of getting their leſſons, and performing their exerciſes; but I ſeldom could be at the trouble to get or to perform my own. I laid excellent plans for new games, truant expeditions, and little plots of miſchief; but being of a weakly conſtitution, and not of a very reſolute mind, I ſeldom was an actor in the amuſement or the adventure: as I had, however, a ſort of vanity, which was flattered by the imputation

tation of the advice, I was often flogged for tricks I had not played, and idle diverſions in which I had not partaken. I was generally pitched on as a ſort of ambaſſador when a play-day was to be aſked, or a boy begg'd off; becauſe I liked to put myſelf forward, and was readier with my tongue than my hand. But in this office I was very ill rewarded for my trouble; I was ſometimes whipped in place of him whoſe pardon I had the aſſurance to aſk, and often left out of the party whoſe play I had been ſo lucky as to obtain.

Theſe diſappointments, however, did not damp the natural ardour of my diſpoſition to ſerve my friends. Genius, it has been obſerved, rather grows upon controul: my genius was that of giving advice, and it ſeemed rather to increaſe than to abate as I grew up into life. I choſe a profeſſion which was very well calculated for indulging this propenſity, that of a phyſician, and went through a regular courſe of education to qualify myſelf for a degree; which, however, I failed of obtaining at the univerſity in which I ſtudied, having incurred the diſpleaſure of the profeſſors, from being the promoter, as they ſaid, of certain cabals among the ſtudents, which diſturbed the peace of the community. For obtaining that honorary diſtinction, I was obliged to go to a foreign univerſity, where, from a want of the language, I was prevented from giving ſo much good advice as I ſhould otherwiſe have been inclined to beſtow.

When I returned to my native country, I was reſolved to make up for this unprofitable interval of ſilence, by a liberal uſe of my talent for adviſing. But I don't know how it happened, except from that diſpoſition which genius has rather to voluntary than to expected exertion, I had not half the pleaſure in giving advice as a phyſician, that I felt in offering my counſel in any other caſe of doubt or of difficulty. It might perhaps be owing to this that I was little conſulted; and in ſome houſes into which I had

had got acceſs as a doctor, it was alledged that I raiſed ſuch a ferment by my non-medical advice, as all my ſedatives were unable to allay. On my ſkill as a phyſician I bore attacks without much emotion; but, conſcious of the purity of my intentions, I was ſurpriſed to hear my conduct as a man arraigned; aſtoniſhed, when an adviſer like myſelf cautioned me againſt intermeddling with other people's affairs; told me, that nothing was ſo hurtful to one's ſelf as the telling people diſagreeable truths; and that, if I was not on my guard, I would ſoon be ſhunned as a buſy-body and an incendiary, who ſet every family into which he was admitted by the ears.

In conſequence of the caution offered me by this teller of agreeable truths, I was determined, notwithſtanding my natural philanthropy, to with-hold the counſel of which I ſaw moſt of my neighbours ſtand ſo much in need, when an incident happened that put me a good deal in ſpirits with myſelf, and in favour with the world. An uncle died, and left me heir to a conſiderable ſum which he poſſeſſed in the Funds. By his death I found myſelf to have acquired a great deal of wiſdom and perſuaſion, as well as money; and, while that money laſted, ſeldom met with a man or a woman who did not find my advice perfectly prudent and uſeful. It was indeed frequently given in a way exactly the reverſe of what my profeſſion (which I now followed only for my amuſement) ſhould have taught me. The fee commonly accompanied the preſcription, in the form of a loan, a preſent, a ſubſcription, or ſome ſuch genteel determination; and I had among my patients perſons of very great conſideration, and of the moſt eminent talents. I ſcarce remember any who obſtinately and bluntly refuſed my advice, except one author, whom I earneſtly adviſed to ſuppreſs a dedication he ſhewed me to a ſmall volume of poems, with which he was about to favour the public. This was a matter too in which I thought I had the beſt title to offer my opinion, as the book was

was to be dedicated to myſelf, and I had ſet down my name for one hundred copies.

In the diſpoſal of the riches with which this unexpected death of my relation had endowed me, I was equally benevolent and diſintereſted as in the other parts of my conduct. The effects of this were, as in other caſes, more beneficial to my friends than to myſelf: by that hoſpitality with which I repaid the gratitude of thoſe whoſe meaſures I prompted or adviſed; by the facility with which I entered into money-engagements, in aid of thoſe meaſures; by becoming a ſharer in ſeveral projects, of which I had the chief management and direction, and in which therefore I generally had the honour of making the firſt and largeſt advances; and by laying out money according to the advice of ſome of the ableſt men in that department, (for after I grew rich I got adviſers too); by all theſe means, Mr. Lounger, in the courſe of ten or twelve years, I found my uncle's inheritance almoſt entirely exhauſted, and I was left in the decline of life with no other proviſion than a very ſmall annuity, which the wreck of it enabled me to purchaſe.

I was, however, always of a ſanguine, thoughtleſs diſpoſition, and not eaſily put out of temper with the circumſtances in which fortune had placed me. My annuity, ſmall as it was, enabled me to keep up a decent appearance; and my degree gave me a convenient, and, in this country, a reſpectable appellation. I had gained too ſome experience during the viciſſitudes of my fortune, and in my days of proſperity had, as I mentioned above, known what it was to receive as well as to offer advice. On this experience, and an attention to my own feelings, I built the ſyſtem of my future conduct; and by a diligent attention to the feelings of others, I have been able to purſue it with very tolerable ſucceſs. I ſtill continue my profeſſion of *adviſer:* but I now give advice after a manner perfectly different from that in which I ſet out, not according to the caſe in

which I am conſulted, but according to the inclination of him or her who conſults me.

You cannot eaſily imagine, Sir, how much good-will this deportment has gained me. Inſtead of the diſtant acquaintance and cold reception which in the days of my honeſt counſel I generally met with, I now find myſelf ſurrounded by friends and well-wiſhers where-ever I go. I dine ſix days in the week at good tables, have frequent invitations to parties of pleaſure; nay, I might have even ſome profeſſional advantage, if I was inclined to lay hold of it, and might be fee'd for preſcribing remedies to people of faſhion, of which themſelves have firſt told me the infallibility. I had a preſent of a gold ſnuff-box from an old gouty Lord, for liſtening to his account of the virtues of *ſulphur water*: and my Lady *Notable* lately ſent me a ſuit of damaſk of her own making, for having ſtaid to witneſs ſome experiments with her favourite *worm powder*.

Not only indeed in medicine, in which I might be ſuppoſed to have ſome knowledge, but in moſt other arts and ſciences, this fame echo-counſel has given me the character of being very ſkilful and well informed. I have acquired a great character for connoiſſeurſhip in painting, by adviſing the great collector, Mr. *Tinto*, to purchaſe, as an original *Vandyke*, a picture which his ordinary counſellor in theſe matters had inſiſted, in ſpite of his patron's aſſertion, was but a copy; and an author of great reputation has mentioned me as one of the juſteſt critics of his acquaintance, becauſe I gave it as my opinion, that he ſhould by all means retain a ſimile in his new tragedy, which an actor would have had him cut out as too long and unnatural. At the theatre my advice is followed, even by that moſt unadviſable of all profeſſions, the players, ever ſince I told Mr. —— that he was an incomparable *Macbeth*, and adviſed Mrs. —— to play *Juliet* in her grand climacteric.

I ſometimes make friends, and eſtabliſh my reputation for taſte, as much by diſſuading from what

ſhould not, as by adviſing what ſhould be done. I have eat veniſon half a dozen times at Lord *Viſto's* country-ſeat, ever ſince I begg'd him not to think of building ſuch a clumſy temple as his neighbour Sir *Paul Proſpect* has lately erected; and have been very much a man *à bonnes fortunes* in the good graces of *Miſs Trippet*, ſince one morning that I diſſuaded her from wearing a gypſey-hat with pink ribbons, which made *Lady Bell Airy* look ſo frightful at the Aſſembly a few evenings before.

On one occaſion only I recollect my method of giving counſel to have failed of being acceptable: In my young days, when I had the fooliſh way of adviſing inconſiderately, I had given a decided opinion againſt a friend's marrying his maid-ſervant, who a few days after firſt ſhewed his being eſtranged from me, by leaving me out of the company he invited to the chriſtening of his firſt child. In my wiſer days, I was conſulted by another friend on a ſimilar occaſion. I adviſed him by all means to marry. I did not ſee him till a twelvemonth after; he ſeemed to bear me no good-will for my advice; and the firſt token of reconciliation I received from him was a few weeks ago, by a letter to his wife's funeral.

I have thus very candidly communicated to you, Mr. Lounger, my method of giving advice, ſo agreeable to the adviſed, as well as ſo highly advantageous to the adviſer. I communicate it to you from a very friendly motive; becauſe I think I have obſerved, that in many of your Papers you have rather ſhewn a diſpoſition to give counſel to your readers in my firſt manner, which before I had been taught better things, made me ſo unwelcome a gueſt, and ſo diſagreeable a companion. Believe me, you will find it much more expedient to perform this friendly office according to the improved ſyſtem which at preſent I follow with ſo much applauſe and ſucceſs. But I forget that it is probable you deſign

your Work rather for poſterity than the preſent times; in which caſe, you are certainly very much in the right to adopt the oppoſite plan; and in that view of the matter, it has my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

VALERIUS VELVET.

Z.

N° 95.——SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1786.

Here HUNT *may box, or* MAHOMET *may dance.*
JOHNSON.

WHEN I returned from my morning's walk one day of laſt week, *Peter* informed me that a young gentleman had called, who would not tell his name, but promiſed to call again in the evening, and in the mean time left a letter, which he ſaid would inform me who he was. "I think, Sir," ſaid Peter, while I was opening the letter, "that were he a little older, "and had a major wig inſtead of his own brown "hair in round curls on his neck, that one might "diſcover a likeneſs between him and Colonel *Cauſ-*"*tic.*" There was ſome reaſon for the reſemblance: for in fact it was a young relation of the Colonel's, who had been two or three years at an Engliſh univerſity, and is now come hither for the winter to ſtudy ſome particular branches at ours. He brought me a letter of introduction from my worthy friend his kinſman, which gave him, in the Colonel's delicate

cate way, a great deal of commendation, though I am perſuaded, from what I have ſeen of him, no more than he merits. "He is really a fine boy," ſaid the Colonel's letter, "and I think you will like him the "better that he pretends to be no more. He has "neither learned to be a Fop nor a Prig at college; "and though a little flighty and light-headed now "and then, has a ſoundneſs at heart that never de- "ceives one. The lad has a claſſical taſte, and has "written ſome love-verſes that would not have diſ- "graced better times, when the women were worthy "of them."

When he came in the evening, I found his appearance very prepoſſeſſing, and not the leſs ſo, that I really imagined I ſaw ſome of that reſemblance which Peter's ſagacity had diſcovered. Peter laid two covers without my bidding; and the young gentleman accepted the invitation they implied. After our little ſupper, we got ſo well acquainted, and felt ourſelves ſo much related through the connection of Colonel Cauſtic, that a young man, as I wiſhed, forgot the difference of our age and the lateneſs of his introduction, and we quoted Horace, told college anecdotes, repeated college verſes, and laughed at college puns, till midnight.

He pleaſed me much with the affection he expreſſed for my old friend and his ſiſter, with whom he had ſpent ſeveral weeks previous to his coming hither. "Don't you think Miſs *Cauſtic*, Sir," ſaid he, "one of the moſt excellent women in the world? and "then her brother's affection for her! methinks I "like both the better every time he ſpeaks of his "ſiſter. We were talking one day of a book of re- "ceipts which ſhe had copied.——"There wants "one here, ſaid the Colonel, which my ſiſter poſſeſſes "beyond any body I know; a receipt for making "people happy."——She has a way of doing kind "things with ſo little pretenſion! She had talked "lately of getting ſome pieces of dreſs from town, "and when ſhe heard of my ſetting out, had put

" ...enty guineas into my hand as her agent in the " buſineſs; but when ſhe took leave of me, ſhe ſaid, " ſhe found ſhe ſhould have no occaſion for any ad- " dition to her wardrobe this year."——" But you " muſt lay out this twenty guineas, ſaid ſhe, in look- " ing at the faſhionable dreſſes of this winter, that " you may be able to inſtruct me in my purchaſes " for the next."

" You never ſaw the Colonel (continued his young " friend) in better health or ſpirits than he is at pre- " ſent. He put one or two of his old guns in order " on my account, and walked out with me himſelf, " to ſhew me the grounds where the game was to be " found, which he ſays was almoſt as plentiful this " ſeaſon, as it was when he was a ſhooter."—" Why " does he not come to town?" ſaid I.—" I aſked him " that queſtion, Sir; but he told me he did not in- " tend to be in town; and yet I believe he was much " the better for his laſt excurſion hither."—" I am " perſuaded the journey would be of ſervice to him." " His young relation ſmiled. " I believe it was " not ſo much the journey to Edinburgh, as the fol- " lies he ſaw there, that did him ſo much good. " He ſwallowed a thouſand impertinences, he ſays, " when here; and his ſiſter tells me he has chewed " the cud on them ever ſince. Every time he relat- " ed any of them to her or to me, he ſeemed to be " better pleaſed with himſelf, and with the times " which he calls his own; though I am happy to be- " lieve that he will live theſe dozen years, to tell " us that he has nothing to do with the preſent " times. He ſays, he does not intend being in town " again, becauſe the novelty that amuſed him the " laſt time he was there is over. I ſhould only " find, ſaid he, the ſame follies and the ſame " vices; the ſame coarſe or frivolous man, and the " ſame vulgar or giddy women, I ſaw there two " winters ago."

" But you may aſſure him, ſaid I, he is miſtaken; " that I have received undoubted intelligence, and " there is to be no folly, no vice, among us this " winter;

"winter; that our private ſociety is to be decent "and well-bred, our public places orderly and well "regulated; that there will be no bludgeon'd beaux "to juſtle him in his walks, nor female cavaliers to "ſtare him out of countenance; that our dinners "are to afford the elegant entertainment of Attic "conviviality, the feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of "ſoul; that the tea-tables of the ladies are to "be ſchools of delicacy, refinement, and inſtruc-"tive converſation; that Lady Rumpus has learned "ſilence, old —— ſobriety, and his ſon, decorum; "that our aſſemblies, inſtead of *fine ladies* lolloping "through country-dances with *fine men*, are to be "filled with *fine women*, who are to dance minuets "with *fine gentlemen*; that at our concerts people of "faſhion are to liſten to the muſic, and that the "muſe is to be worth the liſtening to; that our "Theatre —— But you ſhall hear what it is to be "from better authority. I received this very morn-"ing a letter on that ſubject, which, among other "novelties, you may communicate to the Colonel. "Here it is, ſealed, with a *Shakeſpeare's* head, and "dated from *Holyroodhouſe*."

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Preſume, from the uniform practice of your predeceſſors, and indeed from ſeveral of your earlier Papers, that the ſtate of the Theatre is by no means a ſubject of indifference to you. In this belief, I make bold to trouble you with a Letter concerning our Scottiſh Stage, which I hope will meet with your attention. I think, Sir, I may preſume to ſay, that I am not an unqualified correſpondent on that ſubject, having paſſed moſt of my life behind the Scenes, in different parts of the kingdom, and have reaſon to flatter myſelf with having been of

conſiderable uſe to the Stage, though my labours have not proved ſo advantageous to myſelf as I had reaſon to look for. I was the firſt who brought any thing like diſcipline among *Bayes's Light Horſe*: I had a very principal hand in the Sea in *Harlequin's Invaſion*; and gave the plan for the conſtruction of the famous Cloud which took up the deities in *Midas*. Theſe, and many other ſervices of equal importance, have been long forgotten. I will make no perſonal reflections, Sir; but Managers are well known not to be always ſo attentive to merit as they ought to be. I know it has been ſaid, that I was diſmiſſed from the London Theatre, on account of an unfortunate accident, to wit, the falling of a flying dragon, which I had invented for a new Pantomime; by which the Devil and Dr. Fauſtus were both killed on the ſpot. But, in the firſt place the ſtory is falſe in itſelf, the Doctor having only broke his noſe, and the Devil his tail, by the accident; and at any rate, the dragon was not of my conſtruction, but one borrowed from the Opera-houſe, which had been foundered by hard riding in the ballet of *Jaſon and Medea*.

I underſtand, Sir, that it is intended this winter to make a very material improvement on the Theatre at Edinburgh, by bringing down the *Sadler's Wells* Company, to perform here during a conſiderable part of the ſeaſon. I will not have the vanity to ſay, that this was entirely owing to a ſuggeſtion of mine; yet it is certain that I hinted at ſuch an improvement ſeveral months ago, at the houſe of a gentleman, an old acquaintance, with whom I ſometimes take a Sunday's dinner, who is on very intimate terms with the Gentleman who dreſſes the Manager. But whoever may claim the honour of the invention, Sir, I cannot help congratulating this country on the event, which I look on as proceeding from the ſame liberal and enlarged ſpirit that has given riſe to the Commercial Treaty with France. Undoubtedly a free and full com-

communication and interchange of commodities is of advantage both among Nations and Theatres; and the jealouſies and rivalſhips that uſed to ſubſiſt between contending Houſes was extremely hurtful to all parties. It is the duty of every good citizen to promote an object ſo deſirable as that of a friendly intercourſe and mutual co-operation between ſuch ſocieties, for the entertainment of the public. With ſuch good intentions, I beg leave to lay before you the ſketch of a Plan for the more cloſe and intimate union of the theatrical and dancing or tumbling kingdoms, by their not only occupying the ſame ground, and alternately exhibiting on the ſame ſtage, but by their mutual coaleſcing and incorporating with one another, ſo as to give a Play all the decoration and movement of a Dance or a Tumbling, and a Dance or a Tumbling all the intereſt and buſineſs of a Play. What an excellent entertainment, for inſtance, would Macbeth or Hamlet afford, if the plan of the Drama were preſerved, according to the ancient theatrical mode, and the unfolding and progreſs of it brought forth according to the new or Sadler's Wells ſchool. The Soliloquies might be turned into Hornpipes, the Battles into Country Bumkins, and the reſpective Courts of Scotland and Denmark might exhibit themſelves to great advantage in a Cotillon; or the ſolemn ſcene might be performed on the Slack Wire, the more animated from the Tight Rope, and the buſtle of a full Stage would naturally fall into Feats of Agility and Lofty Tumbling. In *Macbeth*, the *Little Devil* would be quite in his element. In the tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd*, what a brilliant High Dance might *Pierre* in the ſenate-houſe perform in his chains, (which is indeed but one ſtep beyond his ordinary ſtyle of acting in that ſcene); and the ſenators (ſuch of them at leaſt whoſe robes would bear looking at behind) might join the inferior conſpirators as *Figurantes*.

Comedy will eaſily and naturally ſlide into the department of her ſiſter arts; and as ſhe has already be-

taken herſelf almoſt entirely to ſinging on the Engliſh Stage, ſhe may with great propriety become a dancer on the Scotch Theatre. As to *Farces* or *petites Pieces*, I think they may admit of a different ſet of performers, and be played with applauſe by actors of the animal creation. *General Jackoo*, of the Sadler's Wells Company, who I'm told has a very quick *ſtudy*, might ſoon be made perfect in *Fribble*; and the wonderful *Engliſh Bull-dog* be brought out in the part of *Major Sturgeon*. It could not but afford pleaſure to every rational and philoſophic mind, thus to ſee the lower orders of creation brought forward a ſtep in the ſcale of being, and aſſuming, on the Stage of Edinburgh, a rank and conſequence which partial nature has denied them.

But though the ſuperſtructure of dancing and tumbling is thus propoſed to be raiſed on the old theatrical foundation; yet, Sir, it is by no means any part of my plan to diſcard or render unneceſſary the preſent incumbents of the Theatre. Their exertions will neceſſarily be united with their new aſſociates from Saddler's Wells, to get up, as it is called, the pieces which are to be performed in this new manner; and I have too much knowledge of the extent and verſatility of their genius, not to be convinced that they will eaſily accommodate themſelves to the change. Some of the beſt Tragedians of our preſent company will readily acquire the walk of the Tight-rope; moſt of the Ladies, I am ſure, will have no objection to put themſelves under the tuition of the Devil, in the tumbling way; and ſeveral of the moſt celebrated comic performers are already ſo excellent in the *poſture* line, as to give aſſurance of their arriving at the firſt degree of eminence in that department.

And now, Sir, give me leave to ſtate ſome of the obvious advantages that will ariſe from this new and improved mode of conducting the Drama.

1ſt, As the entertainment would be addreſſed to the eyes, it would allow perfect liberty to the tongues of

of the audience: of the reſtraint, in this particular, which ariſes from the preſent method of conducting the Drama, the moſt reſpectable part of the houſe have great reaſon to complain, as the players on the ſtage ſpeak almoſt as loud as people of the firſt diſtinction in the ſide-boxes.

2dly, There would be none of that improper or unbecoming freedom or *double entendre*, againſt which ſome of the more rigid moraliſts inveigh, in the dialogue of our late comic performances. If any part of the Pantomime ſhould happen not to be quite ſo pure as it ought, (a grievance which even the ſpoken plays are liable to in the hands of ſome actors), it will be eaſy for the Ladies to turn their eyes half aſide, or to cover them with the ſticks of their fans: putting one's fingers in one's ears is not ſo graceful an attitude.

3tio. It will very much improve the cataſtrophe of ſome of our beſt tragedies. *George Barnwell* may then be played, as I once heard a gentleman of this city propoſe to a Manager, with the hanging thrown into action inſtead of narrative, as the ſwing of ſeveral actors of the new company can eaſily be made to imitate that polite entertainment; and ſome of them who at preſent ſhew ſuch dexterity in twiſting their bodies into the collared-eel, and other beautiful forms, will have no difficulty of allowing themſelves to be broke on the wheel in the part of *Pierre*, which being a novelty, and ſomewhat more natural and affecting than the mere preparatives at preſent exhibited, cannot fail of drawing great houſes.

4to, It will evidently tend to facilitate the profeſſion of an actor, and to widen the range from which excellence in that line is to be drawn. As things are at preſent, the Britiſh Stage, from the circumſtance of language, is open only to the natives of England and Ireland; but if Plays are to be danced inſtead of ſpoken, their language, like that of Muſic, will be univerſal. This will remove a hardſhip peculiar to this part of his Majeſty's dominions, which, from

from its provincial pronunciation, is almoſt entirely excluded from the Stage; but in a natural talent for dancing and feats of agility, is ſuppoſed rather to have the advantage of its ſiſter kingdoms. If the plan I propoſe is adopted, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed, if the diſtrict of *Strathſpey* ſhould produce a ſucceſſor to *Garrick*, and a rival to Mrs. *Siddons*.

Laſtly, It will ſave a great deal of trouble to authors, who are often exceedingly at a loſs how to carry on the dialogue of a piece through the ſpace of five, or even of three acts. In the improved method I have taken the liberty to ſuggeſt, an author will not only, like ſome of our modern dramatiſts, have no occaſion to write well, but he or ſhe may actually compoſe a very good play, without having ever learned to write or read at all.

Many other advantages might be ſhewn to reſult from this propoſed alteration of the mode of repreſenting theatrical pieces; but I flatter myſelf, that even the imperfect announcement of the plan which I have given, will be ſufficient to intitle it to the favour and patronage of perſons of taſte and knowledge; among whom, without flattery, Sir, I claſs the Author of the Lounger in a very diſtinguiſhed rank.

I have the honour to be, &c.

RICHARD BUSKIN.

I doubt not but it will afford pleaſure to Mr. Buſkin to be told, that my young academical friend approved very much of his propoſal. "In ancient "Greece," ſaid he, "though they did not carry "this matter quite ſo far as your correſpondent pro-"poſes, yet dancing made a chief part of the enter-"tainment in dramatic repreſentations. The verſes

"indeed

" indeed of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were recited, but " as we have no Sophocleſes or Euripideſes now, and " ſcarce any actors who could ſpeak their verſes if " we had, I believe Mr. *Buſkin*'s plan to be a very " expedient one. I remember one of our fellows at " college, who liked eccentric anecdotes, uſed to tell " us of a company of Comedians he fell in with " in a country-excurſion, who having, by ſome little " misfortune, loſt their principal actor, gave out " their next day's bill in theſe words: " On Mon- " day will be preſented the Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince* " *of Denmark*; the part of *Hamlet*, for that night, " to be left out."

I.

No 96.——Saturday, Dec. 2, 1786.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.

Virg.

SIR,

AS in reading, either for inſtruction or entertainment, one is always moſt ſtruck with what comes neareſt to one's ſelf, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at preſent, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out ſeveral of our acquaintance in the letter of *Urbanus*;

Urbanus; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too ſtrongly marked for ſome of our party not to diſcover a reſemblance to it. *Adraſtus*'s portrait of himſelf was too ſerious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to ſport with the ſacredneſs of ſorrow.

Since the receipt of thoſe papers, it has become an amuſement here to draw ſketches for the Lounger; and ſome of us laſt night after ſupper propoſed, that every one ſhould paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole groupe; I am ſure, if I could do it juſtice, it ſhould pleaſe your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of *Greuze* is more pleaſing, though perhaps leſs valued, than one of *Hemſkirk* or *Teniers*.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myſelf. I am not of ſo ſerious a diſpoſition as Adraſtus, yet am I not altogether without ſome of that rural ſentiment which he indulges, and which you deſcribe. I own I had acuter feelings ſome five-and-twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal leſs heroic, leſs viſionary, and leſs tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly underſtand what thoſe of younger men are; I confeſs I like to ſee them as warm as I myſelf was at their age, and enjoy a ſort of ſelf-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiſer, by being a little older than they. Something of the ſame reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumſtance of being a bachelor; I think myſelf as well as I am, and yet I am pleaſed to ſee a huſband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor ſituation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that ſort of intereſt in an amiable woman, or a promiſing child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleaſant

to

to them. I have, thank God, good health and good ſpirits; was bred ſomewhat of a ſcholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete ſportſman by my grandfather, who reſided in the country. When at ſchool, I ſtole an hour or two in the evening to learn muſic, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verſes when at college. In ſhort, there are few things come acroſs me in which I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to ſupport in any of them.

I generally ſpend ſome months of Autumn in the country, and this ſeaſon have paſſed them very agreeably at the houſe of a gentleman, who, from particular circumſtances, I am pretty confident is the perſon you once mentioned under the appellation of *Benevolus*. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family, and their country-life, will you allow me to try a little ſketch now?

You have hinted at the uſe Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from thoſe around him, he gives largely; but as it is neither from the impulſe of ſickly ſentiment or ſhallow vanity, his largeſſes tend oftner to incite induſtry than to ſupply indigence. Indeed, I have been forced to obſerve, that to nurſe poverty is, politically ſpeaking, to harbour idleneſs and vice; to prevent it is much the better way; for a man ſeldom thrives that does not deſerve to thrive; and, except from ſome unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redreſs, a man is ſeldom poor without deſerving to be ſo. The occupiers of Benevolus's eſtate are generally thriving: he ſays, that to promote this is not an expenſive indulgence; but, on the contrary, that he gains by it. 'Tis ſome money advanced at firſt, ſays he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happineſs of one's people. Some plans indeed have been ſuggeſted to him for doubling the revenue of his eſtate, by diſpeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants;

habitants; but he would never conſent to them. If I wiſhed for money, he replied to an adviſer of theſe ſchemes, there are many trades you ſhould rather recommend to me; but the proudeſt property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not, however, that inordinate deſire for extending the bounds of his eſtate, that ſome great proprietors have. A gentleman, whoſe family had been reduced in its circumſtances, offered his land to him for ſale. Benevolus expreſſed his ſorrow for the neceſſity that forced the neighbour to this meaſure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honeſty and worth, and great aſſiduity in buſineſs, acquired a fortune ſufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody obſerved what an enviable purchaſe that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. "But thoſe acres would not have "dined with me with ſuch a face of happineſs and "gratitude as Mr. —— did to-day."

Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of ſome of the principal farmers on his eſtate, from whoſe converſation, he ſays, he derives much uſeful knowledge in country buſineſs, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in ſuch a way as to remove all reſtraint from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the ſubject he knows beſt, makes every man more pleaſed with himſelf, and more uſeful to thoſe who hear him. The reception indeed of thoſe gueſts ſtrongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that ſneer and tittering which one ſees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children ſtrive who ſhall help the ſenior farmer of the ſet; they aſk queſtions about the different members of his houſehold, and ſometimes ſend little preſents to his children. I have had

had the charge of ſome parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we have ſo many long ſtories when we come back in the evening. There are no ſuch eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in thoſe excurſions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can ſafely ſay, that we thought ſo, eſpecially when we took a long walk, or fiſhed, or ſhot by the way.

Benevolus has four ſons and three daughters. Their education has been ſcrupulouſly attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accompliſhed. When I ſpeak of their accompliſhments, I do not mean only their ſkill in the ordinary branches of education, muſic, dancing, drawing, and ſo forth. I have ſeen ſuch acquirements paſs through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not ſo with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their ſtudies. I have learned a great deal of true philoſophy, during the rainy days of this ſeaſon, from the little philoſophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myſelf in a morning's lounge beſide the young ladies and their mother, I always riſe with ſentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I ſat down. The young people's accompliſhments are ſometimes ſhewn, but never exhibited; brought forth, unaſſumingly, to beſtow pleaſure on others, not to miniſter to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In muſic their talents are ſuch as might attract the applauſe of the moſt ſkilful; yet they never refuſe to exert them in the ſtyle that may pleaſe the moſt ignorant. Muſic their father confeſſes he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philoſopher. 'Tis a relaxation, he ſays, which indulges without debating the feelings, which employs without waſting the mind. The firſt time I was here I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I reached the houſe. The tranſition from the battering rain, the howling wind,

and

and a flooded road, to a ſaloon lighted chearily up, and filled with the mingled ſounds of their family-concert, was ſo delightful, that I ſhall never forget it.

There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds conſiderably to the pleaſure of this and every other entertainment. To ſee how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderneſs the girls gather round their mother! "To be happy at home," ſaid Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the ſex, "is one of the beſt dowries we can give a daughter "with a good huſband, and the beſt preventative "againſt her chuſing a bad one. How many miſe-"rable matches have I known ſome of my neigh-"bours girls make, merely to eſcape from the pri-"ſon of their father's houſe; and having married "for freedom, they reſolved to be as little as they "could in their huſband's."

Benevolus's Lady, though the mother of ſo many children, is ſtill a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing ſo many lovers into adoration, ſhe has now ſoftened into a matron gentleneſs, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modeſt neatneſs in her dreſs, a chaſtened grace in her figure, a ſort of timid livelineſs in her converſation, which we cannot but love ourſelves, and are not ſurpriſed to ſee her huſband look on with delight. In the management of her houſehold concerns, ſhe exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her gueſts, to their convenience, their ſports, their amuſements, which accommodates every one without the tax of ſeeing it buſtled for. In the little circles at breakfaſt, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds thoſe faces of embarraſſment, thoſe whiſpers of concealment, which may be obſerved in ſome houſes. Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, conſulted in ſchemes for excurſions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often preſſed to be of parties,

ties, which ſhe ſometimes enlivens with her preſence.

Benevolus, in the ſame manner, is frequently the companion of his ſon's ſports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they ſay he has gone rather ſeldomer out this ſeaſon than he uſed to do, having got ſo good a deputy in me. He was diſputing t'other day with the clergyman of the pariſh, a very learned and very worthy man, on the love of ſport. "I allow, my good Sir, (ſaid Bene-"volus), that there are better uſes for time; but, "excluſive of exerciſe to the body, there are ſo "many diſſipations more hurtful to the mind, (diſ-"ſipations even of reading, of thinking, and of "feeling, which are never reckoned on as ſuch), that "if ſport be harmleſs, it is uſeful. I have another "reaſon for encouraging it in my ſon. It will give "him an additional tie to the country, which is to be "the chief ſcene of his future life, as a man likes "his wife the better that, beſides more important "accompliſhments, ſhe can ſing and dance; and in "both caſes, a man of a feeling mind will connect "with the mere amuſement, ideas of affection, and "remembrances of tenderneſs. Methinks I perceive "an error in the ſyſtem of education which ſome "country-gentlemen follow with their ſons. They "ſend them, when lads, to ſtudy at foreign univer-"ſities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then "expect them, rather unreaſonably, to become coun-"try-gentlemen at their return. My ſon ſhall tra-"vel to ſee other countries, but he ſhall firſt learn "to love his own. There is a poliſh, there are or-"naments, I know, which travel gives; but the "baſis muſt be an attachment to home. My ſon's "ruffles may be of lace, but his ſhirt muſt be of "more durable ſtuff."

In this purpoſe Benevolus has perfectly ſucceeded with his ſon, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unaſſuming modeſty of a boy. 'Tis his pleaſure and his pride

pride to acknowledge the claims which his native ſcenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he viſits them when he can be of uſe, gives encouragement to their improvements, and diſtributes rewards to the induſtrious. In return, they feel the moſt perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men obſerve how like he is to his father; and the wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The ſame good ſenſe in their management, and a ſimilar attention to their happineſs, is ſhewn to every inferior member of Benevolus's houſehold. His domeſtics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are no where ſo habitual. Attention to every gueſt is one of the firſt leſſons a ſervant learns at this houſe, and an attention of that uſeful and benevolent ſort which is exactly the reverſe of what is practiſed at ſome great houſes in the country, where a man is vaſtly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needleſs; but a perſon of inferior rank may wait ſome time before he can find a ſervant whoſe province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to ſhew a ſtranger kindneſs; and there is an aſpect of welcome in every domeſtic one meets. Even the maſtiff in the court is ſo gentle, ſo humaniſed by the children, and "bears his faculties ſo meek," that the very beggar is not afraid of *Truſty*, though he bays him.

In ſuch quarters, and with ſuch ſociety, I do not count the weeks of my ſtay, like your correſpondent *Urbanus*. The family talks of not viſiting Edinburgh ſooner than Chriſtmas, and it is not improbable that I may ſtay with them till that time: ſo if your coffeehouſe-friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may poſſibly mark me down in my ſeat in the coach deſtined for N° 7, anſwering the queſtions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a ſort

of

of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

W. G.

V.

N° 97.——SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1786.

TO the feeling and the ſuſceptible there is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the contemplation of genius, of that ſupereminent reach of mind by which ſome men are diſtinguiſhed. In the view of highly ſuperior talents, as in that of great and ſtupendous natural objects, there is a ſublimity which fills the ſoul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its uſual bounds, and which, inveſting our nature with extraordinary powers, and extraordinary honours, intereſts our curioſity, and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worſhip, is beſt arrayed in the darkneſs of diſtant and remote periods, and is not eaſily acknowledged in the preſent times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Excluſive of all the deductions which envy or jealouſy may ſometimes be ſuppoſed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of perſons around us, not very conſiſtent with the lofty ideas which we wiſh to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph

triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of paſſion, or enlightened our reaſon with the inveſtigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that "in the olden time" genius had ſome advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in theſe degenerate days, it riſes much oftener than it is obſerved; that in "the ignorant preſent time" our poſterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory thoſe honours which their cotemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redreſs this wrong which genius is expoſed to ſuffer. In the diſcovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the ſame fond partiality as in all other diſcoveries which themſelves have made; and hence we have had repeated inſtances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obſcure ſituations, and held forth to public notice and applauſe by the extravagant encomiums of their introductors, yet in a ſhort time have ſunk again to their former obſcurity; whoſe merit, though perhaps ſomewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not ſupport, by its own intrinſic excellence, that ſuperior place which the enthuſiaſm of its patrons would have aſſigned it.

I know not if I ſhall be accuſed of ſuch enthuſiaſm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whoſe writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may ſafely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The perſon to whom I allude is Robert Burns, an *Ayrſhire* ploughman, whoſe poems were ſome time ago publiſhed in a country-town in the weſt of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would ſeem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from thoſe who had heard of his talents. I hope I ſhall not be thought to aſſume

too

too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him thoſe honours which their excellence appears to deſerve.

In mentioning the circumſtance of his humble ſtation, I mean not to reſt his pretenſions ſolely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when conſidered in relation to the lowneſs of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. Theſe particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, conſidered abſtractedly, and without the apologies ariſing from his ſituation, ſeems to me fully intitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applauſe. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have oppoſed to his fame, the language in which moſt of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramſay and he have uſed, is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleaſure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without ſuch a conſtant reference to a gloſſary, as nearly to deſtroy that pleaſure.

Some of his productions, however, eſpecially thoſe of the grave ſtyle, are almoſt Engliſh. From one of thoſe I ſhall firſt preſent my readers with an extract, in which I think they will diſcover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expreſſion, particularly and ſtrongly characteriſtic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem intitled the *Viſion*, in which the Genius of his native country, *Ayrſhire*, is thus ſuppoſed to addreſs him:

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carrolled, chiming phraſe,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the ſimple, artleſs lays
Of other times.

I ſaw

I ſaw thee ſeek the ſounding ſhore,
Delighted with the daſhing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy ſtore
Drove through the ſky,
I ſaw grim Nature's viſage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep-green mantled earth,
Warm-cheriſhed every flower's birth,
And joy and muſic pouring forth
In every grove,
I ſaw thee eye the general mirth
With boundleſs love.

When ripen'd fields and azure ſkies
Called forth the reapers ruſtling noiſe,
I ſaw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely ſtalk,
To vent thy boſom's ſwelling riſe
In penſive walk.

When youthful love, warm-bluſhing, ſtrong,
Keen-ſhivering, ſhot thy nerves along,
Thoſe accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in ſong,
To ſoothe thy flame.

I ſaw thy pulſe's maddening play,
Wild, ſend thee Pleaſure's devious way,
Miſled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Paſſion driven;
But yet the light that led aſtray
Was light from Heaven.

Of ſtrains like the above, ſolemn and ſublime, with that rapt and inſpired melancholy in which the Poet lifts his eye "above this viſible diurnal ſphere," the Poems intitled, *Deſpondency*, the *Lament*, *Winter*, *a Dirge*, and the Invocation to *Ruin*, afford no leſs ſtriking examples. Of the tender and the moral,

moral, ſpecimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verſes, intitled *Man was made to mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the Stanzas *To a Mouſe*, or thoſe *To a Mountain-Daiſy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This laſt Poem I ſhall inſert entire, not from its ſuperior merit, but becauſe its length ſuits the bounds of my Paper.

* Wee, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun cruſh among the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem;
To ſpare thee now is paſt my power,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour ſweet,
The bony Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet
Wi' ſpreckled breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flauntering flowers our gardens yield,
High ſhelt'ring woods and wa's maun ſhield;
But thou beneath the random bield
Of clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie ſtubble-field,
Unſeen, alane.

* *Wee*, little; *maun*, muſt; *ſtoure*, duſt; *weet*, wet, a ſubſtantive; *cauld*, cold; *glinted*, peep'd; *bield*, ſhelter; *ſtane*, ſtone; *wa's*, walls; *hiſtie*, dry, chapt, barren.

There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnowy boſom ſun-ward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head,
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural ſhade!
By Love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low in the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to ſuff'ring worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To Miſery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every ſtay but Heaven,
He ruined ſink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine——No diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-ſhare drives, elate,
Full on my bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the ſorrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have ſeldom met with an image more truly paſtoral than that of the lark, in the ſecond ſtanza. Such ſtrokes as theſe mark the pencil of the poet, which delineates Nature with the preciſion of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taſte.

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The power of genius is not leſs admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the paſſions, or in drawing the ſcenery of Nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakeſpeare* diſcerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many-changing hues of life, forms a ſort of problem in the ſcience of mind, of which it is eaſier to ſee the truth than to aſſign the cauſe. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our ruſtic bard to Shakeſpeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humourous poems, his *Dialogue of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to G—— H——, Eſq;* his *Epiſtles to a young Friend*, and *to W. S——n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and ſagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered ſtation, has looked upon men and manners.

Againſt ſome paſſages of thoſe laſt-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a ſpirit of libertiniſm and irreligion. But if we conſider the ignorance and fanaticiſm of the lower claſs of people in the country where theſe poems were written, a fanaticiſm of that pernicious ſort which ſets *faith* in oppoſition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which, a mind ſo enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive; we ſhall not look upon his lighter Muſe as the enemy of religion, (of which in ſeveral places he expreſſes the juſteſt ſentiments), tho' ſhe has ſometimes been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypocriſy. In this, as in other reſpects, it muſt be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have ſuppreſſed, or correction ſtruck out; but Poets are ſeldom cautious, and our Poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he muſt have been ſubject, and the ſociety in which he muſt have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy ſhould be ſo often offended in peruſing a volume in which there is ſo much to intereſt and to pleaſe us.

Burns poſſeſſes the ſpirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honeſt pride and independence of ſoul which are ſometimes the Muſe's only dower, break forth on every occaſion in his works. It may be, then, I ſhall wrong his feelings, while I imagine my own, in calling the attention of the public to his ſituation and circumſtances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muſe, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from ſome of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the reſolution of leaving his native land, to ſeek under a Weſt Indian climate that ſhelter and ſupport which Scotland has denied him. But I truſt means may be found to prevent this reſolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than juſtice, when I ſuppoſe her ready to ſtretch out her hand to cheriſh and retain this native Poet, whoſe "wood-notes wild" poſſeſs ſo much excellence. To repair the wrongs of ſuffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obſcurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; theſe are exertions which give to wealth an enviable ſuperiority, to greatneſs and to patronage a laudable pride.

Z.

N° 98.——SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1786.

——— Nec domos potentum
Noſſemus, nec imagines ſuperbas.

MART.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT is a long time ſince my laſt correſpondence with you; and indeed, I did not know that your Paper continued to come out, till lately that I ſaw it at a certain great houſe where I was on a viſit. Of that viſit, Mr. Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you ſome particulars. Since I find that ſome of the great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little of how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not eaſily to be mended, it will at leaſt give us little folks ſome ſatisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predeceſſor, the Author of the *Mirror*, who was kind enough to take ſome intereſt in my family, was well acquainted with its connection with Lady ——, the great Lady who firſt ſet my wife and daughters heads agog about faſhion and finery. In my laſt to you, I informed you of our having luckily loſt her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour young *Muſhroom*. I am aſhamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but, as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too eaſy in my way: I have been myſelf on a viſit at the houſe of the great

Lady! (I beg her Lord's pardon, but that's the way of ſpeaking in our neighbourhood). But this comes through Mr. Muſhroom too. You muſt know, that ſince he came home, by preſents of ſhawls and muſlins to my Lady, and, as ſome folks ſay, by lending ſome of his ſpare rupees to my Lord, he is become a great favourite at ——— Lodge. And my Lord and Lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Muſhroom ſhall be member of our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feaſts and dances at ——— Lodge and Muſhroom Hall. I fought a little ſhy, as the ſaying is; but Mrs. and Miſs Muſhroom ſo tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my Lady talked ſo much of the happineſs ſhe had formerly enjoyed at my houſe, and of her regret for having loſt the honour of my daughter Mrs. ——'s acquaintance, that they were ſilly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they ſo be-laboured me with the great things that might be expected from my Lord's patronage, and Mr. Muſhroom's attachment to my family, (and they had ſome ſhawls and muſlins too), that I at laſt agreed to give my vote as they wiſhed. Oh! then, there was ſo much fuſs and kindneſs, and ſuch invitations to go to ——— Lodge, and ſo many honours and pleaſures——that, in ſhort, Mr. Lounger, having got in my corn and fold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new ſuit, and get a new ſaddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horſe, and mounting John upon him, whom I could beſt ſpare at this ſeaſon too, I accompanied one of my brother-freeholders, a plain man like myſelf, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to ——— Lodge.

As I knew ſomething of the hours there, I took care that we ſhould not reach the houſe till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a ſort of flutter the laſt three miles, for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horſes, and walk-

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ed into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the houſe. We had ſtalked about for ſome minutes, without knowing where we ſhould go, when, who ſhould I ſee come in but my old acquaintance Mr. *Papillot*, though it ſeems he had forgotten me; for when I aſk'd him if my Lord or his Lady were within, he gave me a broad ſtare, and ſaid that ſome of the ſervants would inform us. None of the ſervants, however, choſe to be ſo kind; for though one or two peep'd out of this and that door, they took no ſort of concern in us, till at laſt a big ſurly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his ſhirt, and bade us follow him into the ſaloon. Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour, before any living creature appeared. At laſt, a civil enough ſort of gentleman, whoſe name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, (though he ſeemed to have but a bad notion of farming), left the room again, telling us that my Lord and Lady would ſoon be down; but that dinner was ſomewhat later that day than uſual, as they and their company had been at a bear-baiting, my Lord's bear having been backed againſt his neighbour Sir Harry Driver's dogs. This accident kept us from our dinner till ſix o'clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfaſted betimes, were almoſt famiſhed. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourſelves with the pictures, not to mention my Lady's French lap-dog, which a ſervant brought in (I ſuppoſe by the time he had been dreſſed for dinner) and laid on a cuſhion at the fire-ſide. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the *Lounger*, which I began to read; but my neighbour *Broadcaſt* yawned ſo on the firſt page, that I laid it by out of complaiſance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, ſome of her Ladyſhip's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of ſtaring at us, and ſpeaking to the lap-dog. The dinner-bell

was rung before my Lady appeared, who, to do her juſtice, behaved politely enough, and began to aſk half a dozen queſtions about our wives and children, to which ſhe did not wait for an anſwer; but, to ſay truth, ſhe had her hands full of the bear-baiting company, who, when they were all aſſembled, made a very numerous party. My Lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himſelf much trouble about any of us, till on the Captain's whiſpering ſomething in his ear, he came up to where my neighbour and I ſtood, and ſaid he was very happy to have the honour of ſeeing us at —— Lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourſelves on each ſide of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at ſuch a table the victuals were not always what they ſeemed; and therefore I was cautious of aſking for any of your figured diſhes. At laſt, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I taſted it, it was ſo Frenchified, and ſmelt ſo of garlic, which I happen to have an averſion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as ſoon (and that was not very ſoon) as I could prevail on a ſervant to take away my plate. The Captain, who gueſſed my taſte I ſuppoſe, very kindly informed me, there was roaſt-beef on the ſide-board, and ſent a requeſt to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carving of it, for a ſlice to me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the diſh, being little in requeſt, was neglected red and raw, that I could not touch a morſel of it; ſo in the roaſting, he ſent me a monſtrous thick cut, ſo I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the ſecond courſe afforded me. I did not obſerve how my friend Broadcaſt fared at dinner; but I ſaw he catched a Tartar at the deſert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what ſhould it be but a lump of ice, that ſtung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have conſoled us for all theſe little

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tle misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it; but there the French mode came acroſs us again, and we had drank but a few glaſſes, and had not got half through the hiſtory of the bear-baiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables ſet, and my Lady engaged with a party at Whiſt. She recommended ſome of us to the care of a friend of hers, a Lady ſomewhat advanced in life, though ſhe was ſtill a maiden one, for they called her *Miſs Lurcher*, who made up a table at Farthing-Loo. As this was a game I was uſed to play at home, and the ſtake was ſo very trifling, I conſented to make one. My neighbour Broadcaſt refuſed, and ſat down at the other end of the room, to hear one of the young Ladies play on the Harpſichord, where he affronted himſelf by falling aſleep. It had been as well for ſome other people that they had been aſleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, ſoon mounted up to a very conſiderable ſum, and I had once loſt to the amount of Twenty Pounds. A lucky reverſe of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to ſupper only 5000 farthings, that is, five guineas, out of pocket. It would not become me to ſuſpect any foul play at —— Lodge; but I could not help obſerving, that Miſs Lurcher held *Pam* plaguily often. I have been told ſince, that ſhe has little other fortune than what ſhe makes by her good luck at cards; and yet ſhe was as finely dreſſed as my Lady, and has as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I ſhall never look on that hat again without thinking that I ſee *Pam* in the front of it.

When we were ſhewn to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given ſtrict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the Lodge after he went with his horſes to the inn. Before going to bed, I ſtole into the chamber where my friend Broadcaſt lay, and agreed with him, who ſeemed as willing to be gone as myſelf, that we ſhould

cut ſhort our viſit, and (ſince French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day light, and groped our way down ſtairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our eſcape to where John and the horſes were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not ſeem to be a creature ſtirring in the houſe; and, after wandering through ſeveral empty halls, in one of which we found a Backgammon-table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a Claret label, we went down a few ſteps to another paſſage, where we imagined we heard ſomebody ſtirring. But we had not gone many ſteps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being ſaluted by my Lord's bear, whoſe quarter it ſeems we had ſtrayed into. The noiſe of our flight, and his purſuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our aſſiſtance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get ſafely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myſelf with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horſes would fare the better for it. But when we reached the houſe, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himſelf. The ſervants of my Lord's other gueſts, who were there, kept a very good houſe, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his maſter. It was with ſome difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plaited bit, had been exchanged by ſome clearer-headed fellow, for an old ſnaffle not worth a groat.

Such, Sir, is the hiſtory of my firſt viſit, and I hope my laſt, to ——— Lodge. But as I have found the

the experience even of one viſit a little expenſive, I think it is doing a kindneſs to people in my ſituation, to let them know what they have to expect there.—When my Lord aſks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he ſhan't be obliged to ſtudy the pictures of his ſaloon above half an hour, that he ſhall have ſomething to eat and drink at dinner, and be inſured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miſs Lurcher.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Z.

No 99.——SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

WITHOUT being thought partial to the preſent times, I believe one may venture to ſay, that, in point of invention and diſcovery, this age very much excels any former one. In Phyſics, in Electricity, in Chemiſtry, in Mechanics, new worlds, if I may uſe the expreſſion, have been opened to our reſearches. But in Britain, we have a compendious way of calculating the number of inventions. If I am not miſinformed, there have paſſed the offices within theſe twenty years no fewer than 167 patents; ſo that this iſland alone has in that very inconſiderable ſpace added 167 diſcoveries to the ſtock of knowledge which our fathers poſſeſſed.

Nor

Nor has France been leſs productive than her ſiſter-kingdom. Beſides the balloon, of which ſhe may certainly claim the practical application, if Britain ſhould diſpute the diſcovery of the principle, there are many other inventions, equally wonderful though leſs brilliant, which her philoſophers have atchieved; and ſome of thoſe which his Britiſh Majeſty has ſanctioned with his royal patent, are only naturaliſed ſubjects, which had their birth in the territories of the Moſt Chriſtian King.

Of all diſcoveries ancient or modern, the moſt uſeful perhaps, as well as the moſt wonderful, took its riſe in Paris about three years ago; I mean the *Animal Magnetiſm* of the illuſtrious *Dr. Meſmer*.—This has lately been imported into England, and is now practiſed with the greateſt ſucceſs by one of the Doctor's diſciples in London. To Scotland I believe it has not yet found its way; which, conſidering the ingenuity of the people, is to me ſomewhat ſurpriſing. I hope I ſhall not be thought to treſpaſs againſt the nature or deſign of your Paper, if I wiſh to make it the vehicle for communicating this invaluable diſcovery to my native country; for, notwithſtanding I have reſided chiefly abroad, I am proud to declare myſelf a Scotſman: and though, in enumerating the properties of this wonderful art, I muſt neceſſarily make uſe of technical terms; yet, as I know this city to be, as it were, the emporium of medicine, I flatter myſelf I ſhall here find a multitude of readers who could perfectly underſtand me, even without the tranſlation, which I ſhall endeavour to affix to moſt of the medical phraſes I make uſe of.

I do not know, Sir, whether the immortal Meſmer flouriſhed at the time you were abroad. If your travels were before his time, you may not have heard of his proceſs of magnetiſing. The ceremony is ſimple and beautiful. The company ſit in a ſaloon fitted up in the moſt elegant ſtyle, round a *baquet* or large veſſel, forming a figure like the *a-la-ronde* of a cotillion.

cotillion. From the baquet, which is covered and ornamented as becomes the altar of Hygeia, riſe thoſe enchanted rods, if I may uſe the expreſſion, by which the magnetic virtue communicated by the artiſt is tranſmitted. At the end of the apartment is a piano-forte and harmonica, from which the great man himſelf, who, like his predeceſſor Apollo, cultivates both medicine and ſong, brings thoſe lively airs, or dying falls, which aſſiſt or temper the effects of his divine art. Within the ſaloon is a ſmaller apartment, called the *Chambre de Criſe*; but of this the ſecrets muſt not be "to mortal ears divulged." Suffice it to ſay, that that chamber has been witneſs to the moſt wonderful effects of the medico-magnetical art that ever aſtoniſhed man. Such ſublime agonies, ſuch beautiful convulſions! I remember, before the apoſtate *Deſlon* had made the firſt ſchiſm in our faith, having aſſiſted in the celebrated caſe of Madame de P——, where our maſter, and all the body of the initiated, were preſent. There was firſt a *Paracuſis*, or imperfect hearing, changed into a *Surditas*, or complete deafneſs; changed into a *Pſeudoblepſis*, or uncertain ſight; changed into a perfect *Caligo*, or blindneſs; changed into a *Hallucinatio*, or dulneſs; changed into a *Moroſis*; changed into a *Hyſteria*; changed into a *Delirium*; changed into a *Mania*, or raging madneſs! Theſe, Sir, are the progreſſive miracles by which a phyſician ſhews the power and the utility of his art!

But my enthuſiaſm has carried me from my purpoſe, which was, humbly to announce myſelf as a diſciple and initiated of the illuſtrious Meſmer, and to offer my aſſiſtance to the genteeler part of the community here, for a cure of moſt of the diſeaſes to which they are ſubject. Though it is the advantage of our practice, that a knowledge of the patient's diſorder is no wiſe neceſſary to the cure; yet, in order to ſhew that I am not an ignorant or illiterate Quack, likely to be deceived myſelf, or to deceive others, I will ſtate the maladies, as well idiopathic

pathic as ſymptomatic, to which patients of the faſhionable and higher orders of the people are chiefly liable, which I flatter myſelf no vulgar or empty ſmatterer in phyſic could have obſerved or delineated; all of which I undertake to cure by magnetiſm alone. In enumerating theſe diſorders, I ſhall follow the claſſification uſually adopted by the moſt eminent writers on Noſology.

Under the claſs *Pyrexiæ*, or Fevers, I have obſerved ſuch patients extremely liable to what medical writers term the *Synochus hiemalis* *, or Winter-fever. The ſymptoms are, a reſtleſſneſs, a deſire of changing place, and that ſort of horror at being alone, which is common in diſeaſes of this claſs; eſpecially when, as is the caſe here, the brain is conſiderably affected. I mention this diſorder firſt, not only from the order in which it is technically claſſed, but becauſe I wiſh to excite the attention of your readers to it more immediately, this being the ſeaſon of the year which it is apt to break out.

Another diſorder of the ſame claſs, and nearly connected with the former, is the *Synocha ſcarlatina*, a ſort of Scarlet-fever, which, like other diſorders of the kind, principally appears in the face. This diſeaſe was ſcarcely known in Scotland till within theſe twelve or fourteen years, being of the endemial ſort, with which only certain very large towns, like Paris and London, were ſuppoſed to be viſited. Like other fevers of this tribe, it is ſubject to the *Remiſſiones Matutinæ*, and the *Acceſſiones Veſpertinæ*, or, in common language, is hardly perceptible in the morning, but very obſervable in the evening; or ſometimes it intermits for ſeveral days at a time, though it generally leaves a great degree of *Icterus*,

* *Vid.* the *Genera Morborum* of Dr. *Cullen*, p. 70. It is unneceſſary to make references as to every particular diſorder mentioned in the courſe of this Paper; the learned reader will eaſily perceive, that, except in one inſtance, (the *Naſalgia*), I have implicitly adopted the arrangement of that celebrated author.

or

or yellowneſs on the ſkin. It is almoſt entirely a female diſeaſe, and has this peculiar circumſtance attending it, which we may perhaps aſcribe to the difference of climate, that in France, where it has long prevailed, it chiefly affects adults and married women, but in Britain, eſpecially in Scotland, it is more frequent among the young and the unmarried.

On the other hand, there is a ſpecies of the *Phrenitis*, to which matrons and women advanced to the middle ſtage of life are more liable than thoſe of a more tender age; but as it is of a highly contagious kind, thoſe young perſons who have frequent communication with them, are very liable to be infected with it. Its ſymptoms are exactly what medical writers impute to this genus of the *Phlegmaſiæ*, "Rubor faciei, lucis intolerantia, et pervigilium." A redneſs of face, a hatred of the light, (that is, of the light of the ſun), and a wakefulneſs (or very late ſitting up).

Under the claſs *Neuroſes*, or nervous, there is a great variety of diſorders to which people of the higheſt ranks are liable, (to whom I beg leave to repeat, that my practice is entirely confined), which the Medico-magnetiſm entirely eradicates. The *Hypochondriaſis*, or Spleen, which is a ſort of generic name for a great variety of theſe diſorders, it perfectly removes. I have known ſeveral pretenders to ſcience preſcribe, as a cure for this diſorder, ſomething which was evidently borrowed from our method of performing the magnetic operation; their patients ſat round a bowl inſtead of a baquet, and were touched with glaſs inſtead of ſteel. But beſides that this was only to be practiſed with male patients, it is in fact a mere palliative, not a radical remedy, and after frequent uſe is extremely apt to bring on a *Hydrophobia*.

Under this claſs may be properly enumerated the varieties of the order *Spaſmi*, or irregular motions to which people of faſhion are peculiarly liable. Young ladies are frequently attacked with this diſorder, particularly

ticularly in public places and crowded rooms, or at the near approach of the young, the fashionable, the rich, or the noble of the other sex. This species of the *Chorea*, which I have had occasion to remark in such circumstances, is perfectly cured by that art which I have the honour to profess; it arises, indeed, from a superabundant degree of animal magnetism, and is not more remarkable in the female sex, than is the negative state of those persons of the other by whose approximation it is caused, who generally exhibit every mark of lassitude, indifference, and inanition, or, as some modern physicians write that term, inanity. A closer connection, however, between those two sets of patients, as may easily be accounted for from natural causes, commonly restores the equilibrium; or sometimes the magnetical proportions are reversed; the female becomes the negative or the indifferent, the male the positive or irritable subject.

Under this class of the nervous, and of the order to which physicians give the appellation *Vesania*, may be mentioned the various kinds of *Melancholia* to which the higher ranks of life have been lately subject, particularly among the men. The *Melancholia religiosa* is now scarcely known, or at least is nothing different from the *Melancholia vulgaris*, to which my prescriptions do not apply. But there are other species now very frequent, which were formerly little known, though they had always a place in the lists of Nosology; such is the *Melancholia errabunda*, the wandering melancholy; the *Melancholia saltans*, the dancing melancholy; and that variety known by the name of *Melancholia hippantropica*, or horse-jockey phrenzy; the first is commonly caught abroad, the last more frequently at home.

Under this genus, though I know it is differently classed by several eminent medical writers, I would enumerate the *Nostalgia*, or that longing desire for particular places, which affects the mind and the health of the patient. In French this is called the *Maladie*.

Maladie de pays; but the ſpecies moſt common in my experience is the *Maladie de la ville*, to which country Ladies in particular are extremely liable. It has this material difference from the other, that the *Maladie de pays* is cured by allowing the patients to viſit their native ſoil. Now, though that may ſucceed with natives of countries ſuch as Switzerland or our Highlands, who are afflicted with what phyſicians term the *Noſtalgia ſimplex*, and whoſe complaint a ſingle viſit to the land of their nativity generally removes; yet, with the diſeaſe in queſtion, the *Maladie de la ville*, one, or even two or three viſits to town, rather increaſe than abate the diſorder, and abſence is found to be a much better remedy. My magnetiſm, however, effectually relieves it. There is another ſpecies of the *Noſtalgia*, which we may call the *Noſtalgia politica*, or political love of our country, which my art alſo entirely removes, though I muſt candidly own, that this diſorder is frequently cured by other metals beſides the magnet. Of this political diſtemper there are ſome ſpecies that rather come under the genus of the *Tympanites*, of which the ſymptoms are given by noſological writers, "Partis morbidæ tumeſcentia "ſonora, cum rejectione aeris frequenti, et cætera-"rum partium debilitate maxima," (a diſorder puffed up and windy, with a great weakneſs of parts). It uſed to be felt in this country only in that particular ſlighter ſort, now little known, which phyſicians term the *Tympanites Stewartii*, but of late it has raged with great violence in every ſpecies and degree.

Since I am mentioning *Switzerland*, I may take notice of another diſorder, or rather external deformity, which uſed to be reckoned peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alps, the *Barba helvetica*, or *Gouetre*; but of late this unnatural protuberance has made amazing progreſs among the female world in Great Britain; and within theſe few weeks begins to appear alſo under the chins of the male.

As

As I muſt have already treſpaſſed on your patience, I forbear to enumerate a variety of diſorders under the claſs of the *Locales*, or local affections to which the faſhionable world is ſubject, and which I engage perfectly to cure by my medico-magnetical proceſs. Such are many of the *Dyſoſtheſia*, or depravation of the ſenſes; for example, the *Dyſopia proximorum*, and the *Pſeudoblepſis mutans*, in which diſeaſes perſons quite near, and formerly well known, are neither ſeen nor remembered. With this laſt diſorder, I have ſeen ſome female patients ſo much affected, as not to know their huſbands from other men; while, among the other ſex, I have ſeen huſbands who took half a dozen other women for their wives.

Among the diſeaſes of the ear, one of the moſt prevalent is the *Paracuſis imaginaria*, to which both ſexes are equally liable; and another variety of the ſame tribe, more frequent among female patients, called the *Suſurrus criticus*, or Scandal-buzz.

Of the genus *Paraphonia*, or diſorders of the voice, we have frequent occaſion to obſerve the *Paraphonia puberum*, with which ſo many of our boys are affected; and the *Paraphonia clangens* or *reſonans*, which is ſo common a diſorder among our young ladies.

All the above-mentioned diſeaſes, and many others which I have not room to enumerate, I undertake entirely and effectually to remove by magnetiſm alone, without the intervention of any other external application, or the exhibition of any medicine whatſoever. I truſt, Sir, the dignity of your Paper is too well known, and I am conſcious that my own intentions are too pure, to give room for ſuppoſing that any thing elſe than the love of ſcience, and a regard for our fellow-creatures, could induce either of us to communicate to the public, that I poſſeſs and mean to uſe this art for the benefit of people of rank and faſhion in this metropolis. Such will

will be informed of the particulars of my plan, by inquiring for Dr. F at *Dunn's Hotel*, St. Andrew's-ſtreet, left hand ſide of the way.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L. F.

Member of many Academies.

N° 100.——Saturday, Dec. 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wiſdom inculcate on the young, or at leaſt among thoſe ſober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is ſaid to reſult from the purſuit of letters and of ſcience, in men deſtined for the labours of buſineſs, for the active exertions of profeſſional life. The abſtraction of learning, the ſpeculations of ſcience, and the viſionary excurſions of fancy, are fatal, it is ſaid, to the ſteady purſuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding induſtry which ordinary buſineſs demands. The fineneſs of mind, which is created or increaſed by the ſtudy of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is ſuppoſed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which profeſſional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge applied to a coarſe and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common inſtrument would have ſucceſsfully atchieved. A young man deſtined for law or commerce is adviſed to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Duilneſs is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddeſs, under whoſe protection the honours of ſtation, and the bleſſings of opulence,

opulence, are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proſcribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of theſe aſſertions, I think I ſhall not entertain any hurtful degree of ſcepticiſm, becauſe the general current of opinion ſeems of late years to have ſet too ſtrongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the failing cauſe of literature, without being accuſed of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleneſs, diſſipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthuſiaſm, the evidence muſt neceſſarily be on one ſide of the queſtion only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led aſtray; the ill ſucceſs or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the ſufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown from the inſignificance of thoſe by whom it was endured. If we may reaſon *a priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, ſhould be on the ſide of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural averſion to the drudgery of buſineſs, which is ſeldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progreſs of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enliſted on the ſide of their profeſſions, by the opening proſpects of ambition or emolument.—From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly ſought from ſome favourite avocation or amuſement, for which a young man either finds or ſteals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his taſk, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deſerting his work before the legal period for amuſement is arrived. It may fairly be queſtioned, whether the moſt innocent of thoſe amuſements is either ſo honourable or ſo ſafe, as the avocations of learning or of ſcience. Of minds uninformed and groſs, whom

whom youthful ſpirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amuſements will generally be either boiſterous or effeminate, will either diſſipate their attention, or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by thoſe rigid maſters who exact the moſt ſcrupulous obſervance of the periods deſtined for buſineſs. The waſte of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loſs; but the waſte or the depravation of mind is a loſs of a much higher denomination. The votary of ſtudy, or the enthuſiaſt of fancy, may incur the firſt; but the latter will be ſuffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the groſſneſs of mere ſenſual enjoyments.

In this, as in other reſpects, the love of letters is friendly to ſober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profeſſion is the road to ſucceſs and to reſpect. Without adapting the common-place reflections againſt ſome particular departments, it muſt be allowed, that in mere men of buſineſs, there is a certain profeſſional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be ſelfiſh, very ſeldom profits. A ſuperior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the ſenſe of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a deſertion of thoſe principles.

The moral beauty of thoſe diſpoſitions may perhaps rather provoke the ſmile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of buſineſs and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are miſtaken. The qualities which they ſometimes prefer as more calculated for puſhing a young man's way in life, ſeldom attain the end, in contemplation of which they are not ſo nice about the means. This is ſtrongly exemplified by the ill ſucceſs of many, who, from their earlieſt youth, had acquired the higheſt reputation for ſharpneſs and cunning. Whoſe trickiſh qualities look to ſmall advantages

tages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the ſureſt road to ſucceſs in every department of life. It needs a certain ſuperior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds ſeize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of thoſe pangs which rankle in the boſom of artifice defeated, or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain ſort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which buſineſs would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themſelves, as that word is uſed in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amuſement of ſome uſe, as thoſe ſports of children in which Numbers are uſed, familiariſe them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exerciſe of that diſcernment, that compariſon of objects, that diſtinction of cauſes, which is to increaſe the ſkill of the phyſician, to guide the ſpeculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though ſome profeſſions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is ſcarce any branch of buſineſs in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We ſhall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information ſeemed of all qualities the leaſt neceſſary, that thoſe who poſſeſſed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumſtance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I muſt often repeat, that wealth does not neceſſarily create happineſs, nor confer dignity: A truth which it may be thought declamation to inſiſt on,

on, but which the preſent time ſeems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almoſt levelled every diſtinction but that of money among us. The creſt of noble or induſtrious anceſtry has ſunk before the ſudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands: but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which uſed to characteriſe ſome of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into ſtations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always reſiſted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to reſiſt it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preſervative againſt that ſervile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain claſſical pride, which, from the ſociety of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honeſt diſdain on the wealth-blown inſects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue. The "non omnis moriar" of the poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the preſent; and even in the preſent, thoſe avenues of more refined pleaſure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of Science a real ſuperiority of enjoyment in what he poſſeſſes, and free him from much of that envy and regret which leſs cultivated ſpirits feel from their wants.

In the poſſeſſion, indeed, of what he has attained, in that reſt and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened, and his cares were ſoothed, the mere man of buſineſs frequently undergoes ſuffering, inſtead of finding enjoyment. To be buſy, as one ought, is an eaſy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very ſuperior accompliſhment. This difficulty is much increaſed with

with perſons to whom the habit of employment has made ſome active exertion neceſſary; who cannot ſleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuſe themſelves with thoſe lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleneſs as he did fortune from his anceſtors, has been accuſtomed to find amuſement. The miſeries and mortifications of the "retired pleaſures" of men of buſineſs have been frequently matter of ſpeculation to the moraliſt, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with profeſſional ſkill, and literary amuſement with profeſſional labour, will have ſome ſtock wherewith to ſupport him in idleneſs, ſome ſpring for his mind when unbent from buſineſs, ſome employment for thoſe hours which retirement or ſolitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the uſe of one's time is not the leaſt valuable ſpecies of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys; while the ignorant and illiterate often retire from the thraldom of buſineſs, only to become the ſlaves of langour, intemperance, or vice.

But the ſituation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters beſtow are chiefly conſpicuous, is old age, when a man's ſociety is neceſſarily circumſcribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminiſhed. Unfit for the buſtle of affairs and the amuſements of his youth, an old man, if he has no ſource of mental exertion or employment, often ſettles into the gloom of melancholy and peeviſhneſs, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whoſe gratifications were ſolely derived from thoſe ſenſual appetites which time has blunted, or from thoſe trivial amuſements of which youth only can ſhare, age has cut off almoſt every ſource of enjoyment. But to him who has ſtored his mind with the information, and can ſtill employ it in the amuſement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whoſe ſociety he can at all times enjoy. There is

perhaps no ſtate more capable of comfort to ourſelves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which ſuch an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the paſſions, when they are mitigated but not extinguiſhed, and ſpread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reaſon, and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly eſtimated, are the little poliſh and complacencies of ſocial life leſs increaſed by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of ſolitary or retired leiſure. To the politeneſs of form and the eaſe of manner, buſineſs is naturally unfavourable, becauſe buſineſs looks to the uſe, not the decoration, of things. But the man of buſineſs who has cultivated letters, will commonly have ſoftened his feelings, if he has not ſmoothed his manner, or poliſhed his addreſs. He may be awkward, but will ſeldom be rude: may treſpaſs in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend againſt the ſubſtantial rules of civility. In converſation, the pedantry of profeſſion unavoidably inſinuates itſelf among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, and the ſoldier, (this laſt perhaps from obvious enough cauſes, the moſt of the three), naturally ſlide into the accuſtomed train of thinking, and the accuſtomed ſtyle of converſation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the moſt tolerable and the leaſt tireſome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profeſſion, has generally corrected, in a conſiderable degree, the abſtraction of the one and the coarſeneſs of the other.

In the more important relations of ſociety, in the cloſer intercourſe of friend, of huſband, and of father, that ſuperior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind beſtows, heighten affection into ſentiment, and mingle with ſuch connections a dignity and tenderneſs which give its deareſt value to our exiſtence. In fortunate circumſtances thoſe feelings enhance proſperity; but in

the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They ſmooth the harſhneſs of adverſity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid ſmile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadeſt mirth of thoſe unfeelingly proſperous men, who poſſeſs good fortune, but have not a heart for happineſs.

Z.

No 101.——Saturday, Jan. 6, 1787.

Forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit. Virg.

My lateſt predeceſſor has compared the opening Paper of a periodical publication, to the firſt entry of a ſtranger into a room full of company. I think I may borrow his idea, and not unaptly liken the concluding Paper of ſuch a work to a perſon's going out of ſuch a room. The ſame doubt whether he ſhall go or remain a little longer, the ſame reflections on what he may have ſaid in the openneſs of his heart during his ſtay in the company, the ſame ſolicitude about what people will think of him when he is gone, attend the periodical author and the gueſt. And though the caſe of modern manners has relieved us in a great meaſure from the ceremonial of ſuch a ſituation; yet ſtill an author, like a perſon of conſequence, cannot with propriety take what is called a French leave of his company, but muſt formally announce his departure as an event in which the perſons he is about to quit are conſiderably intereſted.

The author of a periodical performance has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more intereſting than that of any other writer. Other writers ſubmit their ſentiments to their readers, with the reſerve and circumſpection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed *Horace*'s rule, of keeping his book nine years in his ſtudy, muſt have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of compoſition he had conceived, and altered many an expreſſion which in the hurry of writing he had ſet down. But the periodical Eſſayiſt commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which thoſe feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himſelf with the freedom of intimacy, and the cordiality of friendſhip, he will naturally look for the indulgence which thoſe relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance, and the tenderneſs of a friend.

There is ſomewhat of this regret, and ſomewhat of this tenderneſs, in the laſt farewell we take of any thing. That place muſt have been very unpleaſant, that companion very diſagreeable indeed, whom, after a long ſojourn or ſociety, we can leave without ſome degree of melancholy in thinking that we ſhall ſee them no more. Even that abode, or that ſociety, with which we have been for months or years diſguſted and diſtreſſed, long habit and acquaintance ſo ally to our minds, that we often wonder why we are ſo little rejoiced at the arrival of a period for which we have frequently wiſhed; that our parting ſhould rather be ſad than gay, and bring us, amidſt the reflections of relief, an involuntary feeling of regret.

But as the *Lounger* flatters himſelf that he has not been altogether an unentertaining, or at leaſt not a diſagreeable companion to his readers, he may hope for a parting on more favourable terms: that on the morning of next Saturday, they will miſs his company at the accuſtomed time, as ſomething which uſed to be expected with pleaſure; and think of the papers which on that day of ſo many paſt weeks they

have read, as the correſpondence of one who wiſhed their happineſs, and contributed to their amuſement.

If he may judge from what himſelf has experienced in ſimilar circumſtances, they will be apt to indulge a perſonification of the author of theſe ſheets, and give him, "a local habitation, and a name," according to the ideas they may have formed in the courſe of his performance. When ſuch a writer has withdrawn himſelf from that ſort of authority which he claimed for his opinions, that ſort of credit which he affirmed for his ſituation, we are naturally inclined to examine the reality of each; as at the death of an acquaintance, we talk with more preciſion and aſſurance than formerly, of his age, his character, and his circumſtances. To aſcertain, as well as to ſatisfy any ſuch inquiry, the Authors of the Lounger will fairly unfold themſelves; not individually, for that were to aſſume an importance to which they are not intitled; but they have an aggregate name, by which, like corporations, they can be known and impleaded; they are the ſame Society which, ſome years ago, publiſhed in this country their periodical Eſſays under the title of the *Mirror*.

In making this declaration, they incur as much danger, perhaps, as they aſſume diſtinction. He who has ſome merit of anceſtry to ſupport, draws the attention more cloſely upon his own. During the courſe of this publication, they have ſometimes been amuſed with the diſcovery of its inferiority to its predeceſſor; and have heard, with a mixture of mortification and of pride, ſome people expreſs their regret, that the Authors of the Mirror did not write in the Lounger, and reſcue it from the leſs able hands into which it had fallen. It may ſtill indeed be ſaid, that an author is often "ſibi impar;" that a ſecond work is ſeldom equal in merit to the firſt. But they may be allowed to indulge themſelves in the belief, that great part of the criticiſm aroſe from a natural enough propenſity to undervalue what has not yet been ſanctioned by the general opinion; from that diſpo-

disposition, common in every thing, not to be satisfied merely with what is good, but with what is called good. Be this, however, as it may, the Authors of the two Works found themselves somewhat flattered by the remark; as a mother can but slightly resent the criticism of her daughter's beauty, when it only discovers that she herself was handsome some twenty years ago.

When thus, like *Prospero*, they "break their "staff," and lay aside the airy power they had assumed, they feel, like him, the loss of that society which the *Lounger* had raised around them. The visionary characters with which he had peopled their acquaintance, they cannot help regretting as departed friends; and it is not without a sigh that they dismiss *Peter* from his service. But they owe that sort of disclosure of themselves which this Paper has made to sincerity: and there is something more solemn in their obligation to this avowal now, because it is the last time they will have an opportunity of making it. Particular circumstances induce them to declare, that they will not again appear before the Public, as periodical Essayists, in any shape or under any name. If any future Work of that kind shall happen to come out, they will have no claim to its merits, nor responsibility for its defects.

It only remains for them to do justice to those correspondents to whose assistance they have been indebted during the course of their Work. To Correspondents they owe the following Papers. No 7.; the letter subscribed *Mary Careful*, in No 8.; Nos 12. 16. 19. 24.; the letters from *Theacus*, in No 25.; from *Philomusos*, in No 42.; from *John Trueman*, in No 44.; the letters signed *Almeria*, in No 46. *Jessamia*, in No 53. and *Hannah Waitfort*, in No 55.; Nos 59. 60. 63. 70. 79. and the Poem in No 85.

Of their readers, as well as their correspondents, they cannot take leave without a very sensible and lively regret. While they dictate this concluding paragraph, it is with a melancholy feeling they reflect, that

that it deprives them of an opportunity of cultivating that correſpondence, and of committing to thoſe readers the ſentiments of their hearts; that it drops the curtain on their mimic ſtate, and ſurrenders them to the leſs intereſting occupations of ordinary life. Yet twice to have made a not unſucceſsful excurſion into this reign of fancy and literary dominion, is to have atchieved ſomething which falls but to the lot of few. They can anticipate, with a venial degree of ſelf-applauſe, the talk of their age, recalling the period of their publications with an old man's fondneſs, an author's vanity, and a Scotſman's pride; happy if any one of their number, who ſhall then be pointed out as a writer in the *Mirror* or the *Lounger*, need not bluſh to avow them as works that endeavoured to liſt amuſement on the ſide of taſte, and to win the manners to decency and to goodneſs.

Z.

F I N I S.